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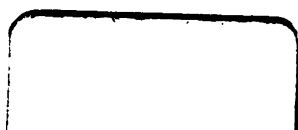
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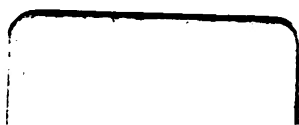
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of the author C. Haight*
HERE AND THERE IN THE
HOME LAND.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, AS SEEN BY
A CANADIAN.

BY
CANNIFF HAIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE IN CANADA FIFTY YEARS AGO."

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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every man tasting of liberty and dominion."—*Alcott.*

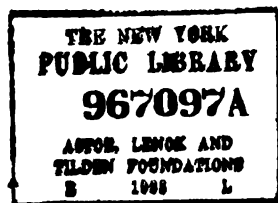
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HERE AND THERE IN THE HOME LAND.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE OCEAN AND ON SHORE.

AN ocean voyage has ceased to be a novelty even to a Canadian. We can remember, though, when a trip across the Atlantic was of very rare occurrence: when such an event in one's life would have given an almost enviable notoriety to the returned voyageur, and would have afforded talk for many a day to all the country round. Things that were rare and noteworthy forty years ago, have, through the rapid advance of art and science, become commonplace in these later days, and so it has come to pass that a run across the ocean is of no more account, and indeed even less, than a trip used to be, in my recollection, from Kingston to Toronto.

We arrived at Quebec in the forenoon of Saturday, the 25th of May, and as soon as our baggage had been transferred from the train to the tender, we went on board and were carried away to our ship, the *Parisian*, which lay at anchor in the middle of the stream.

The confusion and noise attending embarkation on an

ocean steamer can be as readily conceived as described. Even persons of much experience on such an occasion wear an anxious look. Every hand on the ship is in requisition. Stewards and waiters are ordered to lay hold of this and that, and bending under their load, they rush below with such baggage as may be required on the voyage. Sailors tumble boxes and trunks with no gentle hand down into the mysterious bowels of the ship, while scores of anxious



QUEBEC, FROM POINT LEVIS.

people crowd around the promiscuous mass of personal effects to satisfy themselves that "all's aboard." When this part of the programme is over we turn away with a sense of relief.

The excitement of the morning had kept the demands of nature in abeyance, but now when all was over, and we paced the spacious saloon and noted the preparations for lunch, she asserted her claims. I need hardly tarry to say how gratefully the tinkle of the bell sounded in our ears,

nor how we managed in a short time to merge breakfast and lunch into one repast. This over with, we good-naturedly sought the deck to have a look around.

Our steamer, while we were refreshing ourselves, had weighed anchor, and was gliding quietly down the river with the tender alongside. Presently there were adieus hastily said, the hurried shaking of hands and a rush downstairs. The lines were thrown off, the tender swung around and headed for the city, cheers were given, and handkerchiefs waved. The distance widened—our voyage had commenced.

It was not at all cheering when I went on deck in the morning, to make the discovery that we were feeling our way very slowly through a thick fog; but as the day wore on this gradually lifted, so that in a short time we were going at full speed. At ten o'clock the bell summoned us to service in the saloon. We had 105 cabin and sixty steerage passengers, so that we made a very respectable muster. At noon the sun shone out clear and bright. We were off Cape Chatte, where the River St. Lawrence nautically ends, and where the Gulf begins.

Monday proved a charming day, the only drawback to some of our passengers being a heavy ground swell, which gave a good deal of motion to the ship and sent numbers of hapless passengers downstairs. At mid-day we could see the Magdalen Islands to the south, and soon after the Bird Rocks came in view. The largest one, on which there is a light, rises three hundred feet almost perpendicularly out of the water.

Early in the afternoon we sighted Newfoundland. Its

snow-clad shores presented anything but a cheerful prospect, and as we approached, its influence on the temperature was very marked. We were glad to go down and don our overcoats and wraps. There was something so interesting in the sight of land, even though the high hills did stand out against the sky clad in full winter costume; and though the cold breeze which had played around them until it was as cold as they, made our teeth chatter, yet we remained gazing upon its indented and icy shores.

The sun went down behind the sea in a blaze of glory. A sunset at sea is a fine sight, and one not easily forgotten by those who have witnessed it. As I watched the receding disc, I fancied I could reach with my eye the verge behind which it sunk. But I remembered that far inside that space to the west were loved ones whose thoughts were most likely turned to me and the good ship that was carrying me farther and still farther away. We passed Cape Ray after sunset.

Tuesday opened upon us most delightfully. Not a ripple disturbed the fair bosom of the sea. At breakfast we were off the Island of St. Pierre, where we met the steamship *Palestine* inward bound. She signalled us that there was a great deal of ice ahead, news which in no way added to our enjoyment. When we were crossing the mouth of Placentia Bay we discovered a white speck far off on the horizon, which reminded us of the cloud which Elijah's servant saw from the top of Carmel, appearing unto him like a "little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." It was an iceberg, sure enough, and as we approached it, became an object of general interest to the passengers.

To many of us it was the first glimpse of those dreary arctic voyageurs, those stately travellers of the northern sea, who heed not though the angry billows foam and dash against their ponderous ice-bound sides—who move on regardless of old Boreas, though he crack his cheeks with blast and tempest—who are the dread of the sailor, and have sent many a noble ship and gallant crew into the silent deep, whence no voice has ever come to tell the tale.



ICEBERGS.

It was curious and interesting to watch the different shapes the berg assumed as we approached. At first it looked like an old-fashioned farm-house, with a long range of low straggling buildings behind it, the roofs of which were covered with great quantities of snow. Then it became a huge scow, with lofty load of glistening freight. Again, it has turned into a perfect sphinx—indeed, in all our boyhood's picture-books we never saw a better

representation of the grand old Egyptian monster. When we got close, so near that we could have tossed a stone to it, some of the passengers, possessing very vivid imaginations, declared that they could see bears' tracks up its sides. The sailors estimated its length at three hundred yards, and its height above the water about two hundred feet. The portion submerged, therefore, would be about six hundred feet, a pretty good draught of water, and a very respectable lump of ice.

In the afternoon we had a fresh wind with us. All the sails were set; the ship had a gentle motion, and we went spanking along at a fine rate. We ran into a school of whales who had been so much engaged with their pleasure or else were so profoundly asleep that they did not know of our approach until we were upon them. They threshed the water with their great tails, and rolled about the ship for a minute or two, seemingly quite bewildered, affording us considerable amusement for the time. Two of them were very large. As we drew on to Cape Race, more and more icebergs loomed up before us. At 8 p.m. we were abreast the Cape and took a last look at America. We were now fairly launched on the great Atlantic, and could have wished that our introduction had worn a more pleasing aspect. The wind had increased to a stiff breeze. The sea, which had been playfully rolling, now looked angry and threatening. On every hand countless icebergs lifted their white and sombre heads far above the wrathful waves and floating ice. Remnants of shattered bergs grated and thumped against the sides of our ship, but she steamed on

through the maze into the obscurity of the night. The cold wind makes us shiver, yet we remain and peer into the darkness. It is late when we retire, and all through the remainder of the night those cold, dreary sea-monsters give us their undesirable company, haunt our thoughts and destroy our repose.

It was evident from the number that were on deck early in the morning, that the night's rest had not been one of unmixed sweetness. Everyone seemed greatly relieved to find that we had passed out of the track of the icebergs, and that there was not a vestige of one to be seen on the broad expanse of water. A clear and open sea now lay before us. Our ship was moving on gallantly with all sails set. There were but few ladies at dinner, and a good many gentlemen, too, had engagements downstairs, and "must be excused."

We were on the Banks before night, so the sailors said, but I do not know that I was much the wiser for the information. I could not distinguish the difference in the colour of the water which sailors say is observable, and by which they know when they are on them. I was not quite so verdant as the man who asked a captain with much earnestness where the Banks were, for he had been looking for them all day and could not see them.

I was much puzzled this morning to tell whether I had slept on my head or my feet. Washing proved a very perplexing and uncomfortable affair. I was either bumping my head against the partition or staggering back against the door. By spreading out my legs like an

extended pair of tongs I could steady myself against the motion of the ship in one direction, but I needed another pair to guard me from the other. There was no way for it but to hold on with one hand and apply the water with the other, and even then I found myself putting it in very uncomfortable places. I worried through, however, after a while, and made for the deck. The sea was running much higher than yesterday, and the wind much stronger. We were making fourteen and a half knots an hour. At noon the wind had become so strong that all the sails were close reefed except the main-sail. A sea ever and anon broke on the deck. Walking was attended with so much difficulty that it became necessary to cling to the long rope that extended lengthwise of the ship. Unpleasant sounds met the ear from adjoining rooms, and a crash was heard in the crockery department. At dinner the captain said we had reached mid-ocean. There was a large number of vacant seats at the table. Tumblers, bottles and the like were constantly toppling over, creating vexation on one hand and amusement on the other.

The storm seemed to increase in force as the day wore on. It is grand and impressive to stand on deck with the wind roaring through the ropes and yards, and look out upon the waves rising like great black mountains seamed with snow, rushing down on you as if they would bury you in their anger. Your noble ship goes on, climbing the tumbling hills and rushing down their mad sides, while every little while you hear the hollow thump of some wave against the bows, followed by a rush of water over the bulwarks, and feel the great ship tremble beneath your

feet. I do not remember any picture of a storm at sea so perfect as that given in the 107th Psalm: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Towards night a thick fog gathered around us, and the whistle began every now and then to send out on the wings of the storm its dreary sound. I do not know of a more unpleasant accompaniment than the shrieks of a fog whistle.

When I came on deck next morning, I found that the storm had considerably abated. Taking my favourite position at the wheel-house, I watched for some time the bow of the ship as it rose high on the waves, and then plunged down as if it were going under, or, as Mark Twain puts it, "At one moment the bowsprit was taking a deadly aim at the sun in mid-heaven, and at the next it was trying to harpoon a shark in the bottom of the ocean;" or as the clown in the *Winter's Tale* describes it, "Now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogs-head." The sailors were busy hoisting sail, and as they worked sent out snatches of song—

"So taut to haul the sheet we know,
With yo, heave, ho!"

—the chorus always being the signal for a lusty pull.

Saturday morning opened upon us with cheerful sunshine, and tempted many to come on deck early. The wind had fallen to a comfortable breeze, and we were sweeping on finely. After breakfast all hands came out to enjoy the bright sun, and the deck once more assumed a gay appearance. Shuffle-board and other deck games were in requisition. We had not seen a sail for three days, nothing but the broad expanse of the seething ocean. Even the petrels which had been disporting themselves around us during the storm, were no longer to be seen.

Our last Sunday on board was very agreeable. The wind had died away; the sun shone cheerfully upon us, and our sick ones sought the deck. The Rev. Mr. Martin, a Church of England minister returning from Australia, preached.

Monday opened upon us clear as a bell. The sea was calm and smooth. We were drawing near to land, and were on the lookout for it. Early in the afternoon Tory Island loomed up out of the sea, after which we caught glimpses of the Derryveagh Mountains, and then the rugged shores of northern Ireland: but the atmosphere was so thick that we could only get an outline of the mountains and shore. We pass Lough Swilly, and then round Malin Head, Ireland's most northern point; and notice the large square monument there erected. Proceeding now along the coast to Inishown Head, we enter Lough Foyle and pass on to Moville, where a number of our passengers leave us for Derry.

Early on Tuesday morning—our last day on shipboard—

we pass the Giant's Causeway and have a good view of these noted cliffs. Our course lies down the North Channel. We can see the Mull of Cantire on one hand, and the shore of the County of Antrim on the other; and later we have the Mull of Galloway and County Down.

Next the Isle of Man arrests our attention. The obscure outline which we see at first gradually develops as we approach, and its mountains stand out clearer and in bolder relief. It lies in the northern part of the Irish Sea, and is nearly equidistant from England and Ireland and the south of Scotland. It is about thirty-three miles long and twelve miles wide. A mountain range occupies a great portion of the island, extending from Maughold Head to the Calf Islet. The loftiest elevation is Snaefell, which rises 2,024 feet above the sea. In and through these lofty mountains are to be found the picturesque recesses of Ravensdale, Sulby, Glen, Glen Aldyn, and Balure. The fine scenery of the mountains has been made more accessible by the construction of a series of roads, commanding at many points views unsurpassed in the kingdom for picturesqueness and variety.

In many respects this island is unique and interesting beyond any other of the British Isles. Its laws, its customs, its system of government are in the main quite different from those of the neighbouring islands of Great Britain. Since its purchase by the Crown of England in 1825, it has enjoyed what the Irish people are clamouring for—"Home Rule." In this respect it is not unlike Canada, possessing its own government, known as the House of

Keys. A Lieutenant-Governor is appointed by the Crown, and, though an appendage, is for all practical purposes independent. Prior to the purchase from the Stanley family, who came into possession in perpetuity during the reign of Henry IV., by paying to the king, his heirs and successors, at coronation, a cast of falcons, it was independent and ruled by them under the title of King or Lord of Man. It was a King of Man that placed the crown on the head of the Earl of Richmond after the battle of Bosworth Field.

The island is rich in monuments of the past, and particularly of the dead, whether pre-historic or of later date. Its scenery is varied and pleasing. The central hills, though perhaps not quite so beautiful as those of the English lakes, are nevertheless not far behind in their varied attractions. The cliffs along the southern coast in many places are wild and grand. Vegetation, except where exposed to the full force of the gales, is always luxuriant, for the climate is mild, and severe frosts are rare. The hydrangia, the myrtle and the fuchsia flourish unnnipped, and grow to a large size. Take it all in all—its history, its antiquities, its scenery and its climate—there are few places in the British Isles which better repay a visit of some duration than the Isle of Man. It is a favourite summer resort for thousands of the British people.

The principal towns are Ramsay, Douglas, Castletown, and Peel. In the latter place is Peel Castle, which the readers of "Peveril of the Peak" will remember as Holm

Peel, one of the ancient strongholds of the island. Here Sir Walter Scott introduces us to the young Earl of Derby and his friend Julian Peveril, and the brave Countess of Derby, whose husband, the Earl of Derby and King in Man, was beheaded at Bolton-on-the-Moors, October, 1651. Rushen Castle, however, at Castletown, was the home of



HOLM PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

the Earl of Derby at the time of the unfortunate skirmish at Wiggan Lane, where he was made prisoner, with the result we have mentioned. The reader will find in "Peveril of the Peak" beautiful descriptions not only of these old castles, but many other places on the island.

Among the natural curiosities of the island is the Manx cat. These domestic animals are remarkable in that

nature has failed to provide them with tails. This is the only place in the world, I believe, where the feline family are tailless. I have never come across any reason for this peculiarity. It is one of nature's freaks, I suppose. The Manx kitten certainly deserves the sympathy of kittenhood everywhere, because it has no tail to play



RUSHEN CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

with, and is hence deprived of one of the greatest charms of its life.

From Castletown, Port Erin, the Calf of Man, and the north coast of the island can be visited. The cliffs are grand. The scenery of the whole region is wild and storm-beaten, and the primitive language and primitive customs have lingered longer here than in any other part

of the island. One of the most remarkable spots is called the Chasms, a number of deep parallel fissures which have opened in the rock, produced probably by a slight seaward slipping of the mass. The Calf of Man was formerly a noted place for falcons, and supplied the Lords of Man with the birds which were the fee for possession of the island. Once, too, it had a hermit, in the person of one Thomas Bushel, a dependent of the great Lord Bacon, who lived there to a very advanced age, on a parsimonious diet "of herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, with milk sufficient." There is a lighthouse on the Calf. At 4 p.m. we pass Bell Buoy, and at 5.30 our ship is alongside the landing stage, and we are ashore.

The approach from sea to the great port of Liverpool is very fine. There were few on board who did not come on deck to have a look at the stirring scene we were entering upon. The sight of land to one who has for days looked upon the broad and restless ocean, until the eye grew weary in its search for some object of relief in the vast expanse, possesses a charm which at once fixes the attention of the observer and awakens within him the most intense interest. We all felt that the dangers and discomforts of the sea were over for the time, and with our glasses scanned the shore on which we were soon to stand. The broad stretch of water at the entrance of the harbour was covered with vessels of large and small burthens, mostly lying at anchor. There the Mersey empties into the sea, and before us is the long line of docks, which are at once the wonder and admiration of the world, extending up the

then, some two hundred men and women gathered around thrice as many trunks and satchels spread open in the shed on Prince's Parade, awaiting and undergoing the inspection of these officials. When your effects are graced with the official chalk, then are you at liberty to take yourself and your belongings away.

After tea I started out with a couple of Canadian friends



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

for a ramble. We passed through Dale, Castle, Lord and others of the principal streets, noting in our way the fine shops and other noble buildings that presented themselves at every turn. The town hall, custom-house, post-office and St. George's Hall are massive structures. In front of the latter are two fine bronze equestrian statues of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The Wellington monument next

arrested our attention. It stands at the bottom of the London Road, and rises to the height of 110 feet. The column is crowned with a figure of the Duke. Thence we bend our way through the thronged streets to our hotel, somewhat weary over the day's excitement and our walk of more than three hours' duration. It may strike the reader as somewhat out of the way to talk of such a protracted stroll after tea, and in daylight, too; but an Englishman



LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL.

will understand it. I wish we could patch on to the end of our evenings, particularly after a broiling hot summer's day, the long and soothing twilight of England. How charming after the sun has hid his face to have two or more long hours of dreamy light! Night seems loth to drop her dark curtain over the land; she blends her shadows so softly and so gently with the light that you can hardly tell when daylight ends and night begins.

On the following morning I had an early breakfast and set out again, taking in the first place in my way, the North-western Railway station on Lime Street. The building is very large and fine. Over one hundred trains are despatched from this station daily. I then went to the Yorkshire and Lancashire Railway, in Tithebarn Street, a very handsome building in the Italian style, and a striking object from its elevated position. There are but two railroads entering the city, and both pass completely under it—the first, the North-western, coming out at Edge Hill through a tunnel excavated out of solid rock; the other terminating at the Regent's Road. I turned away from these places of noise and bustle, and took my way down Duke Street to the Exchange, a magnificent edifice, the interior of which I was told was the finest of its kind in the world.

The grand feature of Liverpool, however, is its magnificent docks. It would be very difficult for me to convey to the mind's eye a correct idea of the magnitude of these wonderful constructions. Picture to your mind a huge stone wall built of immense granite blocks, extending down on the right-hand side of the Mersey for eight miles. Observe that this wall is pierced here and there by broad entrances or gateways, closed by massive gates, on the same principle as our canal locks. These are the entrances to the several basins or docks. When the tide is at its ebb, the gates are opened for the admission of vessels, but when the tide begins to flow out, they are shut, and thus retain sufficient water to float within them the largest ships. The most capacious of these is, as it should be, the Canadian

dock, situated at the extreme end of the northern portion of the city. It is devoted to the timber trade, which requires great space for the timber brought from Canada, the Gulf of Mexico, the Baltic and other timber-growing countries. Other docks follow in succession, filling up the entire distance.

Each dock is set apart for a particular trade. In some,



PRINCESS LANDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL.

steam vessels are congregated; in others, vessels engaged in the Mediterranean traffic; in others, the Baltic and Russian, or the North and South American; in others, coasters are to be found. Some of the large ship companies, such as the Inman or MacIver lines, have berths specially allotted to their vessels.

There are numerous docks for the repair of vessels, and "grid-irons" upon which vessels can rest for examination

and trifling repairs while the tide leaves them high and dry.

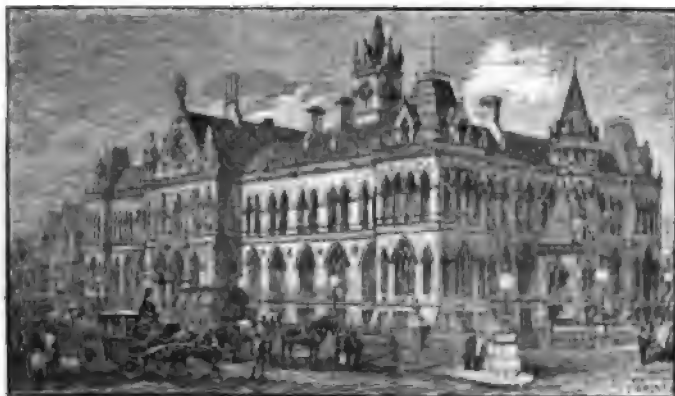
In front of the Prince's Parade is moored the South Landing Stage, constructed after a design by Sir William Cubitt, and used by ocean and coasting steamers, and those from the Isle of Man, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. It is the largest floating stage in the world, being 1,032 feet long and 82 feet wide. The platform or dock rests on sixty-three iron pontoons, each 80 feet long, 10 feet wide and 4 feet deep. The approach to the stage is by four bridges, which are constructed so as to rise and fall with the tide. On the deck are sheds for shelter. There are also on it, stations for the river police and the life-boat service.

Having seen the principal points of interest in this great maritime port, I take my departure by the Yorkshire and Lancashire Railway for Manchester, which road runs principally through the County of Lancashire. It possessed more than usual interest to me from the fact of its being the scene of the first railway enterprise in the world. Stephenson, although he lived to see the iron rail join city to city, country to country, and continent to continent, after all could have had but a very small conception of the amount of capital expended and the grand total of miles reached since Liverpool and Manchester were linked together in 1830.

I was pleased that my first ride on the rail in England should be by the first line built and over Chat Moss, which presented such serious difficulties to engineering skill in those days, but which now would be considered a com-

parative trifle. I got glimpses, too, as we flew along, of England's greatest charm, her rural scenery—the green hedge, the broom with its golden flowers, the chestnut, hawthorn and honeysuckle, in gayest dress of summer bloom. The graceful elm and sturdy oak, clad in richest foliage, strongly tempted me to alight for a stroll. These were the foreshadowings of pleasures to be enjoyed.

Permit me now to say a few words about Manchester. I



THE ASSIZE COURT, MANCHESTER.

was in the city several times, but did not go there to “do” it, as is said. It is a place not much sought after by the sight-seeing nomads, though in importance the fourth city in the kingdom. Its history runs back beyond the time of the Roman invasion, but it did not pass under the invaders’ yoke until A.D. 79. Then the tumults of war broke upon the peaceable inhabitants, and Manchester was occupied by levies from the banks of the Tiber. It is now the centre

of the great cotton manufacturing industry of the kingdom. There are a great many very large and imposing warehouses in the principal streets, evidences not only of the wealth of its great merchants, but of their taste and energy. Of the public buildings, the Assize Courts, which stand in Great Dacier Street, Strangeways, are considered



ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

by competent judges among the finest Gothic buildings of modern days. The Exchange will be, when completed, the finest building of the kind in the world. The new town hall is in the Lombard Venetian style of architecture, and will accommodate five thousand persons. The site of this hall may be considered historic, and the building itself is a memorial of the agitation which resulted in the

repeal of the corn-laws. Here the "Peterloo" affair took place, resulting in the loss of many lives, and here the great meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League were held, which brought Cobden and Bright to the front rank of English politicians. The town hall in King Street is also a fine building. Opposite this stands the Branch Bank of England. There are a number of other fine public buildings and churches worthy of notice, but I must leave them,



MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

as well as the parks and other places of resort and amusement. The Wellington monument, with many figures and *bas-reliefs*, and the statues of Dalton the chemist, and Watt the inventor are on the Esplanade. The Peel memorial stands on Mosley Street, and the Albert memorial in Albert Square. It consists of a marble statue within a highly ornate Gothic shrine. In St. Ann's Square there is a fine bronze statue of Richard Cobden.

The respect that is paid by the British people to the memory of their great men is, to my mind, one of the finest traits in their character. From Westminster Abbey, the grand mausoleum of the nation's dead, throughout the land, in park and square, in town and country, are to be found monuments and memorials, statues and busts of those men whose example and brain-work have so largely contributed to elevate their land to the very summit of modern civilization. They are dead, but their works follow them; they sleep, but their names, cut in stone or cast in brass, speak to the world's toilers, and incite them to work on and faint not.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

CHAPTER II.

A RUN INTO YORKSHIRE, AND A TRAMP OVER A MOOR.

SOON after my arrival in England I turned my footsteps in the direction of Darwen, one of a cluster of manufacturing towns situated in the northern part of Lancashire. Pleasure-seekers and tourists, who visit the mother country to see and enjoy its historic places—its castles, its palaces, its numerous collections of art and science, its imposing cities, its wealth, its battle-fields, its sacred memories, its homes and haunts of genius—do not often run off to these busy, smoky manufacturing centres, and yet these are the places whence the wealth and power of England has sprung.

The first Napoleon was wont to stigmatize the English people as a “nation of shop-keepers;” but the shop-keepers, by their dogged perseverance, succeeded in crushing him and his dreams of empire, and sent him to St. Helena, there to ponder over the difference that exists between the force of enterprise and the fitful glory of an unhallowed ambition.

It was not because of any of the foregoing reasons that my course was turned towards Darwen. I had friends there, and so it came to pass that one evening, early in June, I stepped out of the train on the platform of the

station in this town, and was soon after driven away over the stone-paved streets to my friend's residence, some two miles distant.

The manufacturing lords of England, while they have very keen perceptions as to the value of money and the power which it exerts, have also quite as thorough an appreciation of such of the good things of this world as will tend to enhance their comfort. No class of men are more diligent in business. During the working hours of the day they are sure to be found in their huge mills, carefully supervising every detail, unmoved by the din and roar of ponderous machinery; and yet most of these proprietors have substantial mansions outside the noise of these busy hives, to which they are wont to betake themselves at the close of the day. It was not an unpleasant thing, after having been tossed about on the ocean for a number of days, to find myself agreeably placed in one of these English homes.

“ The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amid their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their greensward bound,
'Mid shade and sunny beam ;
The swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.”

My friend's residence stood on a plateau, under the shadow of a lofty hill. On either hand were green meadows, deeply fringed with noble trees. In front, a spacious lawn with parterre and terrace descended towards

the valley, and beyond, high hills draped with furze and heather closed the view. Beneath lay the town, with its great mills and lofty chimneys; through it the River Darwen winding its tortuous way. The pure water which had flown into the river from many a cheerful brooklet that comes dancing through the Lancashire hills—

“ By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow,”—

no longer sparkled with beauty, for its water had become dark and turbid from the chemicals and drainage of a hundred mills. Once it had flown on peacefully to its ocean home, but now it is impeded by dams and imprisoned in reservoirs; here rushing madly through open gates, or flying through dirty sluices; there dropping sluggishly over damp embankments, or furiously dashing over ponderous wheels to find its way into other dams and reservoirs, to do over again the work of its masters.

Lancashire is a great industrial hive. Town after town crowd close upon each other. Huge mills meet the eye in every direction, and their great chimneys pour forth constantly thick volumes of smoke which gathers into dark, gloomy clouds that hang overhead and shut out both sun and sky.

One of the most enjoyable things in England, to my mind, is the delicious freshness of the early morning, made vocal with the songs of thousands of sweet warblers. The recollection of my first morning still clings to me in all its charm and beauty. As I stepped out on the lawn

the sun was just peeping over the summit of the far-off hills, and from every tree-top came the song of robin, thrush and linnet. Walking away towards the meadows, I was greeted by a more joyous songster. See it as it soars away up and up, higher and higher, sending back to me its melody, and even when lost to my sight its song descending in gladsome notes.

“ Now at Heaven’s gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.”

But at this rate of travelling we shall never reach Yorkshire, nor take our tramp over the moor. Stepping into a carriage with my three friends we drive down to Blackburn, and thence proceed by rail, passing through Burnley, Marsden, Colne, etc., and in a little over an hour reach Skipton. This town is situated in the Craven district, in the south-western part of Yorkshire, and is noted principally as a market-town, where the farmers of Lancaster and Craven meet on Saturdays and every alternate Monday to dispose of their stock and corn. The amount of money that changes hands on these fair-days is often very large, but in the ordinary business point of view the place does not amount to much. The town, with a large tract of country round about it, belongs to the noble family of Cliffords, and like many other places in the kingdom, though possessing local advantages of considerable importance, the profits of which are held by non-resident lords, who only require the rents to be sent to their bankers in London, and whose interest ceases with their lives, there is neither desire nor ambition to improve.



SKIPTON CASTLE.

The town is of great antiquity, and is entirely built of stone. The streets are disposed in the shape of a letter Y. The two principal points of interest are the church and castle. The name Skipton, or Sciptown, is derived from the Saxon word *scip*, or *sheep*. The town of Sheep was, at the Norman Conquest, part of the possession of one of the Saxon thanes, and was granted to Robert de Romille, one of the followers of William the Conqueror. This Robert de Romille laid the foundation-stone, and towards the latter part of his master's reign completed the building of Skipton Castle, and making it the seat of his barony, elevated the village of Shipton to a town. Edward II. gave Skipton to Piers de Gaveston, who behaved so insolently towards the neighbouring barons that they one and all arose in a body and testified to their annoyance by relieving him of his head. Lord Clifford's descendants have kept it for five hundred years, during the greater part of which time they have resided at Skipton Castle.

The Castle, as a building, is in tolerable repair, the most ancient part consisting of the round towers, partly in the sides and partly in the angles of the building, connected by rectilinear apartments and forming an irregular court within. In the Bailey once stood a majestic tree, so the keeper told us, sprung from an acorn of the Royal Oak of Boscobel, and planted by the Lady Pembroke; but in its place now stands, in mournful pride, the emblem of departure, a vast yew-tree within a basement of masonry, adorned with blank shields. The northern wall of the castle stands on the brink of a perpendicular rock measuring

two hundred feet from the battlements to the base. Of the castle, only one suite of apartments is inhabited—the eastern part, known to have been built by the first Earl of Cumberland, and comprising part of a range of buildings at least sixty yards long, terminated by an octagonal tower. In this tower are two rooms, one used as a drawing-room, and the one above as a lodging-room. The walls of both are hung with tapestry in very excellent condition. The remaining part of the castle is a scene of desolation, and shows more fully in three minutes the effects of absenteeism than any number of volumes or made speeches could give the slightest idea of.

The church, to which we next turn our footsteps, stands at the upper end of the town, and to the right of the castle. It was also built by Romille, but no portion of the original structure remains, except four stone seats with pointed arches and cylindrical columns in the north wall of the nave. It is a plain substantial building. Of the interior, the roof, which is flat, is very beautiful; beneath the altar is the vault of the Cliffords, and the tomb of Henry, first Earl of Clifford, and Margaret Percy, his wife. The figures have been stolen from the slabs by sacrilegious parliamentarians.

Having now seen about all Skipton had to offer, we were turning our steps towards the Devonshire Inn when a blast from the coachman's horn reminded us that if we wanted to go with him we had better accelerate our movements. We did so, and secured four outsides—*i.e.*, seats on the top of the coach—for Grassington, some twelve or more miles

away. The coaching days of "Merry Old England" are a thing of the past, and it is only in outside places like the one we are bound for that we can get a glimpse of the representative coach-and-four of other days. The favourite seat is by the driver. The reason for this preference, I suppose, is that jehu is presumed to have all the local matters embraced in his route at his tongue's end, and as he is generally quite willing to give his passengers the benefit of all his knowledge, you are rewarded very often with stories both strange and amusing. When we were all seated, some eighteen of us, our whip gathered up his reins, touched the leaders with his long lash, and away we rolled over the stone-paved road.

Our way led through Cracow and Thrushfield, and a very interesting drive it proved. We crept slowly up high hills and then went dashing down the steep descent, anon bowling along a hard stretch between high stone walls and over stone bridges which, with their single arches, span the babbling brooks.

"Do you see that ruin, sir, away to the right on yon high hill? That's Rylstone Fell, and that's what's left of Norton Tower, sir."

"Norton Tower! Why, bless me, Wordsworth wrote a poem about this."

"May be; I dunno, sir."

"Aye, and how beautifully he describes it. Now, listen :

" ' High on a point of rugged ground,
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,

An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name ;
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.' "

" That's werry purty, sir."

We had entered upon the scene of the " White Doe of Rylstone." The property then, as the poem describes, belonged to the Nortons. It happened, however, to be in the very midst of the barony of the Cliffords, and both being religiously opposed, the warfare was carried on with all the rancorous feeling and brutality characteristic of the feuds of those days. The sixth canto describes the fate of the last of the Nortons :

" A mortal stroke,—oh, grief to tell !
Thus, thus the noble Francis fell ;
There did he lie, of breath forsaken,
The banner from his grasp was taken
And borne exultingly away."

The property passed into the hands of the Cliffords, and then the heart-broken and homeless Emily met with the White Doe, which afterwards became her companion. The description of the meeting is very pretty :

" A troop of deer came sweeping by,
And suddenly, behold a wonder !
For, of that band of rushing deer,
A single one in mad career
Hath stopp'd, and fixed its large, full eye
Upon the Lady Emily.
A doe most beautiful, clear white,
A radiant creature, silver bright !"

We cannot follow up the incidents of the poem, but would recommend those who have not read it to do so. It is very beautiful, and as a description of the country where the scene was laid, it is faultless.

When we had turned the last hill-top before reaching Grassington, the drag having been properly adjusted, jehu cracked his whip and away we went at a rattling pace towards the bottom. I wondered then, and I wonder now, why it is that English drivers always go full tilt down hill; and in order to make me still more comfortable on this occasion, I suppose, the driver began: "I had a dreadful smash-up at the bottom of this here hill two years ago, sir." "You did, eh?" holding on more firmly to my seat. "Yes, sir. I was agoin' on about as we're agoin' now, sir, awhistlin'-like to myself, sir, never thinkin' that nought would 'appen. I 'ad habout as many haboard as we've got to-day, hand just when we got to that turn in the road you see down there, sir, the drag broke, hand haway we went, coach hand hall, right over the bridge you see there, sir, into the brook hand onto the stones. Lord, what a smash! There was lady—and the 'orses killed stone dead, sir. Two of the men 'ad their legs broke; the rest was 'urt more or less, hand me with my arm broke. It was a bad job, sir. Hie, there, what are you sheerin' about"—reining up the leaders, who had swerved out of the track, and touching them up with a sharp crack of the whip. As may be imagined, this was not a comforting conversation under the circumstances, and when we had passed the turn and crossed the bridge, my hold of the seat relaxed, and my breath

came with more ease. A glance at the place which the whip had been describing, convinced me that a coach-and-four rushing over the steep bank could not fail to be attended with fatal results. The recital by the driver of the above accident, to enliven the way, was not a fiction, but happened as stated, and brought to my mind the following anecdote: "*Nervous Gentleman*: "Don't you think, Robert, going so fast down hill is very likely to make the horse fall?" *Robert*: "Lor' bless you, no, sir! I never throwed a 'oss down in my life, except once; and that was one frosty, moon-light night (just such a night as this it was), as I was adrivin' a gent (as might be you) from the station, when I throwed down this werry 'oss, in this werry identical place!"

We rumbled into the town and pulled up before the door of the principal inn. An early dinner and a long ride had served to whet our appetites, so the first thing to be looked after was supper, which was soon ready, and of which we partook heartily, and then went out for a stroll. Once upon a time Grassington was a market-town, but its greatness had long since departed; it is now a dull, sleepy old place, consisting of small, irregularly-built stone houses, with stone floors, stone streets, environed by stone walls—in fact, the most thorough town of stone I ever saw. It extends lengthways up the hillside, and is inhabited principally by persons employed in the lead mines, two miles away.

There is one thing worthy of note, the Yorkshire villages are remarkable for their clean appearance. Scarcely a slab

in the door of the humblest cottage can be found that is not chalked as white as the good dame's apron. After a brief consultation, we determined to walk on to Kilnsey, a distance of little over three miles. We returned, therefore, to the inn, paid our bill, and set off. I sent the bill home as a curiosity in its way. There was one charge in it that amused me. Among other luxuries indulged in after our arrival was a wash, and for this we were debited fourpence, a penny each.

The shades of night began to creep over us as we trudged leisurely along the stone-paved road, in pleasant chat—

“ Along the banks of the crystal Wharfe,
Through the vale retired and lowly ”—

on through Grassington Wood, and over the long, old-fashioned stone bridge that spans the wharf and leads into Kilnsey. We put up at the Tennants' Arms, where we were provided with good clean beds. The one assigned to me was a marvel in its way. There was timber enough in it to build a small house, and it was strong enough, too, to hold a brace of giants ; aye, and broad enough to take in a whole family. I clambered into it, however, and sunk unresistingly into its feathery embrace, wondering whether I should be able to find my way out in the morning. Sleep soon put an end to all anxiety on this or any other subject. I do not know whether I dreamt about it or not ; be this as it may, I found myself, the first thing in the morning, speculating about the lavish use of timber in a country where it is so scarce and so dear. Their wagons and carts

are great lumbering affairs. Their farm implements are both heavy and clumsy. Their furniture is massive and unwieldy; not like ours, made of pine and veneered with the thinnest possible shaving of genteeler wood, but solid and strong. John Bull don't believe in veneers or shams of any sort. His household stuff is made to last for ages, to pass on as heirlooms from generation to generation, and



TENNANTS' ARMS, SHOWING KILNSEY CRAGS

hence he seems to puzzle his brain to see how much timber he can get into everything made of wood.

A refreshing night's rest prepared us for an early breakfast, which was served up in good Yorkshire style, and consisted of ham and eggs, good bread and butter, and tea with an abundance of fresh milk. This over with we took a turn outside. The lofty ranges of limestone rocks, called Kilnsey Craggs, stretching along the valley, terminated

abruptly just behind the inn. These arrested our attention. They are nearly two hundred feet high, and where they end overhang their base about forty feet. The valley through which the beautiful Wharfe winds its way is seen with increased admiration from the top of the crags.

It is said by the people that in the old times the abbots of Fountains drove their immense flocks of sheep hither from the surrounding country for their annual sheep-shearing, and held there likewise courts for almost all their manors of Craven. Some of the remains of the court-house are shown behind the Tennants' Arms.

The morning being fine, and therefore favourable for our contemplated walk, we set out at eight for Malham, a distance, it was said, of fifteen miles over the Moor. Our path at first led up a pretty steep ascent of two miles, and caused us frequently to pause in order that we might get breath. After a time we reached the summit of the mountain and entered upon Kilnsey Moor. We seated ourselves upon the soft heath, glad to pause after the trying walk. The morning breeze, which did not reach us as we trudged along up the weary hill, now came playfully forth with cool and refreshing puffs, bearing on its balmy wings the fragrance of myriads of moor flowers. From a distant glen a cuckoo gave us the benefit of his morning song, and now and then a moor fowl brushed across the heath. My eye could range for leagues over heath-clad hills, and I could now understand, what had never been clear to me before, how difficult the task would be to find one's way over those pathless wastes. Indeed, to those unacquainted with the



THE WHARF.

locality, it is not safe under any circumstances to attempt to cross without a guide; and even these frequently lose themselves in the mists, which are very prevalent, or in the dark and starless night. After having sufficiently rested ourselves, we set out, and pressed our way leisurely for some hours over the slippery grass and yielding heath—

“O'er moorlands and mountains, wide, barren and bare,
‘Wildered and wearied.’”

On our way we saw thousands of sheep ranging the hill-sides, and now and then a shepherd appeared, mounted on his hardy pony, climbing some far-off hill; and when he reached the summit, and horse and rider stood out against the clear blue sky, they made for us a pretty silhouette. We did not see during our long walk a single abode, not even of the most humble sort; and I must confess that after all a moor did not prove to me to be a very interesting place. There may be poetry and novelty about a moor, but I failed to discover either the one or the other. Beauty may dwell in a moor, but we were not fortunate enough to find the charmed abode, either in the stone-capped hill or in the treeless waste. A moor may be, and is, no doubt, interesting to a sheep as a browsing place, and even rabbits may there find delight, but the weary foot of man finds no joy in them. In the past, and even now, a moor might prove a safe hiding-place for the persecuted or outcast of society, for the poet tells us truly—

“In Craven’s wilds is many a den
To shelter persecuted man;
Far underground in many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave
Until the storm had ceased to rave,”—

but to pleasure-seekers it will be found a snare and delusion.

I was much perplexed at the apparently great length of miles, and began to get weary; but my friends, who were good walkers, as most Englishmen are, did not seem to mind it.

About noon we reached Malham-water, or, as it is called by the country-people, Malham-tarn. It is, I believe, the source of the River Aire. Its situation is high and bleak, and the water is clear and cold. The tarn is not much over a mile in diameter, and on the north side we could see the country residence of the late Lord Ribblesdale.

The walk from Malham-tarn to the top of the Cove is, under ordinary circumstances, a most interesting mile, not only from the extent of country which it commands, but in its own variety of wildness. I regret, though, that the weary miles I had come, and which I shall always believe to have been twenty-five good Canadian miles, instead of fifteen, did not prepare me to enjoy, as I might otherwise have done, the rugged scene upon which we had now entered. Our way led down a deep ravine through immense crags of limestone, over great rocks, and around projections where one false step would have abruptly terminated any desire to visit more such wild places. The Cove was reached, however, in safety, and we looked over the edge of the precipice, under a natural archway, through which the small stream rushes and plunges down 286 feet.

It was thought prudent now to take another good rest before we attempted the most difficult part of our journey,

the descent into the valley. The place selected for our brief repose, if not picturesque, was certainly wild. High over our heads projected great masses of rock; at our feet rushed the little streamlet as if in haste to take its wild leap. Wild violets and cowslips peeped out from scanty bits of grass, and the noisy daw croaked and whirled from cliff to cliff. This was very enjoyable, but a glance at the path we had to take did not afford equal pleasure. I shall not forget very soon the rugged way down the side of the cliff, nor the sense of relief I felt when I stood at the bottom and looked up to the giddy height where one wrong step, or the loosening of the bits of jagged rocks to which I had clung for support, would have been sudden death. I think I indulged in a few indignant thoughts about people who expose themselves to unnecessary danger out of curiosity or love of adventure. But we were down all right, and could look composedly up the side of the tremendous rocks, and the small brook which leaped down and dashed itself on the stones at our feet. We could even admire, weary as we were, the silvery grey of the rocks, striped with lines of darker colour, the soft tints and colouring of the Cove, and the satin moss interspersed with shrubs and evergreens. At the base of one of the cliffs there comes from underneath a stream of pure, ice-cold water, which finds its way through the valley and ultimately unites itself with the River Aire.

Feeling now that we required both rest and refreshment, we turned down a path which led through the fields, and after a walk of nearly two miles reached the town of

Malham, stopping at the Buck Inn, where we ordered dinner. After a free application of water to head and face, we stretched ourselves in the comfortable lounges and awaited the preparation of our meal.

The inn is over two hundred years old, and is a fair representation of an old English hostel. Its small rooms were reached by all sorts of passages, and the low ceilings



BUCK INN, MALHAM.

seemed too close to one's head to admit of a good stretch. In one of the rooms we were shown an old sign painted by the late Lord Ribblesdale, and presented to the late landlord. I have seen much better work done by commoner people. Dinner being announced, we hastened to sit down to it, and I need hardly add, now that I have told about the early breakfast and our long ramble, that we

were thoroughly prepared to enjoy it. Never did brook trout and roast lamb taste better, and never had a Yorkshire cook a more appreciative company.

Jannet's Cave was on our card, but we did not go to see it. It is so called, it is said, from the queen or governess of a numerous tribe of fairies, which the tradition of the place assures us anciently held their court there. We took Gordale Scar instead, a very grand amphitheatre of limestone rocks three hundred feet high. The solid rock appears to have been rent asunder by a convulsion of nature, affording a passage to the pent-up torrents through the yawning fissure; and revelling in their liberty, they dash downward, forming a very pretty cataract.

We had now completed our programme, except the walk from Malham to Skipton, a distance of ten miles, which, under the circumstances, I most respectfully declined to foot, so a trap was engaged to drive us over, and which brought us there in time for the train.

The Craven district is nearly altogether a stock-producing region. I do not remember having seen a cultivated field on the road we took. It is very uneven, as may have been gathered from what I have previously said; and instead of the beautiful hedge, which lends such a charm to English scenery, there are ugly and interminable stone fences. I never saw, nor do I wish to see again, so many leagues of stone walls. It is not a pretty country—that is, what I saw of it. The high hills are crowned with limestone rocks or heath. But few trees meet the eye, except in the valleys. On the desolate moors, which are very



extensive, there is none. The highlands and moors, which compose a very large proportion of the district, are used for sheep-runs, the separate runs being inclosed by stone walls leagues in length, embracing thousands of acres. The dwellings are mostly in the valleys, and are often miles apart.

To a Canadian, the manners of the Craven men appear very uncouth. There is something, however, underlying the rough exterior—an honest bluntness, if you like—which wins you over, after a bit, to respect the real worth of these independent yeomen. The women, generally speaking, are well proportioned and fine-looking, and, like our Canadian women, so far as my experience extends, are kind and obliging. But the Yorkshire, as well as the Lancashire, dialect is something remarkable. If you wish to know something about it, I do not know that I can do better than refer you to Tennyson's "Northern Farmer."

I need hardly pause to say that on the following day any pedestrian proclivities I might have previously indulged myself in were entirely dissipated. Walking, just then, was anything but a pleasurable recreation.

" No heath-clad moor, nor Yorkshire hills, were they
Pennegent, Pendle Hill, and little Ingleboro,"

would tempt me to look upon them again. The muscles of my legs, when I attempted the slightest descent, sent through me a twinge of pain, far removed from any agreeable sensation. I was, in fact, for the time being, "a used-up community," but in a few days was ready for another ramble.

On a Sunday afternoon Mr. S—— suggested that we should have a walk over the moor behind Darwen to a farm house some six miles away. I agreed. So, after church and lunch, we set off with Mrs. S—— and sister. The scramble up the rugged path to the top of the very high hill was fatiguing, but we succeeded, after a number of pauses by the way, in reaching it; and then sat down, not only to rest, but to enjoy as well the fine view



HOLLINSHEAD HALL.

our elevated position afforded. The five miles over the moor was accomplished with comparative ease, and then we descended into a very pretty valley, and pursued a path which led through a paddock into an old bit of woods. An ancient iron gate closed the way at the entrance of the wood, but it gave way to a vigorous push and allowed us to proceed along the shaded path, which brought us out in front of Hollinshead Hall. Many long years ago the hall

was a place of note; so much so, indeed, that Cromwell, during his wars, laid siege to it, and after a short resistance brought the haughty proprietor to terms.

How numerous are the sad memorials, scattered all over Great Britain, of the fanatical zeal of the great Commoner and his generals! They went through the land like a besom of destruction, battering down and desolating the grandest architectural structures ever reared by human hands. Not content with striking down the religious tyranny, which had for ages kept the souls and consciences of men under its feet, they must needs vent their boundless rage on the very stones which had sheltered an opposing creed. It is true that great principles were at stake, and that great and glorious results grew out of the determined zeal of those old Ironsides. Yet, one could wish that in their ardour they had spared those noble edifices, and not left their ruins scattered through the land.

The hall, ere the hand of war put its mark upon it, must have been a charming retreat. We could hardly walk through the deserted rooms of the older part of the building without thinking of the days when merry voices were heard, when youthful feet tripped from room to room.

“ Come away, no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound ;
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.”

After leaving the old hall we walked around to that part of the building which had been fitted up as a residence for the farmer. Mr. Croft invited us in to tea, and we gladly accepted the invitation. After it was over we left the

ladies to chat with Dame Croft, and took a short stroll through the copse, which the birds were making vocal with their evening song. Then we tarried by the field where the girls and boys were milking, and watched them as they took their way cheerfully towards the house, with filled buckets poised on their heads. A rumble of thunder startled us from our pleasing observation, and forced upon our minds the walk that lay before us. We started for the hall at once, but before we reached it the rain began to patter on the leaves. The old farmer thought it but a shower, which would soon go by ; but the longer we waited the darker the clouds seemed to gather overhead, and there appeared no alternative but to proceed at once or remain all night. This Mrs. S—— declared to be utterly impossible, exclaiming, " Whatever in the world would the poor baby do without me ? " This was a question none of us could answer, and so, with night coming on and the moor before us, which must be crossed before dark or not at all, we set out. I have no doubt but that we presented an interesting picture as we crept along the slippery path in the beating rain. The situation was not agreeable, and it seemed to me now that every fancy that I had previously had for rambling over moors would be effectually washed out.

When we had traversed about half the distance, the storm had become so furious that we thought it best to seek shelter in a small hut we had just reached, hoping that the downpour would abate ; but it did not, and dreading the approaching darkness more than the rain, there was nothing for it but to proceed. The good-natured peasant, when we were leaving, told us to be on the lookout for an

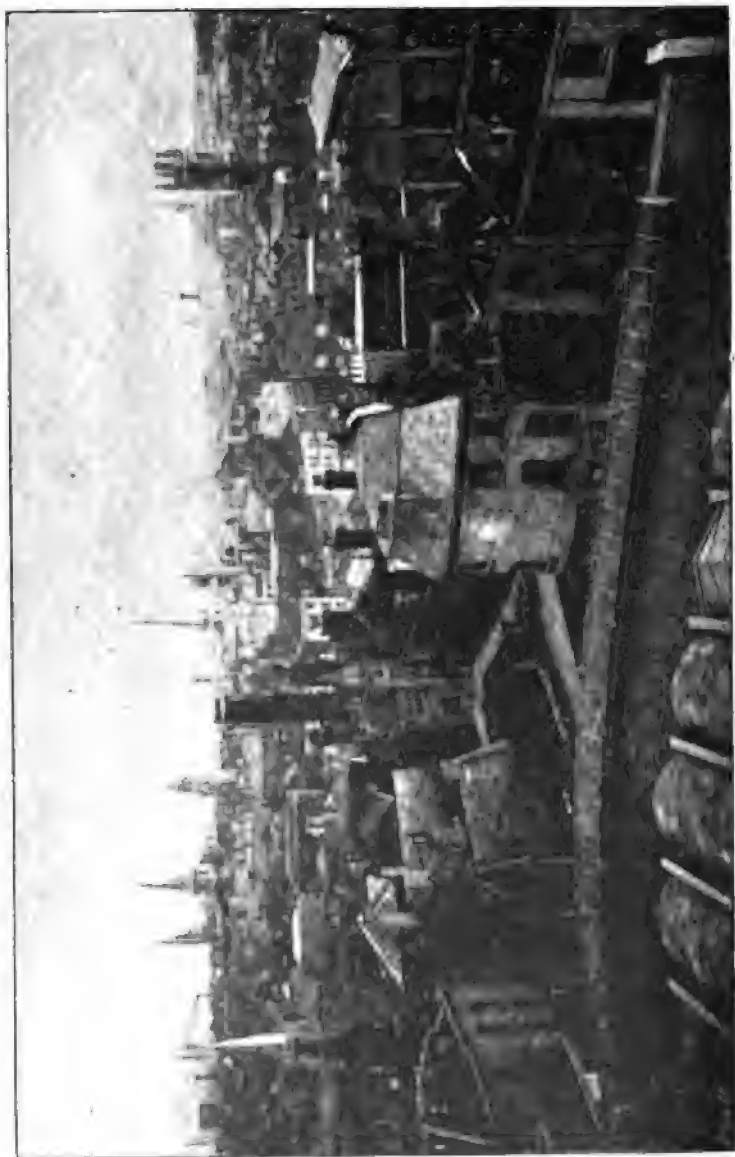
unruly bull that had been ranging the moor for some days, and gave us a very brief account, in his peculiar way, of an encounter he had had with him the day before. This was not agreeable news to us, much less to the ladies. We resumed the same order of march, but before we had proceeded far another difficulty presented itself: a mist was settling around us. With quickened pace we moved on, while the thickening haze greatly limited our range of vision. More than one large stone brought us to a stand, and we expected to hear the rush and bellow of the bull; so with cautious steps we approached one after another these imaginary bugbears, and felt relieved when we discovered the harmless nature of the object. Still we went on peering into the haze, and at length caught the outline of something moving. It was the bull, of a certainty. No amount of argument would have convinced us to the contrary—of course it was the bull. What was to be done? The question was much more easily put than answered. The open moor afforded no protection. We must face the music—but how? There was the rub. After a very brief but noiseless consultation, we thought it would be better to turn away from the path, and by a retrograde movement, we might possibly succeed in outflanking our enemy. We had not proceeded far when the mist became more transparent, and revealed to us an old mare and colt, the latter browsing quietly. A hearty laugh now rang out upon the heath; for a moment the discomfort of our position was forgotten, and we pushed on with hurried pace, reaching town without further mishap, but presenting very much the appearance of a company of drowned rats.

CHAPTER III.

BRISTOL AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

I LEFT Darwen the next day after my drenching on the moor, and proceeded by rail through the counties of Cheshire, Stafford, Worcester and Gloucester to Bristol, passing also through the cities of Crew and Stafford, having a glimpse of Stafford Castle by the way; then through Wolverhampton and the Black Country to Birmingham. Elihu Burritt gives the best description I have seen of this dismal, smoke-draped country, and to those who desire to know more about this region of darkness, of coal pits and iron melting works, of rolling mills and blast furnaces, of in fact every conceivable manufactory for converting iron into the numberless forms required for man's use, I would recommend a perusal of that very interesting and instructive book, "A Walk through the Black Country." It seems to me that nothing but the ruling passion of modern times, the getting of wealth, would induce any man to tarry in this place of smoke and clang of hammers. We then passed through Worcester, Chittenham and Gloucester, besides a goodly number of smaller towns. The road from Birmingham passes through a delightful country, and affords glimpses here and there of palatial residences, noble parks, and charming landscapes.

In due time the train rushed into Bristol Station,



BRISTOL.—FROM THE TOP OF COLSTON STREET.

shrieking and snorting as if it was glad it had reached its destination. There was one party glad at all events, and that party immediately stepped out on the platform. My friends were on the lookout for me, and in a few moments we were rattling along the streets to their residence through a lively downpour of rain.

"Bristol," says Elihu Burritt, "is a city worth going to see and study. It was the seat and point of departure of the English vikings and vigors when the old Norse spirit had only begun to be slightly softened by a Christian civilization. For just such men and for just such an age Nature had found a port suited to every phase and faculty of their character. It was at the head of a little river that ran crookedly at the bottom of a tremendous furrow ploughed to the sea through the rocks, nearly as deep and wide as the rift below Niagara Falls. It faced the western world of waters, and its plucky old sea-kings turned their prows in that direction by natural impulse. One of them, the elder Cabot, frosted his in the icy breath of Labrador before Columbus touched the main continent of America. One hundred years before Cabot sailed from Bristol, it had its' guild of 'Merchants Royal,' and veteran sailors as daring and dauntless as the hyperborean tars of Eric the Red."

The city lies in the southern extremity of Gloucester and the northern of Somersetshire. The rivers of Avon and Frome wind their way through it, and empty into the Bristol Channel, or Severn Sea. For many centuries it was the second city in Britain, and is still considered the

"Metropolis of the West." Like old Rome it stands upon seven hills, and also possesses a sister to the Tiber in the muddy Avon. Some parts of it are built upon level ground,



ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, BRISTOL.

and in others the streets are so steep that it is difficult to traverse them with carriages.

There are but few places in England that present so



ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL.

many objects of interest to the archæologist as Bristol. It was made an independent city by Edward III., but long

before that it was a noted place and possessed some of the finest buildings and churches in Britain. Many of them have given place to more modern structures, but on all the older streets may still be seen those curious old houses



THE NEW REREDOS, ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH.

with one story projecting over another as they rise, until the opposite gables almost touch over the centre of the narrow street. What grand places those upper windows must have been for gossiping dames!

There are a number of interesting old churches whose

history runs back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and among them that of St. Werburgh, in which the Rev. John Wesley preached his first sermon in Bristol, 1777; St. Stephen and St. Augustine. The latter was founded by the abbots of St. Augustine's monastery as a chapel for the use of the inhabitants who had erected houses and lived without the precincts of the convent. Of the older churches, however, that of St. Mary Redcliffe possesses the most interest. It was begun by Sir Simon de Barton in 1292, and finished by William Canynges the Elder, in 1377. Camden says the church is like a cathedral, and in all accounts the first parish church in England. In the south-west angle of the church are some remains of the lids or coverings to some very ancient stone coffins. They were recently discovered in lowering the walks round the building. Here may be seen also, against a pillar, the rib of the famous dun cow slain by Guy, Earl of Warwick. This cow, according to the legend, at one time supplied all the city with milk. She must have been a good milker, and of goodly size, too, for the rib is about eight feet high. Attached to a column in the south transept is a flat slab to the memory of Sir William Penn, the father of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, and near by on another column is suspended the armour of the gallant knight, tastefully displayed and ornamented by the flags taken in an engagement with the Dutch fleet about 1604. Time, however, has made sad havoc with these emblems, and ere long there will be nothing left of the banners. There are many other very old and interesting monuments and

inscriptions scattered through the church, but we must leave them.

Over the north or grand porch is a room corresponding in size and form with the lower one, which, doubtless, was formerly the residence of priests, and from this room is a passage communicating with the tower. At one time it was known as the "Treasury House," but is now usually designated the "Muniment Room," in which are the remains of the chests in which Chatterton professed to have found the manuscripts attributed to Rowley. One of these chests, it is said, was called Mr. Canynges' coffer, and was secured by six keys, two of which were entrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, two to the mayor, and one to each of the churchwardens. In process of time the six keys were lost, and about the year 1727 the chests were opened in the presence of an attorney, and all those deeds and other documents relating to the church removed, the balance of the papers being left behind. It was among these papers that the boy Chatterton professed to have found the Rowley poems. I tarried long over these rude and worm-eaten old boxes, and tried to picture the "marvellous boy" strolling away from his mother and sister in Ryle Street, and with noiseless steps entering this dusty room up in the tower, not so much for the purpose of rummaging among the musty papers then to be found there, as to sit in the sombre silence to read and muse. Strange fancy this for a child not more than eight or ten to seek the companionship of those silent sleepers, and to linger for hours around the voiceless tombs. Strange that

on leaving them he should start away up the winding stone stair, with cautious tread, to this lofty chamber, whose dim light struggled through the dusty panes, to draw inspiration from the wasting records of past ages. On which of



ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH, INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.

these boxes did the youthful genius rest? or did he make the stone floor his couch, and then dream of hooded monk and gallant knight? A monument has been erected to his memory, but it stands in an obscure place in the north-east

angle of the churchyard. The statue, which represents him in the Colston's Charity School dress, is placed on a column of the style of the buttresses of the porch. There is no inscription on it. The Bristol people have been slow in recognizing the genius of the boy whose name sheds so much lustre on the city of his birth—slow to do justice to the poor lad from whom they withheld bread—and now when they give to his memory a stone, they mar the gift by placing it in a measure out of sight, and without a word to tell the passing stranger that this monument was placed here as a memorial of—

“The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.”

I attended an evening service at Wesley Chapel, built on the spot where Wesley preached his first sermon in the open air. The stone on which he stood has been used as the foundation-stone of the building. I also went with my friends to a Quaker meeting at the Friends' Friars' Meeting House, and had the pleasure of listening to John Storr Fry, a wealthy Quaker, and one of the firm of Fry & Sons. After meeting we went through the Cutler's Hall and the Baker's Hall, apartments once attached to the old monastery, and saw some old fonts and other arrangements always to be seen in these old institutions. There were a few very old and strange-looking chairs, and other ancient furniture, with curious carvings. Over a fireplace in one of the rooms, the date, A.D. 1300, is cut. The Friends use these rooms for Sabbath-schools.

Bristol can boast of a large number of fine public buildings, charitable institutions, warehouses, etc., worth seeing. But there were two places which afforded me more gratification than any of these grand edifices. One was a very humble and venerable-looking place in Ryle Street, where Chatterton was born, it is said; and the other, No. 10, in Park Street, where Hannah More kept a boarding-school for young ladies.

In a copy of the early history of the city I found this curious order of the Common Council, dated 1651, prohibiting the use of carts and wagons, and allowing the use only of sledges and drays for the following reason: "They suffer no carts to be used in the city, lest, as some say, the shake occasioned by them on the pavement should affect the *Bristol milk* (sherry) in the vaults, which is certainly had there in the greatest perfection." This law became obsolete long ago, and drays and carts convey their heavy loads through all the streets, regardless of the "milk" once so highly prized.

On Ashley Down are Müller's Orphan Houses, the noblest charitable institution, probably, in the world. These houses, for there are five of them, all of the same size and design, occupy a large extent of ground. The large open space in front of each house is tastefully laid out with flower beds and walks, which are decorated with choice flowers and shrubs, and at each of the principal entrances there is a neat gate-keeper's lodge. The origin and growth of this remarkable Orphans' Home may be considered one of the wonders of Christian philanthropy. From the day Mr.

Müller picked up the first orphan on the streets of Bristol, and took care of it, up to the present time he has not personally solicited aid from the public. He had faith in the undertaking, and beyond that he had faith in the promises of God. He went to work never doubting for a moment but that his Master would influence the great heart of the Christian world in his favour. There was no cash in hand



MULLER'S ORPHANAGES, BRISTOL.—NO. 1.

for him to commence with, and yet when the work really began unknown contributors sent him money. As the number of children increased, so did the contributions keep pace with the increased necessities of the undertaking, and so he has gone on, year after year, gathering in homeless orphans and enlarging his accommodation, until he has now 2,050 under his care to feed, clothe and educate.

"It is now about thirty years," he says in his last report, "since I began to walk in the happy way, and I have invariably found the Lord to be my helper, even under the greatest difficulties and in the greatest wants and necessities, of whatever character they were, and thus it has been, especially of late years. And with regard to pecuniary supplies, I have, simply in answer to prayer, without application to anyone, obtained for this work £430,000."

The report is a very interesting document, but it is impossible to give further extracts from it. The houses are opened to the public one day in the week, that is to say, one of the five houses can be seen every day except Saturdays. A certain hour is set apart for the reception of visitors, and when it arrives all that are present in the general waiting-room are shown through the building. The time required for this is about two hours. The rooms are large and airy, and are kept scrupulously clean. Everything is in the most perfect order. The children are well fed and comfortably clad, all in the same style of dress, and look healthy and happy.

From this let us stray away to Brandon Hill, one of the old historical landmarks of the city. It rises 250 feet above the level of the river, and is partly covered with bushes. From its summit a beautiful view is had, not only of the city but of the surrounding country. To the south Dundry Hill and town show themselves, and to the east Lansdowne and the vicinity of Bath are seen, with a charming variety of rural scenery. During the Civil War this hill was strongly fortified by the Royalists, to defend the city

against the army of the Parliament, under the command of Cromwell and Fairfax. Many of the trenches can still be traced.

By taking the path which leads from Bristol to Clifton, and which winds around the side of Brandon Hill, we



CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BRISTOL.

descend Clifton Hill and enter upon the Clifton Wood, with its grand villas: and thence to Clifton Down, where thousands of the citizens come on summer evenings for a stroll, or to sit under the fine old shade trees and breathe the



PROMENADE, CLIFTON DOWNS.

pure fresh air as it comes over the distant hills, freighted with the perfume of wood and flowers, or to linger over the many inviting prospects the elevated position gives. A short walk over the Down brings us to the fine suspension bridge, which stretches from cliff to cliff over the turbid Avon. It is about three hundred feet high and affords some very fine views. There is something about the rugged rocks, studding both sides of the river, that reminds one of our own Niagara—but here the resemblance ends. The sluggish Avon, now battling for hours with the encroaching tide, contesting every foot with the insweeping invader, until its fury is spent, and then pressing it back in triumph to the sea, is but a very sorry picture of the rush and roar of the clear waters of our noble river.

A short walk on the downs to Shilston House, and up College Road, brings us to the Zoological Gardens, a very attractive place, not only for the choice collection of animals which they contain, but also for the chaste and judicious arrangement of the shrubs, flowers and gravel walks. I was fortunate enough the afternoon I visited the gardens to witness a grand *fête* given to the workingmen and mechanics of the city. We had heard a good deal in our country about the "downtrodden and starving artisans of Great Britain," a very prolific theme with American penny-a-liners and stump orators. "Distance," it is said, "lends enchantment to the view," and in this case distance and ignorance of the facts have given point to the tale, and we have received as truths the overdrawn statements of unprincipled men. Of the thousands of this class whom I

have seen in the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the thousands who were present on this occasion, I must confess that I have failed in discovering anything approaching to a starving and down-trodden race. On the contrary, those whom I saw at the *fête*, both men and women, were well dressed; indeed, many of the women and girls appeared in costumes that would have done credit to the noblest gatherings in the land. I have seen but rarely a finer and more contented-looking assemblage of men and women; and while I watched, I may say, hundreds of them tripping lightly over the velvet lawn to the music of various bands, through the mazes of the exciting dance, with as much ease and grace as if it had been learned under more opulent auspices, I felt that this class of people were quite as contented and happy as the same class in any other part of the world.

Leaving the gardens and passing by various winding roads—for it would be a novelty to fall in with a straight one anywhere about Bristol—I reach Redland Green, where are to be found the “wishing steps.” The tradition respecting these steps is, that if you go up the right side and down the other, pausing meanwhile on the top to wish, the thing wished for will be found under your pillow next morning; but if it should happen not to be there, then you won’t get it for seven long years. The latter possibility took away the charm altogether, and so I did not try.

The neighbourhood of Bristol abounds in charming rural scenery. Greatly did I enjoy the drive through Westbury, near whose fine old church Canynge’s Deanery once

stood, and from thence to Henbury, with its antiquated church, whose low, massive, ivy-covered tower, quiet graveyard and mural tablets hanging like pictures on its vast wall amid the ivy, and nicely-trimmed yew trees, all combined, make up a picture of rarest beauty. On the hill



HENBURY CHURCH, BRISTOL.

close by stands Blaise Castle, lifting its head proudly above the trees, of every shade of green, that cluster around its base and stretch away into the valley. From the grey rocks that crop out here and there along the hillside hang thick curtains of ivy, while creeping plants festoon the rifts,

adorning them with loveliness. This hill has an ancient history. It was a strong fortress before the Romans invaded Britain, and by them was enlarged and strengthened. Two of the bastions and part of the inner wall are still traceable. The castle occupies the site of an old chapel of St. Blaisus. From the grounds of the castle a path leads to Blaise hamlet—ten cottages erected in 1810 at the expense of the late proprietor of the castle. His object was to provide a comfortable asylum for persons advanced



HENBURY COTTAGES, BRISTOL.

in years, who had sufficient to live on comfortably when relieved from the expense of house-rent. The founder, when he built them, gratified at once his feelings of benevolence and his love of the picturesque. The cottages stand on the margin of a circle, and are quite dissimilar in their construction. The inside of the circle or yard is tastefully laid out, well kept, and adorned with a great variety of choice flowers. It is certainly a very pretty place, and a charming retreat for a number of old people to spend their last days in.

CHAPTER IV.

CHEDDAR.

“ WILT thou not go to Cheddar ? ’Tis more strange
Than most strange places are. . . .
There thou shalt see the grand Titanic cliffs,
Of the piled mountains, split through their bulk
By quick rock-rending earthquakes robed in fire ;
That lightning of earth’s thunder-turning heart
Which springs at one brave bound from pole to pole,
Making the nations shudder ! Here it came
In its fierce saturnalia, flashing on
Omnipotent, with weird electric dance.
And stamped its frantic zigzag here forever
With systematic madness.”

AFTER breakfast this morning, I started with my friend M — by the Bristol and Exeter Rail for Cheddar, which is situated in the central part of the County of Somerset. The road leads through Yatton; then diverging from the main line, it takes us across a rich alluvial tract of country, and through Congresbury, whose taper steeple rises gracefully from the woody plain. There is an old story connected with this venerable locality, which I take leave here to repeat. It was in this wise: St. Congar, a son, it is affirmed, of one of the eastern emperors, who had run away from home because he did not like the wife his father had chosen for him, settled and built him a hermitage. Clad in a mean habit, as a slave,

he wandered to this lonely spot, then covered with reeds and water and fringed with wood, living as he best could on fish and fowl. Here he built him an oratory; the West Saxons gave him the surrounding land; he chose twelve canons regular for companions, gave himself up to a life of abstinence and prayer, went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there died; but his body was brought



ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL.

home, and his lands after mutations many and great have fallen to a good use, for to this day they maintain that noble institution of Bristol, the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.

This was the home of the Saxons, and relics of their customs still linger about the valleys. At Dole Moors, for instance, the practice was, until the Enclosure Act passed, for a number of single acres, which belonged to the Commons, to be marked each with a peculiar cut in the turf,

such as a horse, four oxen, a man, two oxen and a man, a pole-axe, a dung fork, a cross, an oven, a duck's nest, a hand reel, a hare's tail, etc. On Saturday before old midsummer day, those who had Common rights met, put a number of apples which bore each a similar mark to one portion of the land into a bag; a boy drew for each Common in turn, giving to the man his apple. After going



WINSCOMBE.

and taking possession of their lots they adjourned to the office of the steward, when four acres, which were served for paying the expenses, were let for by the year by inch of candle; that is, the last man who bid before the candle went out was the successful tenant. The remainder of the day was devoted to cider, song and tobacco.

Meanwhile my eyes have been feasting on the beauties

of the verdant valley through which we are passing. The gentle undulations of the ground give a wavy appearance to the plain; clumps of trees and graceful elms with their dark foliage and arched limbs, overhanging the green-sward, adorn the scene. Away in the background rise the Bleadon Hills, shrouded in a purple haze; and as we rush on, the Mendips begin to show their jagged heads,



AXBRIDGE.

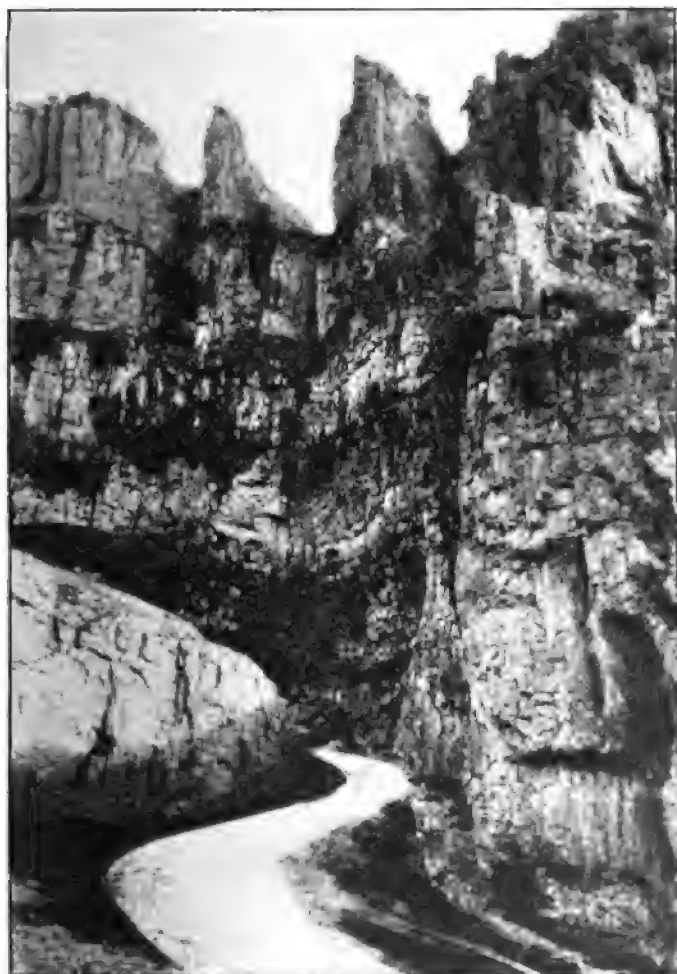
then Redhill to the east and Broadfield Down to the north: and there on the hillside is Barley Wood, the favourite home of Hannah More.

Passing on we reach Sanford, the station for Banwell, whose caves, rich in pre-adamite remains, attract the votaries of science. Sweeping now around hilly knolls we come to the chalet station of Winscombe, a charming village nestling under the shadow of the lofty hills. Pass-

ing Churchill on the left we can just get a glimpse of Doleberry encampment, where Roman and Saxon remains are frequently found. A deep cutting and tunnel carry us through the hilly range, and we emerge between Cross and Axbridge, on the southern side of the Mendips, into a climate, I was informed, akin to that of southern France, and where fruit ripens a full month earlier than it does at Bristol.

Axbridge, at the time of the Conquest, was a hunting chase of the kings of England. It had its mills, fisheries, and a wood two miles in length, right royally preserved. Two miles to the south-east of this ancient borough, Leland writes, "Cheddour, a good husband townlet to Axbridge, lyeth in the rootes of Mendip." From the lofty brow of Mendip there is a fine prospect. Before you lies, in all its varied loveliness, one of those rural scenes that you so frequently meet with in England, and which Cowper must have had in his eye when he wrote :

" How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy !
Here—slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meadows, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along its sinuous course.
Delightful, there, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;



CASTLE ROCK.

While far beyond and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land reaches into the clouds,
Displaying in its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote."

The parish stretches away for miles into the rich alluvial moors whose verdant pastures furnish the dairyman's kine a constant supply of the tenderest herbage, which he transforms into that delicious article of world-wide reputation, known as Cheddar cheese.

The town of Cheddar is a queer, straggling old place. It twists about in all directions and looks as though it had been pitched down the hill at haphazard, or had become muddled in trying to locate itself. It once had a considerable market, of which the cross, an hexagonal structure, weather-beaten and broken, still remains to tell the tale. The craggy pinnacles of the Mendips rise abruptly behind the tower to a height of over eight hundred feet. Portions of the rock present a grey-tinted appearance, and look like great lichened walls, whose ivy-clad niches and shattered battlements frown down on the passer-by, with over four hundred feet of perpendicular face. Beetle-browed precipices with solemn grandeur project their awful crags over our heads as we wind through the tortuous passage, and threaten us with instant destruction. We watch the chattering daw, as he alights with careless foot far up the giddy height, and tremble lest he should turn the balance,



ГИРДДАК.

and send the rock toppling down headlong into the narrow gorge.

“So they rise
Around thee like the spectres of a dream,
Those tempest-shattered crags . . .
. . . Where the winds
Make whirlwind music, and with their strong wings
Outfly the speckled talon-grasping hawk,
And the wild daw that haunts those splintered rifts
And sows the seed of ivy, ash, and yew,
Sweet pink, rather tulip, and the red-blood wall
On these most slippery rash declivities.

This great chasm, which runs through the hills and forms a natural roadway, is no doubt the result of volcanic action. Far back in the world's history, Nature in some of her angry moods has cleft those hills asunder, and left this wild rift of over a mile in length, as an everlasting memorial, of how little she heeds the strength of the rock-ribbed mountains when she is aroused. The road through it rises by a gentle ascent for about a mile, after which the now dwarfed and somewhat tamed gorge dwindles off by two diagonal branches of easy ascent to the top of the hill, which is more than twelve hundred feet in height. Close by the entrance of the ravine, and within a space of thirty feet, nine springs, clear as crystal and cool as glacier fountains, burst from the foot of the cliff, forming a beautiful stream, which once drove thirteen mills within half a mile of its source; of these but two or three remain.

Cheddar was in Saxon days a royal demesne. There is a tradition that while King Edmund was hunting one day on the Mendip, he pressed a deer so hard that stag and dogs

went over the precipice, and the king himself was only saved through the miraculous interposition of the spirit of Saint Dunstan, which seized the rearing horse as it hung balancing over the fearful gulf and turned it back to land. For this salvation the king made the corporeal Saint Dunstan Abbot of Glastonbury that same day.

The sleeping hollows of Mendip stretch far back, full of



WELLS CATHEDRAL.

verdure, till they rise into the mountain. Through Cheddar, Stoke, and Westbury moors, the River Axe crawls sluggishly towards the sea :

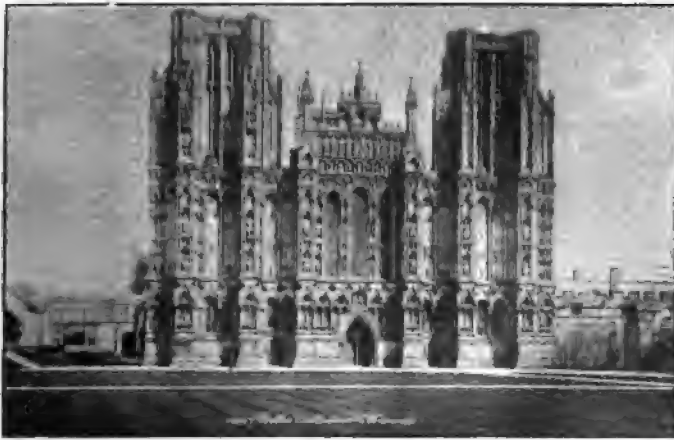
“Cheddar, farewell,
Thy towering cliffs and caverns shall remain,
When those who visit them have passed away !
The strength of manliness, the witcheries
Of rose-lipped beauties perish ; but the mind,
The soul, shall still o’ermatch thee, then outsoar
That spirit in us, which can dream of glories
To which thy own are but a baby’s toy !



GLASTONBURY, FROM WEARY-ALL-HILL.

That spirit shall outlive thy sepulchre ;
Yea, the eternal mountains shall become
Less than the everlasting hearts that loved them,
And thou return to ruin—we to God."

Two miles from Wrokey lies Wells, that small but beautifully situated cathedral city. It derives its name from its wells, chiefly from the unfathomable one, which rises in the garden close to the Bishop's palace. A current of the clearest, coldest spring water gushes up from the abyss



WELLS CATHEDRAL, WEST FRONT.

profound, filling constantly an opening ten yards in diameter, fills the moat which surrounds the palace, where large trout lazily roll, and then rushes swiftly down the open kennels of the streets to join the Axe. Bishop Jacobin built both the palace and the cathedral about six hundred years ago. The cathedral is a beautiful building, rich in sculptured ornament and sacred story.

The most conspicuous object as you look southward from Wells is the Tor of Glastonbury, which rises five hundred feet above the level, and has a beautiful tower on its summit, one of the quaint sculptures of which is St. Michael holding the scales, with the Bible in one, the devil in the other, who proves light weight, though another fiend slyly, but all in vain, hangs on to his tail.



GLASTONBURY TOR.

It was on this hill, in 1538, that Richard Whiting, the sturdy abbot, was drawn on a hurdle, hanged and quartered. His head being set upon the gateway of his abbey below, his quarters were bestowed on Wells, Bath, Ilchester and Bridgewater.

The abbey itself lies hidden away behind the main street of the town, and is a very picturesque and beautiful ruin, rich in historic interest. If tradition is worth anything, it

is the site of the earliest Christian Church in Britain. Here in this charming vale of Avalon, and under the mouldering grey abbey walls, lies the sacred dust of the renowned King Arthur. Edmund, Edgar and Edmund Ironsides are also buried here. King Canute gave the abbey a charter, and Tennyson has laid the scene of his beautiful epic, "The Search for the Holy Grail," here :

" If indeed I go
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

CHAPTER V.

TINTERN AND CHEPSTOW.

ON the morning following our delightful visit to old Cheddar, we took the train to Bedwick ; thence we proceeded by steamer across the mouth of the Severn, and then by rail again to Chepstow. This town is small and pleasantly situated on the River Wye, and can boast of having the highest tide in Europe, often rising fifty, and sometimes seventy, feet. A fine railway bridge crosses the river, designed by Brunel, combining the principles of Telford's suspension and Stephenson's tubular bridges. But as we are bound for Tintern first, we shall leave what we have to say of this old place until we return.

Like prudent and thinking travellers, the train has hardly paused in its rapid course ere we are out and have hold of Hobbs, the jolly owner and driver of the coach that runs to the Abbey, and secure three outside seats. Having done this we feel at ease, and can improve, with some comfort, the short time we have to spare before the coach starts. We stroll away to have a look at St. Mary's, which is close by. The church at one time formed a part of an ancient priory. Its fine old tower and Norman doorways, with zigzag mouldings, amply repaid our hasty walk, and are worthy of more attention than we were able to give them. The blowing of the coachman's horn hurried



CHESTON.

us back, and we were soon scrambling up to our places with five other outsiders, among whom was a tall Yankee from Vermont. Our horses were fine, spirited beasts, and were impatiently champing their bits. "These are good horses of yours, Hobbs," I said. "Aye, sir, that they be; them leaders 'll bring me eighty guineas apiece, sir, any day I say the word. But you see, sir, I likes a good 'orse as well as the next man, sir. Whoa, there!" Hobbs, while this brief conversation was going on, had been quietly gathering up his reins, and when they were well in hand, the man at the leaders' heads stepped aside, and we were off. We all ducked our heads as we dashed from the town under the old gateway, but there was no need of it, for the arch was high enough, although it did not look so.

With all the modern improvements of locomotion there is no mode of travel so exhilarating as the coach, particularly in a country like England, where a good deal that one wishes to see is compressed in a limited space. Our route this day led for a short distance through a fine undulating country, and as we bowled along the smooth road, over which fine old elm and beech trees spread a canopy that shut out the sun, and along whose sides ran well-trimmed hedges, lending additional charms to the way, I could not withhold from my friends the exclamation that rose to my lips—"This is delightful!"

Soon after passing Piercefield Park, with its fine stretches of grassy sward and noble trees, we enter upon a long ascending common, covered with heather and gorse. Rustic children wait at the gate and open it for us to pass in, and

scramble for the halfpence and sixpences that find their way somehow to the roadside. The road very soon terminates, and we hastily descend from the coach-top and enter a path to the right, climbing the gentle zigzag which



THE WYE, FROM THE DOUBLE VIEW.

leads by easy gradations, amid wild woodland scenery, to the top of Wyand Cliff. Now, having reached its turreted bower, let us have a look round. At our feet we have spread out before us a scene of beauty that baffles descrip-

tion. Nearly a thousand feet below, the Wye urges its sinuous course around a fertile peninsula in the shape of a horseshoe, now curving in the full breadth of the channel, then lost amid overhanging foliage; anon hid by the jutting crags, or winding at their base a sparkling slender slip, like a band of chased silver. The shore facing us is bold and rocky. Twelve prominent headlands stand out like giant sentinels from the dark woods, and are named after the Twelve Apostles. At distant intervals, also, we catch glistening glimpses of the river, the town and castle of Chepstow, the broad restless Severn, with Thornbury and Berkeley Castle half hidden in the purple haze of the Gloucestershire hills, and the counties of Brecon, Glamorgan, Devon, Somerset, Wilts, Worcester and Hereford.

Our two guides—rugged, rosy-cheeked little girls—now conduct us to the “Lover’s Leap,” where we can look sheer down nearly three hundred feet on a wilderness of greenery. We inquired of the girls why it was so called, whereupon one of them turned a pair of black roguish eyes upon us and began: “Well, you see, sir, a long time ago there was a gentleman what was very fond of a lady.” “Ah, indeed! and don’t the gentlemen like the ladies now?” we said. “I s’pose so, sir,” replied the girl, dropping her gaze, “but this here gentleman lived a long, long time ago, and the lady he loved didn’t care for him much.” “Too bad, wasn’t it?” “Yes, sir.” “Well, go on.” “They was riding along here one day, when the lady that the gentleman liked throw’d her handkerchief over the cliff—there, sir—and told the gentleman if he loved her he would jump down and

get it; and so, sir, the gentleman jumped his horse right over there, and got the handkerchief." "Jumped over there! Why, my dear girl, it must have killed him." "Oh, no, sir, but it didn't; his horse was killed, but not him." "Well, the lady married him after that, surely?" "I don't know,



THE WYE, OPPOSITE EDMUND EYOT.

sir, but she ought to; but that's why it's called the 'Lover's Leap.'"

Returning to the Wyand Cliff, we lingered as long as we could at this grand lookout, and feasted our vision with one of Nature's most charming panoramas, enjoying at the same time the fresh air from the downs, redolent with heather, wild thyme and gorse. But our time was up, and

we turned reluctantly away, proceeding down, down, down, from rock to rock, by winding stairs and steps uncountable, natural, artificial and safe, through clefts and caverns, between huge stone pillars like those which Joshua set up



TINTERN ABBEY.

at Gilgal; by gnarled and twisted yew-trees, from whose branches Harold and his Saxon archers cut their bows—down, down, down until we landed at last in the cool shade of the porch of perhaps the prettiest rustic cottage in the world, most truly named Moss Cottage. It is not only

covered with moss on the outside, but the walls, ceilings and rustic furniture on the inside are all tastefully covered with the finest varieties of this plant. With a very brief rest in one of the soft moss-covered seats, and after the purchase



TINTERN ABBEY, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

of some views, we stepped outside, where we found our coach awaiting us. In a moment we were all seated and rolling along the hillside, with the woody meadows stretching far below us in the valley, and ever and anon catching

glimpses of the glorious Wye as it emerged in some unexpected place, as though it had lost its way and was seeking for an exit: or looking at the hanging woods above the "Devil's Pulpit," with cognate rocky bluffs frowningly projecting on the opposite shore. But look! there lies the Abbey,* and in a trice our coachman dashes into Tintern Parvae, wheels rapidly round, and gives us the reverse, with its western front in strong relief against the mountain side. We alight, and on the payment of a shilling each are admitted within the walls of the finest ruin in Britain. I cannot resist giving the following lines as the best exposition of my own thoughts, and, I think, of everyone almost who visits this grand old pile, whose eventful story carries one far back in English history:

" I paused 'fore old Tintern, deserted and grey,
Whose ivy-crowned walls Time was fretting away.

" And cold grew my heart, for I thought, whilst I stood,
On its once joyous tenants, both evil and good,
The fat abbot, who dwelt in yon moss-covered cell,
And the courteous young knight, who his lady loved well;
And proclaimed of her beauty the queen.

" Fair maidens who rose with the sun at the dawn
To chase the fleet stag o'er the dew-spangled lawn;
Esquires and pages, a gay gallant throng,
Who banish'd dull care with a dance and a song;
Nor gave thought to the morrow, I ween.

* The reader will remember Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "Tintern":

" How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods."

“ But Time strode along, and the rose left each cheek,
The strong found a master as well as the weak ;
Now the polished steel armour is eaten with rust,
Knight, abbot, and lady, all slumber in dust ;
Down under the old Abbey green.

“ Where now are the sounds of loud laughter and glee,
As they danced to the rebec so gaily and free ?
Where now are those maidens so beauteous and fair,
No orient pearl-drop with them could compare ;
But would blush to be seen by their side ?

“ They are gone and no relic is left us to trace
Those light airy figures, resplendent with grace,
But oblivion has covered them o’er with his hand,
And their names are swept out like the wavelets of sand,
Which old ocean rolls o’er in his pride.

“ Through cloisters and aisle, bat and owl wing their flight
As the shadows of even betoken the night,
Like the wraiths of sad spirits condemned thus to roam
’Midst the desolate wreck of a once happy home,
Reflecting on moments misspent.

“ So, the highest must fade, and the strongest decay,
For change and decadence o’er man hold their sway ;
Not here are true pleasures, pure wealth, or a home,
To dust and to ruin *these* even must come,
Thus mused I as onward I went.”

Tintern Abbey, says a recent writer, may safely claim, for rich picturesqueness of situation, and extent and beauty of architectural remains, to be the most attractive Gothic ruin in the world. It was founded, A.D. 1131, by Walter, third son of Richard de Clare, a Norman baron, and cousin-german to William the Conqueror. He died in the year 1139, and was buried at Tintern. The stately

west front, with the great traceried window, which covers two-thirds of its surface, is not more remarkable for majestic beauty than for the happy fortune by which the delicately moulded tracery has escaped the wasting



TINTERN ABBEY—NORTH TRANSEPT.

ravages of time through the diversified train of six centuries. On entering the building, the spectacle is one of inexpressible sublimity. In an instant we glance from earth to heaven, and the solemn fabric of this glorious

temple between seems like a broken altar to an unknown God whom men had forgotten to serve.

There are a great many illustrious persons buried within the precincts of the Abbey church, but I do not suppose a recital of them would be at all interesting. Recumbent figures of knights, effigies of Church dignitaries in stole and mitre, slabs with strange monograms, and carved insignia of the abbatial office as the pastoral staff or crook, stone coffins and other memorials of the dead meet one on every hand, and not only impress the mind with the brevity of all human affairs, but even the stones on which their names have been deeply cut, and by which they would fain have had their names handed down to the latest posterity, Time has silently rubbed out, and all recollection of the silent occupants beneath is lost.

The wretched Edward II., with his enemies in fatal pursuit, obtained two days' shelter in the Abbey, and while there presented to one of his favourites the Castle of Berkeley, whose towers ere long rung with his dying shrieks.

Ascending the winding stone stairway which leads from an angle of the northern transept to the summit of the tower arches, and walking along the top of the wall, over four feet in thickness, I obtained not only a superb view of the surrounding country, but of the ivy-mantled ruin beneath. Indeed, the matted masses of ivy which cover the walls with a thick mantle of green, as if to shut out from the visitor the ravages which Time has made upon them, are one of the greatest charms of the ruin. My

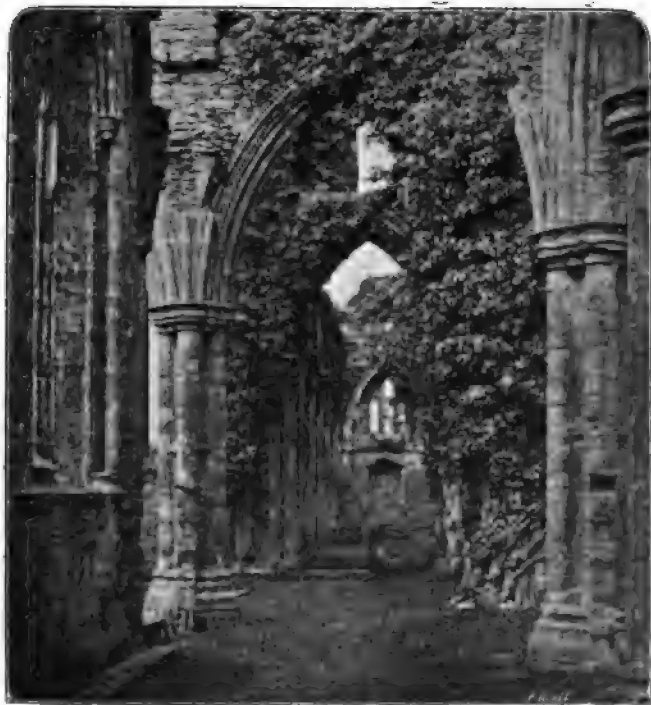
appearance on the summit of the walls greatly disturbed a colony of daws, who had located among the higher fragments of the Abbey walls. They whirled and chattered over my head in wild confusion, and seemed disposed to dispute my right to this lofty position. Turning away after satisfying my curiosity, and leaving the daws in undisputed possession, I descended the narrow stairway to my friends who were quietly seated below.

The floor, now carpeted with carefully tended, green turf, was formerly covered with encaustic tiles. A few of these remain in the south aisle, where they are carefully preserved within an iron railing. The figures on these coloured tiles represent the escutcheons of the Clare and Bigod families, also knights in combat, flowers and animals.

Reluctantly leaving this grand old ruin, we turned our footsteps towards the Royal George, where we had ordered dinner, and which we found had been awaiting us for some time. It was no fault of the host, therefore, if the dishes were not *au fait*. An appetite sharpened by exercise is not over-fastidious about the little niceties which an epicure deems of so much importance. The dinner was good, though it had waited over-long, and we went at it with a relish. Dear reader, I wish you could have joined us in the quiet little room of this old hostel. It is a good representation of the inns of a century or two back, in which cleanliness and comfort are the chief recommendations, and I can hardly tell which I enjoyed most, my dinner or the quiet smoke in a cozy little bower on the border of a miniature lake or fish-pond, with the Welsh mountains towering up before me, and the air made

redolent with the fragrance of thousands of the finest roses I ever saw.

My musings were interrupted by one of the maids, who came rushing out to tell me—"The coach is waiting, sir ; we



TINTERN ABBEY—SOUTH AISLE.

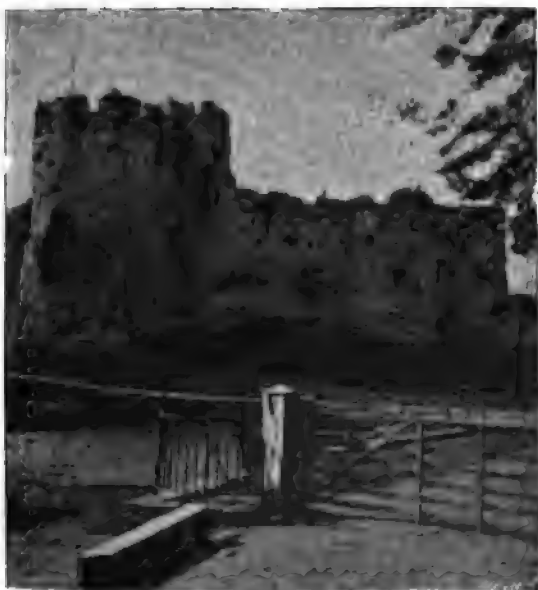
didn't know where you was, sir ;" and sure enough, when I came out, I found the people all aboard, the bay leaders impatient, Hobbs restless, and my friends wondering "whatever had become of me." I scrambled up, and before fairly seated Hobbs had given his horses rein and

we were off, leaving Tintern and the beautiful vale in which it reposes behind. In less than an hour we were rolling through the narrow streets of Strigul (the old name), to be dropped at the barbican of Chepstow Castle. In the old time, when visitors approached they were announced by heralds and blast of trumpets, and as the cavalcade drew near on prancing steeds, with fluttering banners and glittering armour, the sturdy warder lowered the drawbridge for them to pass in. But we, in the every-day garb of this practical age, approached the old oak gates with boldness, quite indifferent to the ugly portcullis that hung over our heads, and seizing the suspended chain-shot, the substitute for a knocker, banged it against the door, making it ring with the vigour of our blows. In a few moments the keeper unbarred the wicket, and we stepped into the capacious area.

The situation of Chepstow Castle is commanding and strikingly picturesque. The walls on one side are divided from the town by a deep fosse, covered with trees, and the farthest flank of the structure is round, and built on the edge of the lofty limestone cliff that rises from the River Wye, which here and in front forms a natural moat to the fortress. The entire front of the castle, with its massive round towers, is displayed across the ascent of an open green acclivity by the Tintern Wood. It is of the Norman period, and owes its erection to William FitzOsborn, one of the most influential of the counsellors of William the Conqueror.

The castle is an irregular parallelogram, consisting of four successive courts. The gate-house, with its arched

entrance and portcullis grooves, belongs to the period of Edward I. Near the entrance to the right is the roofless banqueting-room, or small hall, with windows of the early Decoration style. At the lower end of this hall are the doorways of the pantry and buttery, and between them a third doorway leading down by a straight flight of stone



CHEPSTOW CASTLE—PRINCIPAL FRONT.

stairs into the kitchen and offices. A vaulted subterranean chamber overlooking the Wye is sometimes represented as a dungeon, but was more probably a landing-room for stores, which could be hoisted up from boats.

On the left side of the first court is the keep, or Henry -Martin's tower. The regicide was confined here for twenty

years. At first his confinement was very rigorous, but as political hostility in the course of years relented, he was suffered to have his family in constant residence with him, and to visit any family in the neighbourhood. He died at the castle, September 9th, 1680. There is a grand view from the battlements of the tower in which he was im-



CHEPSTOW CASTLE—MARTIN'S TOWER.

prisoned. Jeremy Taylor, whose peerless eloquence and character for piety made him one of the brightest stars of English theological writers, was also confined here in 1656, but his imprisonment was not severe and did not last longer than a few months.

The unhappy Edward II., accompanied by the two

Despensors, was at the castle from the 15th to the 21st of October, 1326; thence he dismissed the elder Despensor to guard the castle and town of Bristol, and accompanied by the younger Despensor and Robert Baldock, his chancellor, and a few other followers, proceeded to Caerphilly. His tragic end occurred at Berkeley Castle in September of the year after.

Elizabeth of York, wife of King Henry VII., was at Chepstow Castle, August, 1529, having arrived hither from Raglan. In the register of her expenses there is an entry of 10s. payment "to a servant of Sir Walter Hurbertiss, in reward for bringing a goshawk to the Queen, to Chepstow," and on the same day of a second 10s. "to the mariners that conveyed the Queen's Grace over Severn, beside Chepstow," on her way to Berkeley.

There are a great many very interesting historical events connected with Chepstow Castle, but space will not allow even the briefest notice of them, and we must therefore leave them.

It rarely happens that one can crowd into the space of a single day scenes so varied and objects so full of interest. While wandering through the deserted aisles of Tintern, my thoughts flew over intervening centuries, and

"Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain,
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;"

and then as I bent over the crumbling turrets of Chepstow, and looked down into the silent court,

"I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old,
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the fleece of gold.



BATH.

CHAPTER VI.

BATH BY A ROUNDABOUT WAY.

WE made a second visit to Tintern Abbey, the next afternoon, by another route, and with a view principally of seeing and passing through the Severn tunnel. This great undertaking originated with Mr. Richardson, a pupil of the great Brunel. Ten years passed before the scheme assumed a definite shape, by the formation of the Severn Railway Tunnel Company. Operations began in 1873, and were continued with varied success for seven years, when, unfortunately, a submarine river was tapped, which proved of such dimensions as to overpower the existing pumps and oblige the company to abandon the works. Two years of uncertainty followed, when the Great Western Railway Company took the matter in hand. Much larger pumps were ordered, and in due time work was resumed and brought to a successful termination in 1886, occupying fourteen years in its construction. It is the largest submarine tunnel in the world, and is four and one-third miles in length, *i.e.*, the tunnel itself, but with the cuttings it is seven miles. There are two tracks, and the time required to pass through, running at the usual rate of speed, consumes from eight to ten minutes, but the time seems very much longer. As a matter of fact there is little

to be seen, and you simply have the satisfaction of being whirled through an immense black hole, under an arm of the sea, with ships passing and repassing over your head. At the same time one cannot help being impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking, and the patient perseverance that overcame what appeared at times insurmountable difficulties. The Severn tunnel is certainly one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering skill.

We reached the old Abbey in due course and spent a few hours very agreeably in wandering about the old ruin, studying it from different standpoints, and in trying to rehabilitate certain portions of it. Then we went over to the St. George Inn, and had our tea under the shade of a fine old tree, from which we had a beautiful view of the venerable ruin with its ivy-clad walls. Soon after we had left the table we turned our steps towards the station, and there awaited the train. It is a very pretty little station, and the side of it was covered with climbing roses, which were then in full bloom—a mass of the most beautiful roses of different shades one could wish to see. An old gentleman occupied the compartment we entered, and was so deeply engaged in the magazine he held in his hand that he did not appear to notice us. I took my seat opposite to him with my back to the engine. My cousin, who is a Friend said: "Thee had better take my seat, thee can see much better than from where thee sits." The old gentleman rose at once and offered me his seat, saying, "I think I have the best seat for seeing what there is to see, and I shall be glad to exchange with the gentleman who

appears to be a stranger; I am along this way so often that I can well forego the pleasure." I thanked him and took his place. In our chat, something was said about Canada which arrested the attention of my *vis-a-vis*.

"Pardon me," he said; "are you from Canada?"

"Yes, I am a Canadian."

"Canada is a country I take great interest in, and have been promising to visit it for a long time, but have not been able to accomplish it as yet."

"It is a fine country, and I have no doubt you would enjoy a trip through it."

"I was in Nova Scotia some years ago, and was much pleased with the fresh beauty of the country; but the facilities for getting about at that time were by no means good, so I did not see as much of it as I would like to have done, but quite sufficient to make me want to see more."

"You would find a very great and agreeable change now. You can go from Halifax to the Pacific by rail, or you can go by commodious steamers to the head of Lake Superior—over two thousand miles. There are no difficulties in the way of traversing the country from end to end now."

"Oh, yes, I know there has been a wonderful change, and I must really break away some day and have a look at it."

And so we chatted on. When we reached Bristol, he said: "I am glad that I met you. These chance meetings are very pleasant sometimes, and I would like to have seen more of you, and heard more about that grand young country."

He handed me his card and departed.

My cousin said to me soon after: "The person thee was conversing with is one of our most prominent and best-known citizens. He is not only a great physician, but an eminent scientist, and is well known all over England." (I had not heard of him.) "Dr. B—— has a very beautiful place in the Clifton Downs, and as thee is such an early riser thee had better walk out in the morning and have a look at it;" and then went on to describe the place and how I would know it when I came to it, and how to reach it. I did not go, however, in that direction for my morning's walk.

At breakfast, my cousin said: "Wouldn't thee like to go to Bath?"

"Very much," I replied.

"Well, I think Sophia" (his wife) "wants to go, and as it is likely to be a fine day, you had better go." Turning to the maid—"Mary, will thee hand me the A B C guide? Thee will find it on the hall-table, I think. Yes, there is a train at 10.30, which will be the very thing for you."

And at that time we were at the station and away. We had hardly seated ourselves in the coach when in came my friend of yesterday, who recognized me at once.

"This is a welcome surprise," said he, throwing down some papers and magazines he had with him. "Do you know, I was very sorry, after leaving you last evening, that I did not ask for your address. It is very strange how we come across one another's tracks at times, and in this case the unexpected has certainly happened. I was thinking about you on my way to the train, and regretted that I

did not ask you some questions about Toronto, and particularly about an old and greatly esteemed friend of mine who lives there. I suppose you know Prof. Daniel Wilson. He and I were school-mates, and until he left for Canada were very intimate. We corresponded pretty regularly for a time, and then our correspondence ceased altogether. You know how it is—the years creep along, the cares of life increase and multiply, and crowd out the amenities of social life. I have not heard from him or of him for a long time.”

“I am not personally acquainted with Sir Daniel. I suppose you know he has been knighted.”

“Yes, now that you mention it, I do remember seeing the announcement.”

“But there are few men better known in Canada. I know him very well by sight, and often meet him in the street.”

“Yes, there is something about Sir Daniel’s (I suppose I must not omit this new handle to his name) appearance that is rather striking, and one is not likely to forget it.” And then he chatted on about their school-days, and gave me numbers of anecdotes, all of which were interesting and some quite amusing. “He is rather an odd genius—for he is a genius—is Sir Daniel, after all. I mind, in his later days in Edinburgh, he took a fancy to build a house for himself, and he was his own architect, and of all the houses ever erected in this world, that was the strangest structure, both inside and out, that was ever seen. How far are you going?”

“Only to Bath.”

"Oh, I am sorry. I am going up to London for a few days. Will you be in Bristol any time?"

"No, I shall be leaving in a day or two."

"Too bad. I would have been pleased to have met you again; but it cannot be helped. Will you kindly make it a point to see Sir Daniel on your return, and say that I desired you to call on him and tell him of our meeting and my inquiries about him, and how I looked, etc., and how much I should like to hear from him, and give him my congratulations about the new honour he wears. I know he will think very much more of this, coming from a gentleman who has recently seen and talked with me. Good-bye."

I may say, I did not call on Sir Daniel on my return, but wrote him and gave a full account of my meeting with Dr. B——, and that he had requested me to see him, etc., to which I received a very courteous reply from Sir Daniel, thanking me for the information I had given of his dear old friend.

It is not far from Bristol to Bath, but I am afraid it will be thought I have taken a very roundabout way to get to it.

Bath is one of the oldest towns in Britain. It is difficult to say how far back its history runs, but we know that it was an important Roman settlement for nearly four hundred years; then it fell under Saxon sway, and at the time of the Conquest was a place of considerable importance. King Edgar was crowned in the Abbey church. Money was minted in Bath at a very early date. After the Conquest, Bath fell on evil days. It was pillaged and destroyed

by Robert, Duke of Normandy, 1087. Later, it was acquired by purchase from the King by John de Villula, Bishop of Wells, who rebuilt the monastery and church, and restored the citizens' houses which had been destroyed : in fact, raised a new city out of the ashes of the old. It was enclosed by strong walls, but the only remains of these is the Eastern Gate.



ROMAN BATHS.

Bath is, for situation, one of the most beautiful cities in England ; for architecture of a particular kind, one of the most striking. The buildings are mostly of white freestone. It lies in a valley cut out of a prolongation of the Cotteswold Hills, by the River Avon, which flows round it, but its chief interest is derived from its famous hot Spa. These were known before the Romans utilized them, and in subsequent ages became more widely known and more largely

patronized; but it was not until the end of the last and the beginning of the present century that Bath reached the summit of its glory. At that time it became the great fashionable resort, ostensibly to benefit by its mineral waters, but in reality to shine at revels and routs. Beau Nash was king, and to his behests the *beau monde* bowed with servile obedience. Balls and concerts, junketings and high play was the order of the day. Great lords and portly dames took their positions at the counter in the morning, and wasted their fortunes at the gaming table at night; young gallants bowed at beauty's feet, or whirled through the mazes of the fascinating dance. It was a world in which all was gaiety, good humour and diversion, where the eye was continually entertained with splendour of dress and equipage, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chairs and other carriages, and where merry bells rang round from morning to night.

Happily for Bath, the worst features which characterized the period we have noted have disappeared. Thousands of people annually visit the city, but they come with a view of being benefited by the use of its mineral waters.

The reader will remember that it was to Bath that Mr. Pickwick retired after the conclusion of the celebrated trial of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, and should he at any time be suffering with an attack of blues or vapours, we commend to him the account of this trial, beginning at chapter thirty-four, and several subsequent chapters. There are six buildings of considerable pretensions connected with the baths, the oldest of which is the King's, dating from 1236.

The celebrated pump-room is in this, and is thus described by Dickens in "Pickwick": "The great pump-room is a spacious saloon, ornamented with Corinthian pillars, and a music gallery, and a Tompion clock, and a statue of Nash, and a golden inscription, to which all the water-drinkers should attend, for it appeals to them in the cause of a



PUMP ROOM.

deserving charity. There is a large bar with a marble vase, out of which the pumper gets the water, and there are a number of yellow-looking tumblers, out of which the company get it, and it is a most edifying and satisfactory sight to behold the perseverance and gravity with which they swallow it. There are baths near at hand, in which part of the company wash themselves, and a band plays afterwards,

to congratulate the remainder on their not having done so. There is another pump-room into which infirm ladies and gentlemen are wheeled, in such an astonishing variety of chairs and chaises that an adventurous individual who goes in with the regular number of toes, is in imminent danger of coming out without them; and there is a third, into which the quiet people go, for it has less noise than either. There is an immensity of promenading, on crutches and off, with sticks and without, and a great deal of conversation, and liveliness, and pleasantry."

There are several mineral water hospitals—one, the St. John's, founded by Bishop Fitz Josceline, 1174, and the St. Catharines, by Edward VI., all of which we visited. There are all sorts of baths—horizontal, sitting and upright—sponge, douche and shower-baths, vapour-baths and tubes for spraying the ears, nose or eyes; in fact, there seems no part of the body that there is not an appliance for conveying this all-healing fluid to it. We went into the great pump-room, and had each a draught at the counter, and then sat down to listen to the music and enjoy the flavour of our drink. We thought of Mr. Weller:

"Have you drank the waters, Mr. Weller?"

"Once," replied Sam.

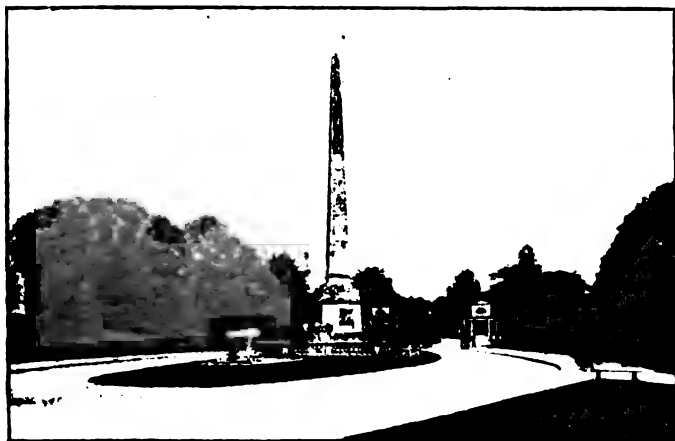
"What do you think of 'em, sir?"

"I thought they was particklery unpleasant," replied Sam.

"Ah," said Mr. John Smanker, "you disliked the Killibeati taste, perhaps."

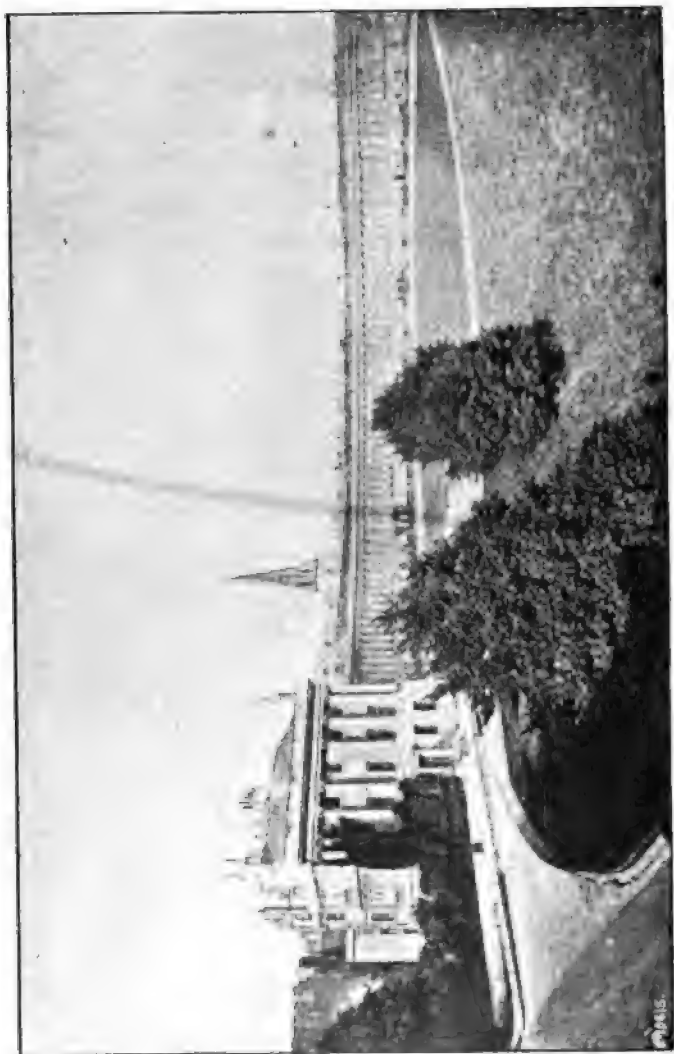
"I don't know much about that 'un," said Sam. "I thought they'd a wery strong flavour o' warm flat-irons."

The Granite Vase we have mentioned, and from which the hot water jets out steaming—the temperature is from 117° to 120° Fahr.—is at the side of the pump-room, and from the windows near it we look out over a pool, in the middle of which the water wells up with considerable force. The King's and Queen's baths adjoin the former, open to the sky, and have in the centre a metal statue of Prince



VICTORIA COLUMN.

Bladud. The swimming bath is about seven yards wide and nearly three times as long, so that a good swim can be had at any time of the year in water of 88° temperature Fahr. In the old days both sexes, duly costumed, used to take their pleasure in the water together, but now they bathe at different times. The water is clear, of greenish tint, and a vapour-like steam rises from it. After looking at these we descend to the great "piscina," or Roman



ROYAL CRESCENT.

bathing-place, which has recently been discovered. Excavations are still going on, but much more cannot be done until the removal of a building whose foundation rests almost in the centre of its floor. It is a large and ample pool, accessible on all sides by massive steps, round which once ran a spacious corridor. A wide arched vault sheltered the pool from the elements, and smaller vaultings covered the corridor, so that the building, in its general arrangement, resembled the nave of a church. The bases of the pins which supported the roof still remain, and portions of its vaulting are lying on the pavement. These ruins are about twelve feet below the surface. In walking over the excavations now in progress, I saw a lead pipe laid bare about twelve feet in length and about three and a half inches in diameter. It is a most interesting discovery, and when it is laid open will be still more so.

From this let us proceed to the Abbey church, which is close at hand. It is a handsome cruciform edifice with a quadrangular tower, and occupies the site of a church which dates back to a very early period. A nunnery was founded here by Osric, 676, but was destroyed by the Danes. In 775, it was again founded by Offa as a college of secular priests; these were replaced by the Benedictines in the tenth century, Alphege, who was afterwards murdered by the Danes, being its abbot. From 1090 to 1135 it was the Cathedral Church. At the dissolution of the monastery the church was then rebuilding, and in the last year of the fifteenth century was left incomplete; it was offered to the municipal authorities for a sum of 500 marks,

but they were too poor to buy it, so the glass, lead and iron were sold separately, and the carcass was purchased by a citizen. It was afterwards presented to Bath, but it was not till 1572 that any attempt was made to check dilapidation. The west front contains a curious representation of the



BATH ABBEY, WEST FRONT.

founder's dream — Bishop King, 1499 — of the angels ascending and descending on Jacob's ladder. Many of the figures are nearly obliterated by the storms that have beaten upon them for ages. The walls of the interior are nearly covered with memorial tablets, and almost every stone of the pavement in the aisles bears the name of

some departed worthy. The tombs of James Quin, Nash, Malthus Broom and Melmouth are to be found here, and several of the monuments are from the chisels of Bacon, Chantrey and Flaxman.

The museum is said to contain many interesting relics,



INTERIOR OF BATH ABBEY.

but we had not sufficient time left to see it with any satisfaction, so we turned into great Pulteney Street and walked up to Sydney Gardens, and from thence to the Circus and Royal Crescent, and from this to the station. Richard Cœur de Lion granted Bath its first charter as a free borough, 1297.

CHAPTER VII.

LONDON.

FROM Bristol I proceeded by the **Great Western Rail** to London. The road runs through the counties of **Wiltshire, Berkshire and Middlesex**, and through the towns of **Bath, Swindon and Reading**. The country the most of the way is undulating, rising ever and anon into high hills, whose base we sped around, or boldly dashed through, emerging into some pretty valley or out upon the more extended plain. These rapid changes afforded frequent glimpses of delightful scenes and well-tilled fields. We passed within a short distance of **Windsor**, and I saw for the first time the **Royal Castle** standing proudly above the surrounding trees. In a short time after this we were at **Paddington**, where I changed to the underground rail and passed on to **Cannon Street Station**. I had entered cities in all manner of ways, even over the house-tops, when I might amuse myself by peering down the chimney pots, but this rushing along under houses and streets was quite a new feature to be added to my experience. The road is a great boon to the Londoner, but to those who enter the city for the first time, and who quite naturally wish to see all they can, it is a very unsatisfactory "road to travel." The moment the train stopped, I was out. You are com-

pelled to "look sharp," for the stoppages are so brief that if you are unfortunate enough to have any traps with you, you are forced to run away and claim them. The travelling public of self-satisfied old England are not sufficiently advanced in modern civilization yet to adopt our checking system, but it is to be hoped that their increasing contact with more enlightened peoples will eventually bring them to see, not only the convenience and protection it affords, but the comfort of handing your checks to a porter and letting him go through the enjoyable process of being hustled and crushed in the scramble among old ladies, servants, etc., after your baggage. Securing a porter, he shouldered my heavy portmanteau and trotted up the long stairs with more ease apparently than I who **had nothing** but myself to take up. A very few minutes after found me comfortably seated in "mine hotel" in the heart of London.

The realization of a long-sought wish does not always afford the gratification we fondly anticipated. Indeed, I am inclined to think that most of the pleasures we see looming up so brightly in the far-off future, and which we toil through many a weary year so earnestly to reach, often turn into empty bubbles when secured. The dream that had delighted me in my boyhood, and which had followed me through the changing cycles of my life, had at length found a consummation, but where were the pleasures I had pictured, now that I found myself in the very centre of this wonderful city? An oppressive sense of loneliness seemed to weigh me down in the midst of the surging tide of millions of people. My very identity seemed to be lost

in the magnitude of numbers, and I felt like taking up the plaint of the Ancient Mariner—

“ Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.”

To attempt a description of London, with its population equal to that of our broad and far-reaching Dominion, with its accredited history running down through more than



CHEAPSIDE, LOOKING WEST.

nineteen centuries, with its more than three thousand miles of streets, with its thousands of interesting sights, with its hundreds of localities where scenes have been enacted that have shaped the history of the world, with its narrow lanes where men were born and lived, whose utterances have been, and ever will be, the beacons to all disciples of science, literature and art, such a task would certainly be an undertaking worthy the pen of the most courageous scribbler.

It was somewhere about six when I arrived. The long ride had served as a sharpener to my appetite, and I sought in the first place to appease it, after which I sauntered out for a short walk. Entering Cheapside from Bow Lane, I pressed my way through the dense throng which constantly flows along this street, on to Aldersgate Street, pausing for a moment to look at the fine statue of



CHEAPSIDE, LOOKING EAST.

Sir Robert Peel. Then entering St. Martin's Le Grand, I came upon the new general Post-office, an immense building in plain Grecian style. Passing up Aldersgate, I reach the Charter-house, founded by Thomas Sutton for the support of eighty poor gentlemen, and for the education of forty poor boys. It has an income of £29,000 a year. From this I proceeded to Holborn Street, one of the main arteries of London, and across the noble viaduct that leads

into Skinner and Newgate streets. I then turned down the old Bailey in order to get a better view of the celebrated prison, where such men as William Penn, Defoe and Dr. Dodd were held in durance vile, and where Titus Oates and Jack Sheppard terminated their career of infamy. It is a massive structure, the external appearance of which indicates the purpose for which it was built. Its



GENERAL POST OFFICE.

grim old walls did not create any desire to look for lodgings in it, so I moved on. Bending my way now along Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's churchyard, I return to Cheapside, and twist my way again through the crowd as far as St. Mary-le-Bow Church. The steeple of this church is very much admired, and is said to be the finest production of Wren. It also contains a chime of bells of world-wide reputation—for who has not heard of “Bow

Bells" !—and while I am writing these lines they are ringing out a cheerful peal, perhaps the very same that called Whittington, according to the nursery story, back to London. A cockney, to be the genuine article, must be born within the sound of " Bow Bells."

On the morning after my entry into the city, as soon as breakfast was over, I started out to present the several



HOLBORN CIRCUS.

letters of introduction I had from friends, to other friends in the great city. The hearty reception I received in every instance dispelled the oppressive feeling of which I complained the previous night, and prepared me to enjoy more completely the many objects of interest I desired to visit. Mr. L——, whose kindness I shall not soon forget, mapped out a series of walks for me, and then placed me in the hands of a young gentleman who was to be my cicerone during my stay in the city.

Our first walk, commencing in Cannon Street and thence up Victoria Street, brought us out in front of the Mansion House, the residence for the time being of the Lord Mayor. From this we turned down Lombard Street. Here the old Lombard goldsmiths located at a very early period, and gave a name to the street. Their device, the Three Golden Balls, may now be seen in every city. Whether they took



MANSION HOUSE.

it from the Three Golden Pills of the Medici's, or the three pieces of gold, the emblem of the benevolent St. Nicholas, is uncertain. It has now, however, come to be the universal sign of the pawnbroker, a class of persons who are not, it is thought, in the habit of troubling themselves very much with deeds of charity. In Leadenhall Street we come upon the old East India House, where Hoole (the translator of Tasso), Peacock, James and John

Mill, and the inimitable Charles Lamb were clerks. Leaving this we enter Cornhill, and soon after emerge at the Royal Exchange, passing in our way Change Alley, the scene of the great South Sea stock speculations.

The Exchange is a spacious building, the interior of which is adorned with numerous allegorical figures, beautifully painted frescoes, coats of arms and arabesque designs. The



ROYAL EXCHANGE.

tall tower is surmounted by a great gilt grasshopper, the emblem of its founder, and in front of the great portico, on a granite pedestal, is a bronze equestrian statue of Wellington.

It is an interesting sight to pause here and watch the streams of people and vehicles that flow out of Cheapside, Princess, Threadneedle, Cornhill, Cannon, King William and Victoria streets and meet at this point. Jams occur

not unlike those sometimes seen with floating timber on our rivers. People and vehicles get mixed up and packed together in an immovable mass, and are set free only by the interposition of the police. The passage across at any time requires a quick eye and nimble step.

From the Exchange we cross Threadneedle Street to the Bank of England. There is nothing attractive in the



BANK OF ENGLAND.

external appearance of this great monetary institution. The long walls, running up but a single story, are destitute of windows towards any of the thoroughfares, making it look more like a prison than the receptacle of untold wealth. It covers a quadrangular space of about four acres. The interior contains nine courts in addition to the offices, and a small military force is stationed in the Bank to protect it. Leaving the Bank, we took a street-car (the first

I had seen) and went up Whitechapel Road as far as London Hospital. Thence we proceeded through numberless streets to the Royal Mint, and then to the Tower of London.

Why this old citadel, with its battlemented walls, moats and towers, should come to be known as "The Tower" is difficult to say. It stands on the north bank of the Thames,



TOWER OF LONDON.

about a mile below London Bridge and in the oldest part of the city. Its walls embrace an area of over twelve acres. The oldest portion is the Keep, or White Tower, so named from its having been originally whitewashed. It was built for William the Conqueror about 1078.

It would be pleasant to dwell over the history of this old place, and talk of the days when King John held his court here, or when Henry III. strengthened the White

Tower, and founded the Lion Tower and other western bulwarks; what Edward I. did, and how Edward II. retired here against his subjects. Then we might change the picture, and have a look at the illustrious persons whom Edward III. confined within these walls, including David, King of Scotland, and John, King of France, with Philip, his son. It is remarkable how frequently the scene changes. The insurrection of Wat Tyler compelled King Richard II. to take refuge here, with his court and nobles, six hundred persons. He was deposed while imprisoned here, in 1399. Then Edward IV. enlivens the place with his magnificent court. Passing on a little further, we find Henry IV. twice imprisoned in the fortress, and dying here. Now we turn to the strange and improbable story of the drowning of George, Duke of Clarence, in a butt of Malmsey wine. Deeds of blood next startle us. In front of the chapel there, the Protector, Gloucester, ordered Lord Hastings' head cut off on a log of timber. Then comes the horrible murder of Edward V. and the Duke of York by their uncle Richard, a deed of cold-blooded cruelty without a parallel even in those days when life was held at a cheap rate, when kings sent their subjects to the death out of caprice and without remorse. Shakespeare thus pictures the deed :

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

Henry VII. frequently made the Tower his place of abode, and his queen also fled to it for refuge from the presence of her sullen and cold-hearted husband. The court of Henry

VIII. was often held here, and here also that kingly Blue-beard received all his wives, in great pomp, previous to their espousals, two of them, Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard, subsequently returning to lose their heads. A few years pass away, and then Edward VI. comes to keep his court in the Tower prior to his coronation. His uncle, the Protector Somerset, after being twice imprisoned here, was beheaded on Tower Hill. Now we see the fair Lady Jane Grey entering the Tower in gorgeous array as Queen of England, but in three short weeks she and her youthful husband are captives, and are beheaded. Queen Mary next appears in the royal procession of dwellers in the Tower. She was a stern and unlovable character, permitting deeds to be done that have sullied the page of her country's history, and winning for herself the unenviable title of "Bloody Mary." We do not care to pause over Mary's reign, but there is another personage in the royal cortege who is to make no little stir in the world. Look at her as she enters at the terrible gate, called the "Traitors' Gate," a prisoner, and hear her as she steps from the boat, exclaiming with all the dignity of conscious innocence: "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs: and before Thee, O God, I speak it." Brave words these to come from the lips of a young princess under such circumstances, for it was well understood that an entrance to the Tower by this gate meant imprisonment and death. Elizabeth, after she ascended the throne, never kept her court in the Tower. James I. resided here, and delighted in combats of wild beasts kept within the Tower

for his amusement. During the stirring times of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, and the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the Tower was filled with prisoners, the victims of state policy, intrigue, tyranny or crime.

We secure our tickets of admission at the entrance of the Middle Tower, a strong portal flanked with bastions and defended by gates and a portcullis. Passing through this and over the bridge that spans the moat, we come to Byword Tower, the principal entrance to the exterior line of fortifications. Anne Boleyn was imprisoned in this tower, and among others, Archbishop Sancroft and the six bishops were confined here by James II. A little way on is St. Thomas' Tower, and beneath it, the celebrated Traitors' Gate, with a cut which connected the ditch with the river. By this entrance state prisoners were brought to the Tower, and through it, with many others,

“Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More.”

Beauchamp, or Cobham Tower, is a curious old structure, dating back to the twelfth century. Many notable persons were confined in it. The walls are covered with strange inscriptions and devices, cut on the walls by the prisoners. We next proceed to the Bloody Tower. The dark, windowless room, in which one of the portcullises is worked, is said to be the one in which the Duke of Clarence drowned himself in Malmsey. From this we pass into an adjoining chamber, where the two young princes are supposed to have been smothered, and hence the name, “Bloody Tower.”

The place of execution within the Tower walls, on the

green, was reserved for putting to death privately royal criminals, and the spot, nearly opposite the door of St. Peter's Chapel, is marked by a large oval space, covered with broken flint. Hereon perished Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and Lady Jane Grey.

Passing on, we enter the White Tower, the original "Tower of London," the other buildings having been added as outworks. The smallest division, on the first floor, is known as "Queen Elizabeth's Armoury," and is immediately under St. John's Chapel. On entering the room groups of spears meet the eye at each side of the doorway. In the centre is a stand filled with ugly-looking instruments of torture, but our attention is especially directed by the guide to the heading-block on which Lords Lovat, Kilmarnock and Balmerino were executed, with the original heading-axe and black mask worn by the headsman who performed the deed of capitation. The room is filled with all kinds of weapons of war, from the most remote times down to the present. At one end of the room is a figure representing Queen Elizabeth mounted on a carved horse, attended by her page and one officer of the household in armour. In the horse armoury there are equestrian figures in armour, representing the equipments of knights during various ages. Among the most interesting is one of Charles I. in a complete suit of gilt armour, presented to him by the City of London.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was thrice committed to the Tower, and finally executed at Westminster, was confined

in the apartments now known as Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. On the north side of the room there is a doorway communicating with a cell ten feet long and eight feet wide, formed in the thickness of the wall, and receiving no light but from the door. Stepping into this recess, where it is supposed his last days were spent, and closing the heavy door, which the turnkey had often shut upon the illustrious captive, we tried to conceive how a man so circumstanced could compose his mind to scientific subjects and the composition of a "History of the World."

We now ascend to St. John's Chapel, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in the country. It is stripped of its ornaments and furniture, but when it ceased to be used for religious purposes is unknown. The largest room in the upper floor is the council-room, where the kings held their Court at the Tower. It is a fine old apartment, with massive timber roof and supports. This and the banqueting-room are now used as depositories for small arms, of which the guide told us there were sixty thousand of the latest approved rifles, besides an immense number of pistols, etc.

From this we were conducted into the Jewel House, where the Crown regalia are kept within a glass case, protected by a strong iron cage. There we could see the crowns and sceptres, the swords of Mercy and Justice, and other royal insignia with the great Koh-i-noor diamond.

St. Peter's Chapel, which stands to the north-west of the White Tower, is chiefly interesting because of its being the burial-place of the eminent persons who were executed

within the Tower walls or upon Tower Hill. The remains of Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Catharine Howard, Sir Thomas More, and many others are deposited there.

Leaving the Tower we turn our steps to Tower Hill, and linger a few moments over the place where the headsman's axe cleaved off many a noble head—among them Thomas, Lord Seymour, by order of his brother, the Protector Somerset, who afterwards shared the same fate; Algernon Sydney and Simon, Lord Lovat, who was the last executed on Tower Hill, and the last as well in England.

In a court on the east side of Tower Hill, William Penn was born, and at the Bull public-house, Otway, the poet, died, it is said, of hunger. On the west side, in Great Tower Street, is the Czar's Head, built on the site of a former tavern, where Peter the Great and his companions, after their day's work, went to smoke pipes and drink beer and brandy. In the same street Thomson wrote his "Summer," being at the time a tailor.

Resuming our walk the next morning, we proceeded to "The Monument," on Fish Street Hill, built on the site of St. Margaret's Church, destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. It was erected by Wren to commemorate the burning and rebuilding of the city. It is a Doric column, and is over two hundred feet high. It is not only the loftiest, but also the finest isolated column in the world. Within it is a staircase of 345 black marble steps, opening to the balcony. From its lofty top there is a fine view of the metropolis and its port; but it may be well to add, that the interest of the view depends very much on clear weather, and this

is a thing of rare occurrence in London. Vast clouds of smoke almost constantly hang over the city, and impregnate the atmosphere with a hazy hue difficult to see through. It is no joke, particularly to weak-kneed people, to clamber up the long stairs ; much less is it to find, when



THE MONUMENT.

you reach the top, that your range of vision is confined to a very limited circle of uninteresting objects.

From the Monument we pass on to London Bridge. There was nothing that I had met with, thus far, in the city, that seemed so familiar to me as this, and I doubt if there

is any structure in London so universally known, and its appearance so correctly impressed on the minds of those who never saw it. The present bridge was commenced in 1824, and consumed more than seven years in its construction. The roadway is fifty-two feet wide, and its lamp-posts are made from cannon taken in the Peninsular war. There are many bridges in these days that far outstrip it



LONDON BRIDGE.

in magnitude, and where greater engineering difficulties have had to be overcome, but as a thoroughfare it is unrivalled. The stream of people and the traffic that flow over this bridge during the twenty-four hours of the day are almost incredible.

Our way now leads along Lower Thames Street, and brings us to the far-famed Billingsgate Fish-market. It is a neat Italian structure of red brick, open at the sides, and with a

campanile towards the river. The old Billingsgate of which we had read, and which we carried in our mind's eye, is a thing of the past. Its old wooden penthouses, rude sheds and benches, large flaring oil lamps, displaying a crowd struggling amidst a Babel-din of vulgar tongues, such as rendered "Billingsgate" a by-word for low abuse, have happily disappeared. The old fishwife is thus described: "She wore a strong stuff gown, tucked up, and showing a large quilted petticoat, her hair, cap, and bonnet flattened into a mass by carrying a basket upon her head, her coarse, cracked cry and brawny limbs, and red, bloated face completing a portrait of the 'fish-fag' of other days." The site is very old, and is said to have been used for a fish-market for nearly nine centuries. The Billingsgate of to-day, though its business is conducted with proper order and decorum, is not, after all, a very pleasant place to loiter in. Fish of all kinds are abundant, and as soon as they are landed, are bought up by the fishmongers, bomarees and costermongers, who distribute them through the city.

The Custom House, the next point we make, is the sixth that has been erected on the same site. It has a fine façade of 488 feet, and is fronted by a noble esplanade or quay. The Coal Exchange, near at hand, is also a fine building in the Italian style. Its interior is very elegant, and will amply repay the lover of fine decorative art to visit it.

Leaving this we continue our walk on past the Tower, St. Katharine's Dock, and London Dock. The wine vaults

are situated here, and embrace an area of about twelve acres, a very respectable-sized cellar; also, the great tobacco warehouse, "the Queen's," with the Queen's pipe. These we did not visit, our next point being the Thames Tunnel at Wapping and Shadwell. This project, like another of Brunel's, the *Great Eastern*, was too big for the age, and has proved a bad speculation. Both were marvels in their way, but never realized the object for which they were undertaken.

The Tunnel is now closed to the public. It can be seen, however, by the judicious application of one of Her Majesty's shilling bits to the palm of a policeman's hand. The power that lies in this circular bit of silver is marvellous, better than any enchanter's wand, only you may find more frequent occasion to use it for the purpose of unlocking doors, and to gain admittance into places professedly closed than may be healthy to your pocket; and you may find also, as we did on this occasion, that all there is to be seen when you succeed, does not pay for the outlay. We descended the long winding staircase of one hundred steps into the mouth of the Tunnel—a dark, dismal-looking place, whose damp mouldy walls presented anything but a cheerful sight. It is to be used for a railway, and the only lights—which seemed to answer the purpose of making the darkness more visible—were those used by the men in putting down the rails. Very soon the locomotive, which rushes over the Thames in various places, will be rumbling and shrieking underneath it.

Having now seen all that we cared for hereabouts, and

with legs aching with the descent and ascent of the Tunnel stairway, we went on board one of the iron steamers bound upwards. This secured for us the double advantage of a peep at both sides of the river and of rest. On our way we passed under London, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Hungerford bridges, disembarking at Westminster Bridge.



THE THAMES, OPPOSITE BILLINGSGATE.

It is hardly necessary for me to add that a sail on the Thames presents a lively and interesting scene. Hundreds of steamers, crowded with passengers, dart swiftly by. All manner of barges and open boats glide along with the tide, or are being tugged up against it, and how they work their way through without coming in collision seems marvellous. Turning our gaze away from the busy traffic of the river to the crowded mass of buildings that press the water's

edge on either shore, the eye is frequently arrested by objects of interest. Soon after leaving Wapping, the old Tower of London, with its lofty keep, stands out boldly on the right. Then the Custom House, with its broad front and fine esplanade, and behind it the steeple of St. Dunstan-in-the-East; next Billingsgate with its Italian campanile, and the dome of the Coal Exchange overlooking it. Passing under London Bridge, we have St. Saviour's Church on the left, and Barclay's Brewery, close by which once stood the Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's time. Then on the right again the handsome spire of Bow Church catches the eye, and the dome of St. Paul's towering over all. At Blackfriars Bridge we have the commencement of the Thames Embankment, then the Middle Temple: after this, the Earl of Arundel's mansion, King's College and Somerset House, with its noble front, and on the left side the Lion Brewery and a tall shot-tower. Looking to the right again, we catch the Savoy, rich in historic incident, Adelphi Terrace, Charing Cross Station, Whitehall, the Duke of Buccleuch's mansion, and the Houses of Parliament, behind which stands Westminster Abbey. Across the river from the Pier we have a fine view of St. Thomas', the grandest of London hospitals, and a little farther on the towers of Lambeth Palace and St. Mary's Church.

Turning away from the Pier, and ascending a broad pair of stairs, we walk for a short distance and reach the grand old Abbey of Westminster. We enter it by the north porch in St. Margaret's Churchyard. My mind was too much occupied with the memorable scenes that had trans-

pired within this old temple to talk with my companion. All around me were the memorials of the great, and under the marble pavement on which I stood many an illustrious name spoke to me of the silent sleeper beneath. There is not a place in the world, I think, where the surroundings



ALBERT EMBANKMENT AND ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL.

would be likely to call up such a multitude of recollections, such an array of events, such a host of deeds, as this old abbey. One may gaze with admiration down the long-drawn aisles, with their noble columns, harmonious arches and fretted vaults, or upon the lancet windows with their

beautifully stained glass, through which comes streaming "a dim religious light"; but after all the first and last thought is with the dead, whom the nation has been wont to honour by placing their remains within this noble shrine.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We shall not speak of its history, which runs away back to Sebert, King of Essex. Nor can we dwell on the grand monuments which cover the remains of the kings and queens of England, from Sebert the Saxon and Athelgoda, his Queen, down to the present age; nor the monuments

to royal personages, nobles, warriors and statesmen, which crowd the chapels on both sides. At every step familiar names attract attention, and carry our thoughts along page after page of English history. The feuds and strifes of families, the heart-burning and animosity of rivals have found an end here, and ancient foes lie quietly together. Even the imperious Elizabeth and the proud Mary Queen of Scots, who, by the cruel exigencies of State, settled the difficulty that existed between them by the stroke of the headsman's axe, now sleep peacefully side by side. There are no rivalries in this abode; death has healed all the wounds of earth's inflicting, and solemn, silent peace prevails.

"How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep."

The gem of all the chapels is that of Henry VII. We enter it through the curiously wrought brass gates, and turn our gaze at once to the fretted vaultwork which hangs like pendant magic above us. Then the array of saints ranged beneath the upper windows, partially hidden by the banners of the Knights of the Bath, arrests attention. And then the canopies and stalls, exquisitely carved to the very underside of the misereres, or turning seats, excite our wonder, while the grand tombs and monuments of dead royalty scattered through the place demand inspection. The whole scene is grand and noble. Art, history and poetry have done their utmost to make it interesting, and its beautiful proportions at once enlist one's sympathy and admiration.

It is a wonder that the turning seats met with here

whose unstable supports, when turned up, were designed to increase the wakefulness of the religious in their long night services, have not been utilized in modern times by parsons who have sleepy congregations.



CHOIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

St. Edward's Chapel is separated from the transept by a screen, against which is placed the coronation chair, and under it is the black stone of Scone, brought from Scotland by Edward I. According to tradition, it is a part of Jacob's pillow, and is believed by some to be the very

stone on which the seer slept on the memorable night at Bethel. All the English sovereigns have been crowned in this chair. Passing along the north transept, where there



NAVE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

are monuments and statues of many of England's great statesmen, we proceed to the south aisle and enter the transept known as the Poets' Corner—perhaps the most interesting part of the Abbey. Here we can sit and chat

with poets from Chaucer down to the present age; with historians from Camden to Macaulay; with gruff Sam Johnson or the polished Addison; with the peerless Shakespeare, or Garrick, one of his greatest delineators; with Handel the musician, or Sheridan the orator and wit; with Thackeray or Charles Dickens, the latter of whom lies under a plain black marble slab set in the floor. The company is large and varied, embracing all that is great and good in English literature, and it would be strange indeed if, under such auspices, one did not wish to enjoy it as long as possible.

But our time is limited, and we reluctantly turn away from the memorials of the dead, "living in brasse or stoney monument," to examine a few other objects of interest. First in beauty will be found the Reredos, a magnificent work of art, which must be seen to be appreciated. The floor of the upper dais is composed of pleasing patterns of inlaid marblework, combined with gold glass. That of the lower dais, and of the dais of the sedilia, is composed of rich and varied patterns in varieties of colour. The pulpit in the nave, composed of variegated marble, is very beautiful. Around it are figures of St. Paul, St. Peter, and the four Evangelists, and a medallion in front, of a head of the Saviour surmounted with thorns, and pointing upwards with His right hand from His left shoulder. There, too, are the great windows, with their richly stained glass, each a study; but we must turn away, with regret we confess, from this pantheon—

" Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing dead."

It would require days instead of a few hours to see satisfactorily all that is to be seen here. There is so much to look at, so much to arrest the attention and to tempt one to sit down and wander through the long past; so many names that recall deeds of glory on land and sea; so



WESTMINSTER HALL.

many whose eloquence could "charm the wildest tempers"; so many who have cast pearls of thought on the current of life, delighting us in our onward march, and shall continue to be "joys forever"; so many who have fathomed the depths of science, and who have glorified art, that one

fairly gets bewildered with the number and variety of thoughts that press upon the mind.

Leaving the Abbey we proceed to Westminster Hall, once a part of the ancient royal palace of Westminster. It is the largest room but one in Europe, and has witnessed many stirring events. In it Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector, and after a few years had passed away, his head, along with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, was placed upon the south gable, and thus Cromwell's remained for twenty years. Sir William Wallace was tried in the old hall, and in the present one Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, Devereux, Earl of Essex, Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators, the infamous Earl and Countess Somerset, and the Earl of Strafford were tried and condemned. Here, too, Charles I. faced his judges, and later the seven bishops, Sacheverell, the Earl of Derwentwater, and the rebel lords of Scotland—Kilmarnock, Balmerino and Lovat. Later still, Burke, Fox and Sheridan made the old rafters ring with their eloquence, when the deeds of Warren Hastings in India were laid before the world. The last trial was the impeachment of Lord Melville by the Commons in 1806.

The Houses of Parliament are close at hand, and independent of the disputed merits of their architecture and extent, they are interesting as the place where the legislative bodies of Great Britain assemble to make the laws which govern the Empire and its vast possessions. The rooms where the House of Lords and the Commons meet are in keeping with the wealth and requirements of a great

nation. The interior decorations, frescoes and paintings are appropriate, and are the work of the first artists of the land. Statues of kings and queens and eminent men occupy niches in the halls and lobbies. Whatever money



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

and skill can do to ornament and beautify both the interior and exterior of the vast building has been done. At the end next Westminster Bridge the massive Clock Tower rises 320 feet. The dials are thirty feet in diameter, and the great bell weighs eight tons. Victoria Tower, at

the opposite end, is 340 feet high, and is the Sovereign's entrance.

We set off immediately after breakfast this morning, and picking up a 'bus on Cheapside, clambered up to the top by steps from behind and took our seat. This is a slow, lumbering vehicle for anyone, but, to a sight-seer, is far ahead of underground railroads. We rumble along over



BRITISH MUSEUM.

the stone-paved streets to Bloomsbury Square, where we get down and walk to the British Museum. We push back the massive oaken door and enter the fine hall, and proceed at once to gratify our curiosity with the strange things that are to be seen on every hand. Any attempt to describe the contents of this interesting building would be in vain. Curiosities from the ends of the earth have been brought and deposited here. Greek and Roman, Egyptian and

Assyrian antiquities—every country on the globe, whether civilized or barbarian, is represented. Here the geologist may interest himself with minerals and fossils; the ornithologist, with birds from the Tropics to the Poles; the zoologist, with animals from every clime; the ichthyologist, with fish from every sea; and the conchologist, with shells gathered from every shore. Horrid-looking reptiles stare at you from scores of shelves, and it is gratifying to know that they are *stuffed*. Insects of giant size and deadly character are ranged in long cases, but they are pinned down and harmless. In the botanical room the botanist will find specimens of almost every known plant, and on the ground floor the art student may study the beautiful work of Phidias from the Parthenon, busts of emperors and statues of the gods from Greece and Rome, sculptures from Phigalia and Lycia, and the Canning marbles. Time would fail to tell of the vases, bronzes, antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland—medals, pottery, enamels, carvings in ivory, jewelry, glass, etc. But the most pleasing feature of this vast collection, particularly to the bookworm, is the immense library, which comprises over six hundred thousand volumes and forty thousand manuscripts. The large reading-room in the rear will accommodate three hundred readers.

Leaving the Museum we pass around by Bedford Square to Tottenham Court Road, where we get a 'bus, which takes us through not only this long street, but Hampstead Road as well. We get down at Marnington Crescent, and proceed on foot to the entrance gate of the Zoological Gardens.

But before we enter the gardens let us have a few words about Tottenham Road, and one or two other things which we have passed. Curious scraps of history hang around some of these old London roads, and we like to pick them up on our way. Tottenham Road and Oxford Street start from the same point, a block or two west of the British Museum. The first taking a north-west course, and



OXFORD STREET.

connecting with Hampstead Road, and the latter with High Street, forms the great outlet for the city in that quarter, while Oxford Street runs to the west, forming another great avenue of escape in that direction. From Oxford Street to Hampstead Road was the old way from the village of St. Giles to the manor of Totham Hall, as it is called in Domesday, the mansion of William de Tottenhall. In the year 1645, it is mentioned in the parish books of St.

Giles as a house of entertainment, and it also is mentioned further, that a maid of a certain Mrs. Stacey, and two others with her, were fined "for drinking at Tottenhall Court on the Sabbath daie, xij d. a piece"—evidence that the good people of St. Giles had regard for the Sabbath, and that there were some restrictions, even in those days, to dram drinking, but whether confined to the female portion of the community or not, we cannot say. The name of the house was changed to the Adam-and-Eve public-house, which with King's Road and Tottenham Court turnpikes, is shown in Hogarth's "March to Finchley." At the Foundling Hospital, Totten Court Mansion-in-the-Fields is a scene in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub."

Then there is High Holborn, another famous old street, which, connecting with Oxford Street at one end, and Cheapside and other streets to the east, leads into White-chapel Road, forming a great artery through the very centre of London, from east to west, through which an everflowing current of human beings passes. By this road criminals were conveyed from Newgate and the Tower to the gallows at St. Giles and Tyburn, whither a ride in the cart "up the Heavy Hill" implied in Ben Jonson's time going to be hung.

"As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die for his calling,
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when he came back."

The gardens are situated on the north side of Regent's Park, and embrace about seventeen acres of ground. They

are tastefully laid out with walks that bend and twist about in all manner of ways, and the borders of which are decorated with choice flowers and shrubs. Clumps of trees of great beauty adorn various parts of the gardens, and tempt the lounge to seek their grateful shade. As we pursue our way along the paths we are constantly coming upon aviaries filled with birds, or ponds where water-fowl are kept, or some of the numerous houses where wild and ferocious animals look out at us from behind strong bars. We hear the roar of the lions, and walk away to see the restless beasts constantly pacing to and fro. Turning from them and their noisy companions, we next fall in with the bear-pit and the pond where the polar bear disports himself. The seal-pond claims our attention next, and we watch with interest the antics of these playful creatures, and then we come upon Madam Hippopotamus and her infant, whose birth was duly announced over the world. They are not very symmetrical animals, but they seem to move about in the water with great ease and satisfaction. Thus we go on looking at birds and beasts, fish and reptiles, until we become weary, and seek the refreshment room. The collection contained in the gardens is very large and complete—I believe the largest and finest in the world—and there are not many places in London where people can spend a few hours more pleasantly and profitably than in these gardens.

We leave the gardens and take our way through Regent's Park, on the south side of which are the Botanical Gardens, and go on to Oxford Street, whence we return to our hotel.

My friend called for me next morning, and we started out, passing through St. Paul's Churchyard into Ludgate Hill, and thence into Fleet Street. My inclination leads me, at the present moment, to loiter a little along these streets whose names are familiar to everyone who has read anything about the great city. We shall not penetrate the numerous lanes leading off the Fleet at this time, but shall



FLEET STREET AND LUDGATE HILL.

be content to note some places of interest, as they were pointed out to us. The Fleet Street of to-day bears but little resemblance—in fact, none whatever—to the Fleet as it appeared previous to the Great Fire. Then, we are told, it was badly paved, that the houses were built mostly of timber, and overhung the street in all imaginable positions. The shops were rude sheds, with a penthouse, beneath which the tradesman unceasingly called, “What d’ye lack, gentles? What d’ye lack?”

The earliest printers and booksellers were located on this street, and it still maintains its celebrity for printing offices. Some of the first banking firms were established in the Fleet. We now reach Bolt Court, where Dr. Johnson and Ferguson, the astronomer, ended their days. In this same court, Cobbett published his "Political Register," and sold Indian corn. Goldsmith lodged in Wine Office Court. It was there where Dr. Johnson first saw him, and where he began "The Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson's Court also furnished a place of abode to the great lexicographer, and in it he compiled the greater portion of his dictionary. From Red Line Court comes forth every week that world-renowned comicality, *Punch*. In Mitre Court is Mitre tavern, where Dr. Johnson used to hold evening parties, at which were usually found Goldsmith, Percy, Hawksworth and Boswell. One can picture the clumsy old Doctor trudging along of an evening to the inn, and pausing at every post that he might lay his hand upon it, a thing which he always did, or, if neglected, it entirely unfitted him for the enjoyment of his company. Ben Jonson and his sons used to frequent the Devil's tavern, which in those days stood in this street; and here, too, Chaucer, when a student of the Inner Temple, gave a Franciscan Friar a thrashing, for which youthful indulgence in pugilistics he was fined the sum of 2s. Cowley was born near Chancery Lane, and two doors from it was the draper shop of good old Izaak Walton, the Angler. The Church of St. Bride's, with its graceful steeple, contains the remains of Richardson, the author of "Clarissa Harlowe," and other persons of

note. Chatterton was interred in the burial-ground of St. Andrew's workhouse, Shoe Lane, now Farringdon Market.

At the west end of Fleet Street, until recently, stood Temple Bar, the far-famed old gateway, which divided the city of London from the liberty of Westminster. It was erected by Sir C. Wren, in 1672, and if it ever served any useful purpose had long outlived it. In fact, for many years it had been a serious obstruction on this great thoroughfare and remained on sufferance; but the exigencies of modern progress forced the city council to have it removed, and in 1879 the last stone was carted away. When I first saw the old time-worn structure I was not impressed with its appearance, and thought it would be well if it were out of the way. But it was one of the few historical landmarks left in the heart of busy London, and because of this, and the veneration felt by the citizens for the familiar old pile, notwithstanding the inconvenience it subjected them to, it remained until its unsafe condition forced the authorities to take it down. Each façade was ornamented with statues. On the Fleet side, I think, were the statues of James I. and his queen, Anne of Denmark; and on the Strand side, Charles I. and Charles II. The iron spikes above the pediment were at one time used for impaling the heads and quarters of traitors. The first of these barbarous displays was one of the quarters of Sir Thomas Armstrong, implicated in the Rye-house Plot, and next, the quarters of Sir William Perkins and Sir John Friend, who had conspired to assassinate William III. The

head of Counsellor Layer remained here for thirty years, and was then blown down in a gale of wind. The last heads set up were those of Townley and Fletcher, the rebels, in 1746. The old gateway has been set up in Epping Forest. A memorial to mark the site now stands in the centre of the street. It includes statues of the Queen and of the Prince of Wales, and was inaugurated by Prince Leopold. It cost £11,550.

Passing the site of Temple Bar we enter the Strand, of which Charles Lamb says: "I often shed tears in the motley Strand, for fulness of joy at so much life." We experienced no such lachrymose tendencies as we sauntered along the busy street, but we did find, at every step almost, something to attract our attention. Directly ahead the old church of St. Clement's Danes stood across the way as if blocking it up. On approaching it, however, we find that the street bends around it on either side, and that a number of streets branch off from these curves. Stowe says that the church was thus named because Harold, a Danish king, and other Danes were buried here. Among the distinguished dead sleeping here are Otway, Nat. Lee and Rymer. Passing the new Courts of Justice on our right, we reach in a few moments Somerset House on the left. The old house was the residence of several royal personages, among them Queen Elizabeth. The present one is used for different purposes. A part of it is devoted to King's College. The Society of Antiquaries and the Astronomical and Geological Societies have apartments in it. There is also a naval museum, or model room, besides which there are the



NEW LAW COURTS.

Audit and Inland Revenue offices. It is a very large and imposing structure, and is said to be one of the few really handsome edifices that London has to boast of.

As we move along, I cannot resist the temptation of pointing out the narrow lanes that strike off so frequently into



SOMERSET HOUSE.

the bowels of the city. Many of them do not present much to tempt one to venture within their gloomy precincts, and yet out of these lanes and alleys have come and gone many of England's greatest and best men, and in them, too, many a scene has occurred which has given to the page of history

some of its brightest as well as its darkest touches. To my mind these are the features which impart to London its greatest charm: not the magnitude of the city, though that is wonderful, but the crowd of great men who have lived in it, who have walked about its streets, whose genius have left an impress upon the world, and hallowed the places of their abode, often one of destitution and misery. What pleasure is there in staring at league upon league of bricks and mortar, or upon grand façades? There is no life, no soul in them. But the genius of a Goldsmith breathes vitality into a garret and it lives. St. Paul's is only a grand picture of the creative power of Wren.

In Northumberland Street—this and others I shall mention are short narrow streets or lanes leading off the Strand—lived Ben Jonson with his step-father, a brick-layer, and in Craven Street Dr. Benjamin Franklin resided in 1771. Charles Mathews, the comedian, was born in the Strand. His father was a bookseller, and Dr. Adam Clarke and Rowland Hill frequently visited at his shop. Where the York buildings now stand formerly stood York House, in which lived Sir Nicholas Bacon, and where his son, Lord Chancellor Bacon, was born. That prince of gossips, Samuel Pepys, lived in Buckingham Street, and Peter the Great in the house opposite, 1698. The building occupied by Messrs. Coutts & Co., the great bankers, and the one on each side, stand on a part of the site of Durham Place, in which Lady Jane Grey was married to Dudley. Sir Walter Raleigh possessed the place for twenty years. On this street also stood the Turk's Head Coffee-house, which Dr.

Johnson encouraged, "for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business." At the Somerset Hotel, letters were left at the bar for the author of "Junius." William Penn lived on Norfolk Street, and William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," kept a bookstore on it.

The western end of the Strand terminates at Trafalgar



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Square, and as we emerge from the street we have on our left Charing Cross Station and Hotel, the terminus of the South Eastern Railway.

Trafalgar Square, which was named to commemorate Nelson's great victory, is paved with granite and contains two fountains. On the north side is the National Gallery, in front of which is a broad terrace; on the west, the College of Physicians and the Union Club House; on the

south-east Northumberland House, with the lion of the Percies on the top of the screen. At the north-east corner is a bronze equestrian statue of George IV. At the south-east corner is a statue of General Havelock. At the opposite corner is a statue of General Sir Charles Napier; but



NATIONAL GALLERY.

the great feature of the square is the Nelson Column, with Landseer's lions reposing at its base.

Having now had a glimpse of the Square, let us enter the Gallery and finish the day among its pictures. It would be folly to attempt any lengthy description of this

great national collection, which embraces, besides those of the best British artists, many of the rarest works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch and French schools. In the Italian collection there are two pictures by Paul Veronese, "Adoration of the Magi," and "Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander," which cost £14,000, and one by Sebastian del Piombo, "Resurrection of Lazarus," for which £15,000 has been offered and refused. The Turner collection embraces 125 oil pictures, as well as a number of water-colour drawings and unfinished studies. These with the Vernon collection and numerous other valuable donations, make up an array of pictures impossible to describe, but which charm and delight the beholder, and over which he lingers all unconscious of the speeding hours. Time, however, knows no moments of abstraction. He regards neither your pleasures nor desires, but with imperious will hammers on town bell and clock the hour of six—"Time to leave, sir"—and without a word of remonstrance we seek the street.

Three good long hours are left us yet, so we turn up the Haymarket and begin again our explorations. This street, which in olden times used to be a market for hay and cattle, has effaced every trace of its humble origin. The massive fronts that stare upon you from either side, tell no tales of bawling drovers and lusty farmers. Where bovine feet were wont to sink in mud, the stately carriage now rolls along over a smooth pavement. The street is broad and ascends to Piccadilly. Crossing from this to Regent Street, we turn down it and pass the Polytechnic Institution on

our way to Waterloo Place, at the foot of which is Carlton House Terrace and the Duke of York's Column. We now turn into Pall Mall, at the eastern end, where there is a bronze statue of George III. and the Gallery of the old Society of Water-colour Painters. We are now in the delectable land of clubs, of which there are some fifteen or more hereabout, and one might sing with Gay—

“ O bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall !
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell !
At distance rolls the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach.

Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.”

Marlborough House is in Pall Mall; next to it is St. James' Palace. In front lived Sir Robert Walpole. Nell Gwyn's houses were also on this street, and Sir William Temple and the Hon. Robert Boyle lived east of them. Tully's Head was the resort of Pope, Chesterfield, Lyttleton, Shenstone and Glover, Horace Walpole, the Wartons and Edmund Burke. Captain Marryat had apartments on this street, and here wrote his “Poor Jack.” Among the coffee-houses of Pall Mall was the Smyrna, of the days of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, where subscriptions were taken in by Thomson for publishing his “Seasons,” etc., and at the Star and Garter tavern took place the encounter between Lord Byron (the father of the poet) and his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth.

St. James' Square is surrounded principally with residences of the nobility. In the centre of the Square there

is a bronze equestrian statue of William III. On St. James' Street, west of the Square, have lived Waller, Wren, Pope, Swift, Steele, Gibbon, Fox, Crabbe, Moore and Byron; and in St. James' Place have also lived Addison, Parnell, Lord Guildford, Sir Francis Burdett, James Wyatt and Samuel Rogers. We now enter Green Park and walk on to Hyde Park corner, at which point we turn down Piccadilly, said to have derived its name from "pickadil," a ruff worn by the gallants in the time of James I. Like the other streets we have been loitering through, it is rich in interesting associations with many persons and events. In Hyde Park corner stands Apsley House, the residence of the late Duke of Wellington. In this corner used to stand some taverns, in one of which Sir Richard Steele and the poet Savage dined together, after having written a pamphlet, which Savage sold for two guineas to enable them to pay their reckoning. The singular-looking structure known as the Egyptian Hall is on this street, and at its eastern end is St. James' Church, the interior of which is said to be Wren's masterpiece.

Continuing our walk, we pass Regent Circus, through Coventry Street to Leicester Square, so named from a house built there for an Earl of Leicester. It was inhabited by Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., by Colbert and successively by two Princes of Wales after they had quarrelled with their fathers, George I. and George II. In consequence of this it received the name of "pouting place for princes." Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Hogarth and Charles Dibdin, the song-writer, lived in this square.

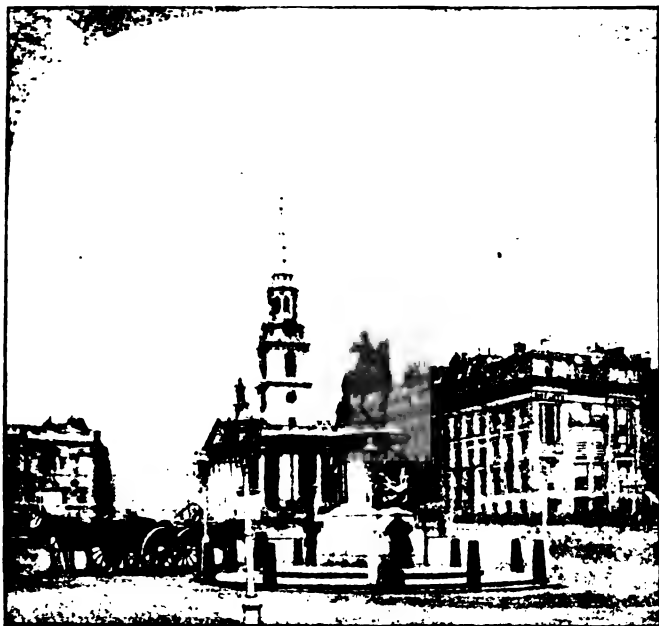
Turning away from Leicester Square, we pass out of the fashionable quarter of London, known as the West End, and take our way along Cranbourn and Long-Acre streets, crossing Drury Lane, on which is the celebrated Drury Lane Theatre, and enter Lincoln-Inn-Fields. This place bears no resemblance to the same quarter in earlier times—now, the largest and one of the finest squares in London; formerly, one of the resorts of the roughest and vilest characters, and a place of execution. Vicious vagrants such as “Lincoln-Inn-Fields Mumpers” infested the place, and “Scare-crow, the beggar in Lincoln-Inn-Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a twill at night.”

On the north side of the Square is Sir John Soane's Museum; on the south, the College of Surgeons and East Lincoln's new town hall, a picturesque group of buildings in the Tudor style. On the apex of the gable, beneath a canopied pinnacle, is a statue of Queen Victoria. The interior is very fine. The hall, council-room and library are embellished with busts, portraits, etc., of many of the eminent men who have done honour to the bench and woolsack.

In order to reach the scene of our rambles this morning we secured a hansom and drove through the Strand, entering St. James' Park at Charing Cross; then along the Mall past Buckingham Palace into Green Park; through it by Constitution Hill we arrive at Hyde Park corner, where we alight.

St. James' Park used to be a swampy field attached to

St. James' Hospital, but Henry VIII. had it drained and inclosed, and turned into a pleasure-ground. It was while walking in this park that Cromwell said to Whitelocke, "What if a man should take upon himself to be a king?" To which the memorialist replied, "I think that the remedy



CHARING CROSS.

would be worse than the disease." On the south side of the park is Milton's garden-house. Hazlitt lived in it in 1813, when Haydon was one of the christening party of Charles Lamb and his poor sister. Many interesting associations cluster about this large wainscotted room in which England's blind poet meditated.

Green Park adjoins St. James' Park, and is entered from the latter by Constitution Hill Road. In this road three attempts have been made to shoot our present Queen; and at the upper end of the road Sir Robert Peel was thrown from his horse, and died a few days after.

Hyde Park seems to have been very early the haunt of the gay and fashionable, for the Puritans complained that it was the resort of "most shameful powdered-hair men and painted women." It contains over three hundred acres, and is crossed by footpaths from gate to gate. There is a carriage drive around it; but the fashionable drive is in the south side, past Albert Gate. The side for equestrians is along Rotten Row. On a fine afternoon in the season may be seen here the wealth and beauty of London, and a display of splendid equipages and fine horses such as no other city in the world can equal. In the south-east angle of the park is a colossal statue in bronze, cast from cannon taken at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo, erected in 1822, and "inscribed by the women of England to Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms." The Serpentine bends nearly across the park, its broadest end reaching towards Hyde Park corner. It covers about fifty acres, and is fringed with fine old trees. The prospect from the high ground in the vicinity of Albert Gate is very good. To the west we have the rich woods of Kensington Gardens, backed by the bold beauty of the Surrey hills; and before us the glossy surface of the Serpentine gleaming through the branches of the trees. One can hardly fancy that this peaceful sylvan

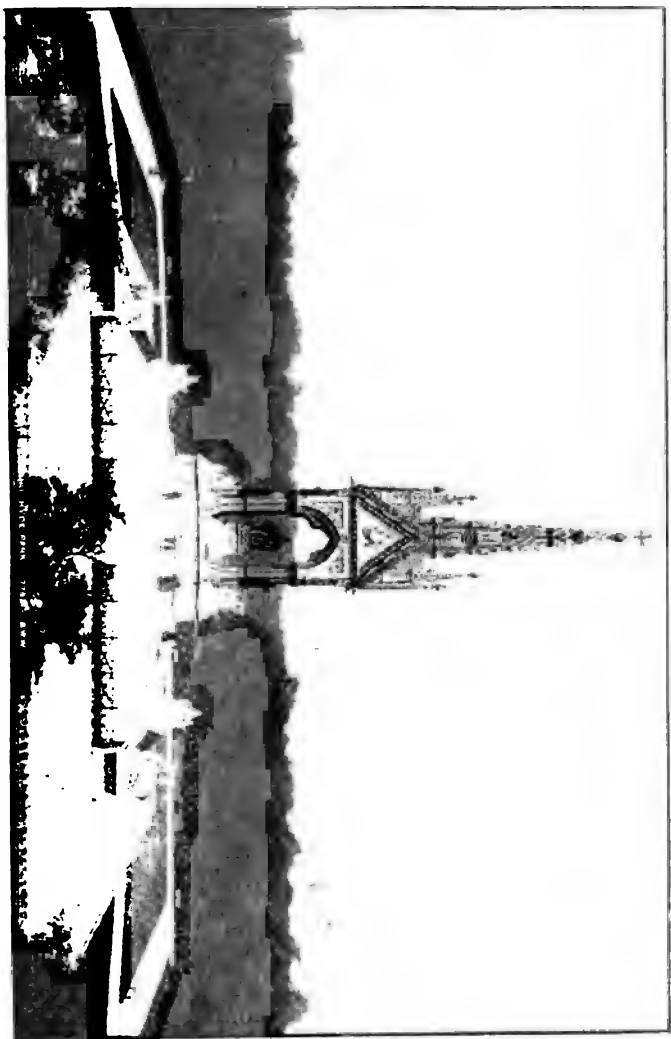
scene lies in the midst of the great busy city; but it is not at all difficult to imagine with what pleasure the toilers in the dark lanes and alleys steal away to these breathing places, where they may wander by the still water under the shadow of noble elms, or where they may inhale the perfume of flowers, or stretch themselves on the green-sward.

Hyde Park, like all places in and about London, has had its mutations—once a forest belonging to the monastery of St. Peter, Westminster, where kings and nobles were wont to hunt deer. There we find the dear old gossip, Evelyn, in his day, grumbling after this fashion: “I went to take the air in Hide Park when every coach was made to pay a shilling, and every horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow (Anthony Deam, of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, Esq.), who had purchas’d it of the State, as they were call’d.” Soon after the Restoration, Pepys tells us that he carried his pretty wife to the lodge, and then in their coach ate a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk. Dr. Grammont, in his time, describes the park as being “the rendezvous of fashion and beauty. Everyone, therefore, who had either sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither.”

Maying was a favourite custom in the old days. In May, 1661, Evelyn says he “went to Hide Parke to take the aire, where was His Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants, and rich coaches, being now the time of universal festivity and joy.” How different this from a picture given by a Puritan hand of these May

gatherings a few years before, and how strikingly it exhibits the wide difference there was between the austere and unyielding Puritan and the gay and polished Royalist! Evelyn dwells over the old English custom with the affection of a courtier, while the other strikes at it with the hand of a sectarian bigot. "May was more observed by people going a-maying than for divers years past; and, indeed, much sin committed by wicked meetings, with fiddlers, drunkennesses, ribaldry and the like. Great resort came to Hyde Park—many hundreds of coaches, and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered-hair men, and painted and spotted women." For a long time the park afforded a place for athletic games, shows, racing, etc., and for nearly two centuries reviews have been the favourite spectacle. A sterner scene, however, was exhibited during the Civil War, when Essex and Lambert encamped their forces here, and when Cromwell reviewed his terrible Ironsides. But the crowning event of the noble park was the Universal Exhibition in 1851.

The Albert Memorial stands at the south-west end of the park, directly opposite the Albert Hall. It is, no doubt, one of the finest works of the kind in existence. The upper portion of this elaborate and beautiful monument consists of a cross, supported by the successive tiers of emblematic figures, and there are four large angle groups in marble, representing the four quarters of the globe. The four sides of the large pedestal are adorned with alto-relievo statues (life size) in white marble, representing many of the great men who have shed lustre on science, philosophy, literature, art, etc.



ALBERT MEMORIAL,

We now cross Kensington Road and enter the London Industrial Exhibition, behind Albert Hall. The picture galleries, according to the catalogue, contain 2,615 pictures, drawings, etc., by the first native and foreign artists,



ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

many of which are for sale. Among those on exhibition are pictures which belong to Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and numbers of the nobility. Then follow galleries devoted to sculpture, engravings, architectural designs,

manufactures, inventions, agricultural products, machinery, etc., and in this interesting place the remaining portion of the day was agreeably spent. On leaving the exhibition, we pass out into the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens. The arcades which run along the sides are nice places to lounge in, and listen to the music of the bands or the splash of fountains. The garden is nicely decorated with trees and shrubs and statues.

The South Kensington Museum, at Brompton, which we visited on a subsequent occasion, is well worth seeing. The collections are large, and, as with the other museums we have seen, a careful examination of all that is to be looked at would consume days. They consist of British pictures, sculpture, engravings, models, casts, objects of ornamental art, animal products employed in the arts, materials used in building, substances used for food, etc.

The Kew Gardens are our next point. We step over to Cannon Street Station and take the underground rail, not that we shall see much by doing so, but by going that way we shall get on faster, and that is something to be considered in these days of hurry-scurry. We shall emerge from beneath London's cellars and streets into the broad blaze of day, somewhere about Kensington, and then we shall fly through Hammersmith, along Turnham Green, and alight at Kew Bridge. But before we enter let us have a look at the beautiful gates, and take a glance across the charming green.

The gardens are famed not only for their picturesque beauty, but for the great variety of the rich and rare

plants they contain. Here the lover of horticulture may linger over flowers brought from every quarter of the globe, growing under glass and flourishing with almost as much luxuriance as if in their native clime. The Conser-



INTERIOR OF CONSERVATORY, HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, KENSINGTON.

vatory on the right contains a collection of Australian plants. Strolling on through paths that are lined with beds gay with flowers, massed and arranged so as to please the eye with the harmony of their contrasted colors, and passing delightful groups of trees, we reach the small hot-

house where the *Victoria regia* water lily is enjoying its tepid bath along with the papyrus, the paper plant from China. From this we cross to the great Palm House, and try to fancy that we have stepped into tropical regions. Whether we succeed or not does not matter: here we are, at all events, standing under great palm trees and surrounded by bananas, bamboos, bread fruit trees, Indian figs, banyans, caoutchouc, figs, sugar cane, dragon trees, etc., beside a multitude of tropical plants and flowers, all in vigorous growth. On the east side of the house is a large pond where the graceful swan and other water-fowl enjoy themselves, and on the opposite side is the Museum. On the three floors of this building are preserved in glass cases specimens of those vegetable products that are either curious or serviceable to mankind. The whole collection is very interesting. Leaving this and winding round a knoll on which is perched an ornamental building called the Temple of Æolus, we come to a cluster of houses, one of which contains a rare collection of tropical plants of great beauty. Keeping to the right on quitting this, and passing in our way a fine walnut tree, we reach the old Museum, also filled with vegetable products and woods. Not far distant is the cool Fern House, and a hot-house, after seeing which we retrace our steps for a short way and turn into the new house for succulent plants, such as the cactuses, euphorbias, aloes, and other curious plants that like similar conditions. Close by this is one of the most attractive houses to the general eye in the gardens. It is filled with fuchsias, geraniums and other flowering plants and shrubs of

great beauty. Near this is another containing the ferns, orchids, begonias and other tropical plants. We now approach another ornamental building called the 'Temple of the Sun, near which are some noble trees.

We next pass into the large pleasure-grounds which are divided into the Arboretum, the Nurseries, a lake and a piece of ground allotted to the private use of the Queen. The large space lying between the pleasure-grounds and Richmond is called the Observatory Park, from its containing an observatory. The park is interesting because of its being the place where Sir Walter Scott laid the scene of the interviews between Queen Caroline and Jeanie Deans. Having now done the gardens, we leave them by the Lion or Pagoda Gate, and walk along the bank of the Thames to Kew Bridge, where we get the train, and are soon after back in the noisy city.

It would hardly be possible for anyone to overlook such a striking feature of London as St. Paul's Cathedral. I have not mentioned it before because it is just one of those very interesting things one meets with now and then, very difficult to describe; that is, it is difficult through the medium of words to place such a picture before the mind's eye as shall give anything like an adequate conception of the thing itself. I have been passing and repassing it for several days, and have been in and out. I have looked at it from the end of Cheapside, from Cannon Street, and from Ludgate Hill, and the more I have looked the less I have felt like attempting to say anything about it. There is one thing that must strike every beholder with regret,

and that is, that such a magnificent structure—acknowledged to be the first of its kind in completeness, unity of design, and solidity of construction—should be cramped up



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

in the very heart of the busy city. It is true that its massive walls and lofty dome tower in majesty far above the meaner structures that press in upon it on every side, and that it can be seen from all parts of the city, serving as a

guide to the stranger in this vast wilderness of houses. Yet we could wish that it stood apart out of the roar and turmoil of traffic—away from the surging tide of restless humanity that constantly whirls and breaks around it.

The history of St. Paul's—which we can only glance at—like many of the old places in London, is curious and interesting. The present cathedral is the third church built upon the same site since the foundation of the first by Ethelbert, King of Kent, A.D. 610. The first was destroyed by fire in 1087. The second, known as "Old St. Paul's," after being twice nearly destroyed by fire and once by lightning, finally succumbed to the Great Fire of 1666. This structure seems to have been considerably larger than the present one. Its length is given as 690 feet, and its breadth 130 feet, while its tower and spire was 520 feet high, an altitude not reached by any spires of the present age. Old St. Paul's was, as it is now, of the Latin-cross form, with a Lady-chapel and two other chapels at the east end, near which on the north side stood Paul's, or Powly's Cross, with a pulpit, whence sermons were preached, the anathema of the Pope thundered forth, heresies recanted and sins atoned for. Here, in 1484, Jane Shore, with a taper in one hand, and arrayed in her "kirtell onelye," did open penance.

" Before the world I suffered open shame,
When people were as thick as is the sand—
A penance took, with taper in my hand."

The interior of the church was divided throughout by two ranges of clustered columns. It had a rich screen and

canopied doorways, and a large painted rose window at the east end. The walls were sumptuously adorned with pictures, shrines and curiously wrought tabernacles. Gold and silver, rubies, emeralds and pearls glittered in splendid profusion, and upon the high altar were heaped countless stores of gold and silver plate and illuminated missals. The mere enumeration of these treasures fills twenty-eight pages of "Dugdale's Folio History of the Cathedral." Such was the magnificence of old St. Paul's. But as a temple devoted to the worship of the Most High, it had sunk deeper in iniquity than the temple at Jerusalem when the Saviour "cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves."

The floor was laid out in walks, "the south alley for usurye and poperye: the north for simony and the horse-fair; in the midst for all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, etc. The middle aisle was called Paul's Walk, and was a lounge for idlers and hunters of news, wits and gallants, cheats, usurers and knights of the post, the font itself being used as a counter." Ben Jonson has laid a scene of his "Every Man Out of His Humour," in the middle aisle of St. Paul's:

Orange—What, Signior Whiffe! what fortune has brought you into these west parts?

Shift—Troth, Signior, nothing but your whum; I have been taking an ounce of tobacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come to spit private in Paul's, save you, sir.

Orange—Adieu, good Signior Whiffe.

Chor.—Master Apple-John! you are well met; when shall we sup together, and laugh and be fat with those good wenches, ha?

Shift—Faith, sir, I must now leave you, upon a few humours and occasions; but when you please, sir.

Chor.—Farewell, sweet Apple-John! I wonder there are no more store of gallants here.

Mit—What be these two, Signior?

Chor.—Marry, a couple, sir, that are mere strangers to the whole scope of our play; only come to walk a turn or two in this scene of Paul's, by chance.

Captain Bobadil is a Paul's man, and Falstaff bought Bardolph in Paul's. Green, in his "Thiäves falling out," etc., says: "Walk in the middle of Paul's, and gentlemen's teeth walk not faster at ordinaries, than there a whole day together about enquiry after news." Bishop Earle, in his "Microcosmographix," 1629, says: "Paul's Walke is the Land's Epitome, or you may cal it the lesser Ile of Great Britain. . . . The noyes in it is like that of Bees, in strange hummings or buzzs, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet: it is a kind of still wave or loud whisper." It was a common thoroughfare for porters and carriers, for ale, beer, bread, fish, flesh, fardels, of stuff, and "mules, horses and other beasts." Drunkards lay sleeping on the benches at the choir door: within, dunghills were suffered to accumulate: and the choir people walked "with their hatts on their hedds." Dekker tells us that the Church was profaned by shops, not only of booksellers, but of other trades, such as "the semsters" shops and "the new tobacco office." Thus had this grand sanctuary become desecrated,

and as a final climax the Commonwealth turned it into barracks.

It was not until 1675 that the first stone of the present building was laid. Wren's instructions were "to contrive a fabric of moderate bulk but of good proportion, a convenient choir with a vestibule and porticos, and a dome conspicuous above the houses." The instructions were faithfully carried out, and we have St. Paul's as it now stands. Its external appearance is so well known that we shall not attempt any description of it.

Entering by the door of the north transept, we make our way to the space under the cupola, which rises 228 feet above the pavement and has an internal diameter of 108 feet. The cornice above the arches and the rails of the Whispering Gallery have been gilded. Above are some of Thornhill's paintings, representing events in the life of St. Paul. In the south transept is the large organ. The choir contains some of the finest carvings in the world, by Gibbons. The episcopal throne, the Bishop's ordinary seat, with a mitre and pelican; the Lord Mayor's, with the mace and other insignia, and the Dean's stall, with fruit and flowers, are all very beautiful. Let us now ascend to the Whispering Gallery. It is a weary tramp, but by taking it quietly we shall succeed and be amply repaid. The gallery passes round the inside of the dome upon the cornice over the arches. The circular sides of the dome convey faint sounds very distinctly from one point in the gallery to the opposite point, so that a whisper which in the open air would be inaudible at the distance of a few feet, is brought distinctly

to the ear across the broad space. From this gallery there is a stairway which leads to the Golden Galleries, at the summit of the dome, whence, if a clear day can be secured,



INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

a grand view of London may be had. There are a large number of monuments and statues in St. Paul's, and the most of them relate to those who have done their country service in war. The remains both of Lord Nelson and the

Duke of Wellington lie in the crypt, the one encased in a coffin made out of the main-mast of the *L'Orient*, and the other in a large porphyry sarcophagus.

I attended one of the morning services, and heard the noble organ. There is something very impressive in the deep tones of the great instrument as they roll away in waves of sound through the lofty aisles. "How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through the caves of death and make the silent sepulchre vocal! and how they rise in triumphal acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes and piling sound on sound! And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out in sweet gushes of melody: they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! what solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile and seems to jar the very walls. The ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee: it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony."

At the end of King Street, Cheapside, is the Town Hall of the City of London, known as Guildhall. In its great room are held the inauguration dinners of the Lord Mayor, a ceremony which has been continued since 1501. It will



GUILDHALL.

contain between six and seven thousand persons. Here Whittington entertained Henry V. and his queen, when he threw the king's bonds for £60,000 into a fire of spice-wood. Charles I. was feasted here in 1641; Charles II. was nine times entertained, and from 1660, with only three exceptions, all the sovereigns have dined at Guildhall on the Lord Mayor's day after their accession or coronation. In 1814, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and Frederick William, King of Prussia, were entertained here.

Guildhall has been the scene of many striking events in the history of England. It was here that Richard III. attempted to beguile the assembled citizens into an approval of his resumption, and it was here that Ann Askew was tried for heresy before Bishop Bonner, and condemned to be burned at the stake in Smithfield. The Earl of Surrey was tried and convicted of treason, and Lady Jane Grey and her husband were also tried and condemned here. After the abdication of James II., the Lords Parliament assembled here and declared for the Prince of Orange. The hall is illuminated with windows of painted glass. At the west end are two gigantic grotesque wooden figures, called Gog and Magog, and around the hall are monuments in marble of great men. There are also a number of valuable pictures and portraits.

In my rambles one morning through the maze of narrow streets and lanes in the neighbourhood of Bow Lane, I accidentally came upon the old church of All Hallows', in Broad Street, where Milton was christened. There is a tablet recording this fact on the outside of the church.

Among the old streets which interested me in this vicinity was that of Paternoster Row, lying between Newgate Street and St. Paul's Churchyard, and occupied principally by booksellers and publishing houses. It is an old monastic locality, and derives its name from the turners of rosaries, or Pater Nosters, dwelling there, with stationers and text-writers, who wrote and sold A, B, C, with the Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, etc. Here was the printing-office of Henry Sampson Woodfall, the printer of the *Public Advertiser*, wherein appeared those mysterious letters of Junius. At the "Bible and Crown" lived the Revingsons, the High Church publishers, and the publishers of the *Annual Register*, with Edmund Burke for a contributor. At No. 39 have lived more than a century and a quarter the Longmans. At No. 56 is the depot of the Religious Tract Society, and at the Chapter Coffee-house, Chatterton wrote letters, and Dr. Buchanan, Cowper and other celebrities met.

In another of my early walks I came upon Covent Garden Market, where may be seen at any time in the early part of the day the largest collection of fruit and vegetables in the world. The quantity of vegetables of every description, fruit of all kinds and from every clime, flowers and herbs, that are offered for sale daily in this market is perfectly amazing. One cannot help wondering how such an enormous quantity of stuff can find its way with so much regularity hither, and yet it is asserted that there is more certainty in purchasing even a pine-apple in Covent Garden than in Jamaica or Calcutta, where pines are indigenous.

Covent Garden has been known as a vegetable market since the reign of Charles II. Steele gives an amusing description of a voyage from Richmond in one of his papers to the *Tatler*: "We soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins who were supercargoes, the



NEW FOREIGN OFFICES.

part of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks Market. . . . I landed with the sail of apricot boats at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Caffè, of that place, to Sarah Sewell & Co., at their stall in Covent Garden."

In Fetter Lane lived the leather-sellers of the Revolution, "Praise God Barebones," and his brother, "Damned Barebones," both in the same house. Dryden is said to have lived in Fleur-de-lis Court, and Lord Eldon, when he came from school to London in 1776, met his brother Lord Stowell at the White House Inn.

I went with my friend J. B., another day, to the museum in Victoria Park Square, East London. We mounted a 'bus at Cornhill, and proceeded along Bishop Gate Road to Bethnal Green Road, which terminates at the Square. It was a long ride and through a rather unattractive quarter. What took us there was to see the collection that had been presented to the Prince of Wales during his visit to India, and which the Prince had placed on exhibition there. It was a very large display and comprised a much greater variety of things than one would imagine, and gave a far better idea of the advance India has made in art, manufacture, etc., than could be had in any other way. It must be remembered that the whole exhibit consisted of presentations to royalty, and would naturally be of their separate kinds the very best that could be produced; at the same time they showed what Indian skill can accomplish, and I am sure every visitor must have been equally surprised at the large display of so many beautiful things, many of which were equal in design and finish to the best productions of the western world. After a careful examination of this rich oriental expose, we returned well pleased with our day's outing.

I left by an early train next morning for Brompton, Kent,

where an old friend resides whom I had promised to visit, if possible. It is about thirty miles distant from London, on the Medway, close to Chatham. There are two other places, Rochester and Strood, all so close together that they might well form one corporation. Dickens says: "If anybody knows to a nicety where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do." I found my friend without any difficulty—he holds a good position in one of the dock-yards—and passed a very pleasant day, returning to London in the evening.

Chatham is celebrated for its extensive dock-yards, and at Brompton there is a fine naval hospital, barracks for the Royal Marine Light Infantry (which will accommodate from four thousand to five thousand men), and barracks and stables for the Royal Engineers, etc.

Rochester is a very interesting city, and a place of great antiquity. It was plundered by Ethelred, King of Mercia, in 676; and besieged by the Danes, in 884. William the Conqueror made it a present to his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. It was nearly destroyed by fire in 1130-37. In 1522, Henry VIII. visited it, accompanied by the Emperor Charles V. Queen Elizabeth spent five days here in 1573, and attended the cathedral service on Sunday. She also made another visit, 1583, escorted by the Duke of Anjou, to whom she showed her mighty ships of war lying at Chatham. King James I. visited the city in 1604, and again in 1606. Christian IV., King of Denmark, was with him on the latter occasion. They attended the Cathedral, and afterwards inspected the navy. Charles II.

also visited the city twice; once before the Restoration, in 1660, and afterwards. On December 19th, 1688, James II. came to the old city, and remained with Sir Richard Head for a week, at the end of which time he made his ignominious escape to France, by a smack which had been in waiting off Sheerness. It is a little singular that it was in Rochester that Charles II. "came to his own," and from



HORSE GUARDS.

there James II. made his escape from the country. Her Majesty, when Princess Victoria, with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, on their way from Dover, in 1836, were overtaken by a very severe storm and compelled to spend a night at the Bull Inn—now the Royal Victoria and Bull Hotel—a well-known and popular hostel of the old city. David Garrick lived at Rochester in 1737: and in 1742, Hogarth with four friends visited it and played hop-sotch

in the courtyard of the Guild Hall. Dr. Samuel Johnson came here in 1783, and when his visit was ended, "returned to London by water in a common boat, landing at Billingsgate."

The two principal places of interest to the visitor are the Castle and the Cathedral. The first is a conspicuous object, and from the embattled turrets of the keep a grand view is had of the surrounding country. The keep is considered the finest piece of Norman architecture in existence. The Cathedral was founded A.D. 604 by Ethelbert, King of Kent, and its first bishop was ordained by Augustine, the archbishop of the Britons. With the exception of Canterbury, it is the most ancient See in England. It is a grand old structure and full of historic interest. The archæologist and antiquary can find very much in this old city and the country round about to arrest his attention.

But to the lover of Dickens, Rochester and its neighbourhood are places of more than ordinary interest. At Chatham, "my boyhood's home," as he affectionately calls it, where he lived from his fourth to eleventh year, impressions were made which remained through his whole life. Every reader of his works knows how often he turns to his early home, and what bright descriptive touches he gives of numberless places both in and around the old city. At the "Bull Inn" we meet with the immortal Mr. Pickwick and his friends, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Jingle—but we cannot follow them through their various and amusing adventures. It was at the Blue Boar, in "Great Expectations," where Pip was bound apprentice to

Joe Gargery. Many of the scenes recorded in "Edwin Drood" took place in the Cathedral and the gate-houses around it—principally in Gasper's Gate-house, as named in the work. Every reader of Dickens knows that after many years he drifted back to the place he loved so well. Gad's Hill, within three miles of Rochester, was purchased, where he resided until his death (fourteen years). There is a story told that when a little boy he dreamed of one day living in that house, a dream which happily was realized. He was at work on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and the last pages had not been written two hours when he was stricken down, and almost the last words he penned of this fragment were descriptive of the place so dear to him. "A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields—or rather from the one garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the 'Resurrection and the Life.' The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm, and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

Kent from what I have seen of it is a very beautiful county. I have been through it from London to Folkestone and Dover, but all that one can see from the window of a railway coach does not entitle him to give a very strong opinion. However, I am satisfied from what I have seen

and read that what I have said is quite true.' It is celebrated for its great hop-yards and orchards.

" O famous Kent,
 What county hath this isle that can compare with thee !
 That hath within thyself as much as thou canst wish ;
 Thy rabbits, venison, fruits, thy sorts of fowl and fish ;
 As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood,
 Nor anything doth want that anywhere is good."

-- *Polydorian*.

And now I am nearly done. The last night I shall spend in London at this time, and it may be for aye, has closed in upon me, and in the morning I shall take my departure from the great city, through whose streets I have been hurrying from one point of interest to another, day after day, peering into places familiar to me by name long years before I had the gratification of a real inspection. If I were to say that I had not enjoyed these tramps through streets and lanes, whose houses are as thickly encrusted with traditions, anecdote and historical incident as an old ship is with barnacles, I should say what is not true. But I can say with equal truthfulness that I am not satisfied. The vague dreams of many a year have been more than realized, but until we have threaded its labyrinth of streets for days, it is impossible to form any idea of its extent, and even then its vastness confuses the mind. The principal objects in most cities can be visited with some degree of comfort, and even satisfaction, in a comparatively short time. Not so with London: the many treasures it contains lie in countless depths, hidden away as it were, and must be sought after, if your curiosity

prompts you to find them, often in the most unlikely places. These objects of interest, too, are widespread, and require both time to reach them and time to properly inspect them when they are reached. There are scores of places in London where weeks would not suffice for a satisfactory examination of their contents, and to be forced to run through them is simply aggravating; and though there is



HOLBORN VIADUCT.

gratification in being able to say to your friends, "I have been there," yet there is a reservation, and you do not care to be questioned too closely as to details.

There is no doubt that in order to appreciate London to any considerable extent, one must be familiar with its history; and not only that, but the history of England. There are few, if any, of the great men who have lived in Britain, but what are in some way connected with London,

and as you walk the streets, their names are constantly recurring; and thus events with which their names are connected, that have long since taken their place on the page of history, are continually being unfolded to you. In fact, as you progress, every brick seems to have a story to tell. The very stones on the streets invite you to pause and hearken to their tales of royal processions. They will tell you, perhaps, how Richard II. looked dressed in his parti-coloured robes jingling with golden bells, as he rode to Old St. Paul's; or what a glad day it was when Queen Elizabeth, beruffled and befarthingaled, rumbled along in her plumed coach, on her way to St. Paul's to thank God that He had scattered and shattered the Spanish Armada; or later, how William of Orange and Queen Anne both in turn clattered over them on their way to return thanks for victories over the French.

Turning from these you may dive into some lane, where odd gables stare at you through their dirty, dusty windows like old crones in spectacles, presenting anything but an inviting appearance; yet if you will pause and question them, they may tell you curious stories about Caxton, the veteran printer, or his successors, who published for Wm. Shakespeare, the play-writer, and cautiously speculated in Milton's great epic, "that great production of a sorry age." Passing on, another tells you that Izaak Walton, honest man and patient angler, used to sit up there and watch the passers-by. Another tells you that here barometers were first sold: and so you may go on from one week's end to another, like a butterfly from flower to flower, in the widening circle of interesting places and sights.

“ Varied as the colours in a kaleidoscope are the figures that will meet us in these perambulations: mutable as an opal are the feelings they arouse. To the man of facts, they furnish facts: to the man of imagination, quick changing fancies; to the man of science, curious memoranda; to the historian, brightly worded details, that vivify old pictures now often dim in tone; to the man of the world, traits of manners; to the general thinker, aspects of feelings and of passions which expand the knowledge of human nature—for all these many coloured stones are joined by the one golden string of London’s history.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY AT WINDSOR.

QUIETLY seated after breakfast in the reading-room of my hotel, looking over letters that had just come to hand by the last steamer from home, and occupied with thoughts that carried me many a broad league away from the busy city, my musings were suddenly interrupted by a gentleman from Toronto with whom I had become acquainted crossing the Atlantic, who hastily approached me and asked if I felt disposed to take a run out to Windsor and see the grand display that was to come off there in the afternoon. As we Canadians have not many opportunities of seeing royalty air itself, here was a temptation presented of too enticing a nature to be withstood by an ordinary mortal of the Canadian sort : and so, turning at once to my tempter, I said, "Certainly ; when shall we leave ?"

"Immediately," my friend replied. "We have no time to spare ; and, what is more, we shall have to look sharp to get the train."

Thrusting the letters into my pocket, I seized my hat and umbrella—for I had learned the importance and comfort of always having the latter article about me in a country where the clouds are so dreadfully leaky that they are sure to spill moisture on you if they are anywhere to

be seen; and there are not many days in the year, I think, that they do not roll over that grand old island, dropping their fatness on plant and beast, on saint and sinner alike.

It is a remarkable sight to stand in any of the principal railway stations in London, from whence trains are departing almost every hour, and note the rush and push, the anxious expression marking every face, and the eagerness with which the multitudes press on and into the coaches of departing trains.

We are off, and soon begin to emerge from the smoke and bustle of the great city. Here and there a tasteful garden or well-trimmed lawn appears, and is lost. Now a park opens to our view, studded with noble old trees whose giant limbs stretch far over the velvet sward, and whose leaves hang lazily in the summer air. Now a stately mansion embowered in wood and flowers; then beautiful green fields bespangled with buttercups and daisies. On we fly past Wandsworth, and now leave Putney, the birthplace of Gibbon, behind. On we dash into the open country, past well-kept hedges decked with wild rose and honeysuckle. Here and there we catch a glimpse of a quiet road winding its way through overhanging trees, or a brooklet dancing out from under the arches of a time-worn bridge. The chestnut and hawthorn, in massive bloom, perfume the air. There the gentle ivy festoons a cot with wreaths of green, and yonder hides, as with a mantle of charity, the cracks and seams of hoary walls with its velvet leaves. It is delightful even to gaze from the window of a flying train upon the charming landscapes that rapidly burst upon the

vision like dreams from fairyland, and then as rapidly disappear. Now we dash across the winding Thames at Richmond, where dwelt Walpole, Thomson and Pope. There is Twickenham, and Staines, and Datchet, nestling in charming meadows, recalling to our mind the amorous Falstaff in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." But the shrill whistle of the engine pierces our ear. The train stops. The guards rush past, wrenching open the doors of the coaches, shouting, "Windsor!"

We step out on the platform, and there before us rise the venerable walls of Windsor Castle. "It is a fair sight to see. Right regally does it crown the summit of the beautiful hill. Proudly its towers and turrets stand out against the blue sky. Peacefully floats the royal standard over dome and battlement. What stirring scenes it brings to mind! What grand pageants in the days of old! How the world has changed since William the Conqueror first built his hunting-lodge in these wild woods, and since he laid the foundation of that grand old donjon, from the top of which is unfurled to-day the same noble flag that flaunted in the breeze high above its battlements eight hundred years ago! The sons of William contributed their share to its enlargement. All the Henrys, Edwards, Jameses, Charleses and Georges added their contingents, as did the Hebrews under Nehemiah to the walls and towers of Jerusalem. Here kings and queens were born, married and buried. Hence the royal histories of the British Empire radiate, and hither they converge. The luminous haze of centuries of romance and legendary chivalry haloes this high place of kingdom



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE THAMES.

and knighthood. The outside face of its walls registers the rising tide of English civilization through a score of ages, the slow transformation of religious and political institutions, the gradual upgrowth of the British Constitution, and the rights and recognitions it brought in with it at different stages of its development. Here lived James II., and Charles I., and Cromwell, not divided from each other by long intervals of time, but sundered like the poles in ideas that have shaken the world in their struggle for the mastery. It is a wonderful, grand junction-station of the ages past and present, a castellated palace of the illustrious living and the illustrious dead."

However agreeable it would be to linger around this grand old castleburg, we must turn away from it, and join the vast multitudes that are surging into the park. Thousands upon thousands of people of all ranks and conditions are pressing their way on foot, other thousands are hurrying on to the same point in all kinds of vehicles, from the humble cart to the stately carriage and four. The tide of human beings, perhaps at its ebb when we reached the town, had been flowing into the park since early in the morning. Trains of immense length had been coming, and still continued to come, from all parts of the country, crowded with eager and expectant multitudes, who at once hurried away to get favourable positions for seeing. Our chance at this late hour did not seem to us at all propitious; however, there was some comfort in knowing that there were thousands no better off than we were, so we took heart and pressed on through the thickening mass of humanity.

Gaining, in the first place, a position slightly elevated, we secured for ourselves probably as good a view of this magnificent old park as could be had. I wish I were able to convey an adequate conception of the splendid scene spread out before us. The extensive lawns, the broad and far-reaching avenues, the magnificent trees rising in ramparts of deep foliage, embracing in themselves all that is beautiful in landscape, and presenting to the beholder one of the fairest pictures of nature the eye can look upon.

“ Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
Not chaos-like, together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused ;
When order in variety we see,
And when, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day :
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
Then, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
Then, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert faithful fields arise,
That crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.”

But when you fill in this picture with more than a hundred thousand people, you have a combination beyond the ken of the painter's brush. Not that the vast multitude adds to the beauty of the place, or renders it more attractive. It requires no such adjuncts to increase its charms ; they diminish rather than add to them. Extensive as the

grounds are, the masses are too dense and too widespread to adorn; and, therefore, in order to appreciate the first, we must take it by itself—the interest excited by the immense concourse of people is of another character, and to this we turn. All along one side of the great lawn or square, as far as the eye can reach, a sea of human heads crowd up to the barriers in the form of a semi-circle,



EAST TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

many of whom have been standing along the line since early in the morning.

Leaving our position, we worked our way slowly, and with much difficulty, towards the saluting point—indicated by two tall flagstaffs, from one of which floated the royal standard of Britain, and from the other the royal standard of Persia. From this point, extending both ways, there were a number of stands to accommodate the household

of Her Majesty—the *suite* of the Shah, foreign ministers, Lords and Commons, and other favoured personages. The crush here for a time was very great, and the pressure we were forced to submit to, seemed sometimes almost beyond our powers of endurance.

Owing, however, to the long delay in the arrival of Her Majesty and the Shah (who were to have been on the ground at three, but did not arrive till after five), a great many left, hoping, no doubt, to do better for themselves. Holding on to our footing and advancing whenever an opportunity offered, we succeeded in working our way to a point where we concluded to remain, as we should get from it perhaps as good a view of the field as could be had. A bit of good fortune now fell in our way, a reward, no doubt, for our perseverance. Close by was a carriage, the driver's seat of which was unoccupied. With more eagerness than good manners, perhaps, we introduced ourselves to the proprietor, and made known our request, to which he very good-naturedly consented. The advantages of this arrangement to us, however "cheeky" it may seem to have been, were twofold. In the first place, being somewhat weary, it was much more comfortable to be seated than standing on tiptoe in an uneasy crowd; and, in the second place, it elevated us so that we could see with comparative ease over the heads of those in front.

While we are waiting for the coming of the Queen and her cortège, we may amuse ourselves by watching the movements of the immense concourse of people that stretches away to the right and to the left as far as the

eye can see. To me it was a wonderful sight. I had often been in crowds before, both in Canada and the United States, but they were but as a drop in a bucket in comparison to this. Another thing that struck me was the good-nature that seemed to predominate, and the universal respectability in appearance and deportment. It was a grand gala day, and the people had come there to do it honour.



LONG WALK, WINDSOR CASTLE, LOOKING NORTH.

A few days before I had witnessed the entry of the Shah of Persia into London, a sight I shall not soon forget. I had been spending most of the day with a friend in Westminster Abbey. About the time the Shah was expected to arrive, we set off for "The Mall." Passing across the Parade to St. James' Park, a scene opened up before us such as I had never beheld before and never may again.

As far as I could see, and beyond Buckingham Palace, both sides of the broad avenue were densely packed with living beings. Rich and poor, high and low, gentlemen and beggars, tradesmen and artisans, thief and profligate, elbowing one another, and all intent on the same object. As we pushed our way along the outer edge of the dense mass, up and down, we could see that the impatient crowd pressed hard upon the guards, who were drawn up in line on both sides of the approach, to keep the way clear for the Persian King and his cortège to pass. Here were sellers of pies and cakes, of bouquets and matches, speculators in stands of all sorts—boards, chairs, anything in fact that would give an elevation of a foot or two above the ordinary height of a man. The competition was keen and amusing. The slang terms used by the vendors fell strangely on the ear of the uninitiated. Prices ranged from sixpence to two "bobs." Every now and then such contrivances would come down with a crash, creating confusion in the crowd and chagrin to the luckless investor. We were much amused with a portly, fussy, short old gent who, after much banter, secured a "cheer" for one bob. Getting it into position at once, and seeming highly pleased with himself, he mounted the "cheer" with a huge blue umbrella under his arm, and awaited complacently the coming of the Shah. A cry of "There he comes!" caused the crowd to sway and put the old man and his chair to a disadvantage. It was all right so long as the weight fell perpendicularly, but when the equilibrium was disturbed, down came the old man with a crash. He fumed and



LONG WALK, WINDSOR CASTLE, LOOKING SOUTH.

sputtered, the crowd laughed and jeered, and there we leave them.

The difference between the two gatherings is very marked. The London garnishings are happily wanting, and for the heavy murky atmosphere of the great city we have the clear, pure air of the country.

A little after five, the Scots Greys, who formed the van of the royal procession, debouched from the trees, the staff and the grey horses of the Queen's carriages could be seen, and now the murmur took wing and rolled on through the vast multitude, "They come!" Steadily the procession made its way across the green to the right of the line, the artillery on the left flank firing a royal salute. The smoke swept away over the trees, and, making a wide sweep over the lawn, the procession came on towards the saluting point. The boom of the guns had scarcely died away when a hundred thousand voices broke forth in patriotic chorus, and a hundred thousand hands, moved by love of Queen and country, waved and clapped with wild delight. It would be impossible for Canadian blood to witness such an ovation without imbibing its spirit; impossible to hear the roar of human voices swelling and rending the air without joining in the shout; impossible to look over the swaying sea of men and women waving hats and clapping hands without cutting circles in British air with a Canadian "tile"—utterly impossible; and we did it, too, with a will, because our heart was in it.

The Queen's carriage paused between the flagstaffs. The Shah, who rode a white Arab, took up his position on the

side of the Queen's carriage nearest the troops. Her Majesty was dressed in black ; at her side was seated the Princess of Wales. The Shah, a thin man, with dark features and prominent nose, wore a blue riband across his breast ; a large gold saddle-cloth and large silver stirrups were conspicuous, while brilliants and precious stones glittered on bit and bridle of his Arab horse. The Czarewitch wore



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, SOUTH FRONT.

a Russian cavalry uniform, and the Prince of Wales his uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. Besides these, there were stars and ribands and decorations without number. Her Majesty having received the royal salute from the whole of the troops, who presented arms while the bands played the National Anthem and the colours were lowered, the Royal party now made for the right of the line to begin the inspection, the Duke of Cambridge

having handed the field-state to Her Majesty. While the carriages of the Queen and Princesses passed along the line, the bands played the "Persian March." They now returned to the saluting point, and the march past began at once.

The Royal Artillery first moved by, with their fine bays, in noble style; then the Household Cavalry, with their powerful horses, the splendidly dressed and stalwart horse-men, passed on with measured pace. The mounted bands were massed in the usual place, and gave time to the pacing horses with sweet and monotonous music. The sun, which had been obscured by clouds, now looked out cheerfully upon the brilliant array. The scene was gay and beautiful—first of all with the natural charm of the landscape and also with the cavalry of various uniforms moving on against the trees on the far right of the saluting point, and on the far left with the solid advance of the infantry. After this followed other military manoeuvres, which I shall not attempt to describe.

There were but seven thousand men on the field, and as a gallant show of a small force of picked soldiers of various arms, the parade was perfect. Every man and horse upon the ground was a thoroughly taught and drilled unit, turned out in perfect order. The scene was not wanting in any accessory which could give it dignity and beauty. Its elements were an historic and lively landscape, sovereigns, princes, princesses of various royal families, a crowd of nobles, a great gathering of English gentlemen and ladies, and a greater gathering of those who are not free to all



HIGH STREET, WINDSOR.

drawing-rooms, but in whom lies the strength of the English nation.

When all was over the Shah took from his Grand Vizier a curved Persian sword, with a golden hilt and a scabbard of purple velvet, and presented it, with much grace and some duly interpreted sentences, to the Duke of Cambridge. When the Duke had thanked the Shah, he immediately handed the sword to the Queen in her carriage; and after the Queen had done admiring it, it became an object of much notice and curiosity among the princes and princesses.

Hoping to get a still closer view of Her Majesty, my friend and I left our seat and hurried away in the direction of the castle. The immense mass of people, who had remained comparatively quiet for so long a time, now began to move, and soon the great lawn, which had been reserved for the manœuvring of the troops, was swept over by an eager multitude who pressed onward to get, if possible, a nearer look at the Shah, for to most of the English people he was the principal centre of attraction. Passing on in advance of the great crowd, we reached what seemed to us a favourable point, and took up our position on the edge of the carriage track which leads through the main avenue to the gates or entrance to the castle. We did not wait long before the royal carriages came in sight. They were moving slowly onwards, and in a few moments passed us. Our success was complete. We could not have desired a better glance at our noble Queen and those who accompanied her, than we got. The expression of the face seemed to indicate pleasure and gratification, and we thought she had good

reason to feel pleased with the result of the brilliant affair which had just terminated. Next came the Shah on his milk-white charger, a beautiful creature, that seemed proud of the burden it bore, and which won our admiration as it moved on with the cavalcade, gently curvetting and prancing. After the Shah came his attendants, among whom was one who bore a silver stove in which was a fire to heat the golden teapot, which another attendant had charge of, or to light the mixture used by the Shah when he smokes a pipe.

All was now over. The grand pageant moved on through the gates of the castle and disappeared. Hurrying away as fast as possible to the station, and thinking ourselves fortunate to get a place to stand in the guard's van, we are soon moving on towards the city, which is reached in due course. At nine we are seated in our hotel, highly pleased with our day at Windsor.



ON THE THAMES, HAMPTON COURT.

CHAPTER IX.

A DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

I HAD been tramping about London all day, and did not get back to my hotel until about half-past nine. I was very tired, and gladly took possession of a large leather-backed chair, where a considerable time was passed in looking over the columns of recent London papers and resting my aching legs. When ready to retire I called John, the steward, and said: "John, I want my breakfast at 7.30 sharp." "Yes, sir; what shall I horder?" "Well, let me see; a steak—and let it be nicely done, John—fried potatoes, toast and coffee." "Yes, sir." "And a hot roll and a couple of boiled eggs, John." "Anythink else, sir?" "No, I guess that will do;" and I trudged away through intricate passages and up winding stairs, that seemed very much like climbing a good-sized corkscrew, to my room, when sleep soon relieved me of all anxiety about breakfast or anything else.

In the morning I was a few minutes ahead, but the table was spread promptly on time, and I had just broken my fast over the above, and was leaving the room, when my old friend J— B— met me and said: "Well, are you ready for a tramp this morning?" "Yes," I replied; "where shall we go?" "I don't care much where," said he; and so, discussing what we should do, we passed out of Bow Lane into

Cheapside, just as Bow Bells were chiming eight. This great thoroughfare was already swarming with life. People of all conditions and of every clime were rushing to and fro. Vehicles of every description freighted with merchandise and humanity were rumbling along. Everybody and everything but our precious selves seemed to have something on hand. We turned our steps in the direction of Ludgate Hill, and were strolling along without any definite object in view, when my friend said to me: "What do you say to a run out to Hampton Court?" "All right," I answered; and so we hailed the first passing hansom, jumped in, and were soon rattling along Fleet Street, the Strand, past Somerset House, over the noble Waterloo Bridge, and into the large and busy Waterloo Station. Our tickets secured, we at once take our seats in the coach, and are soon moving out and away from the confusion and smoke of the city—exchanging narrow, crowded streets, and endless rows of grim-looking buildings for the open country with its clear, pure air, green fields and waving trees,

" Where hedgerows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forest intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between."

A ride of twelve miles by rail from the station brings us to Hampton Court Station. About half way we pass Wimbledon, well known by name on this side of the water—where the great shooting matches take place every season, and where, I am proud to say, our Canadian marksmen have competed creditably with the crack shots of the Mother-land.

Our approach is by the south side of the Thames, and as we draw near the famous old Court, which stands on the north bank of the river, we are not so much struck with the beauty of its position, as we are by the extent of ground it covers, the massive trees and foliage that surround it, and the peaceful repose which seems to enshrine it.

The Thames here, whose pure, clear waters curve around the palace and its beautiful grounds, is not the Thames of London. There it is the receptacle of all manner of filth, and looks more like a huge stream of liquefied mud than aught else. Here it glides along quietly by green meadows and under overhanging trees, and gently woos one to linger on its banks. There it skirts dirty old walls and dispenses all sorts of abominable smells, from which one is glad to fly. It is, indeed, like the great city which crowds its banks—never at rest. The ebbing and flowing tide keeps it forever dirty, and if that were not enough, the wheels of hundreds of steamers continually thresh its bosom, and thousands of boatmen tug hither and thither, giving it no rest either by day or by night. At the Court it is bright and sparkling, and glides along peacefully. Scores of small boats, crowded with youth and beauty, are borne quietly along with its current, or are pulled up against it by fair ladies, or more muscular arms.

It will not answer our purpose now to tarry longer to admire it—charming and delightful beyond description as the scene is which unfolds itself to us on this beautiful June morning. We will cross the bridge. Let us pause a

moment, however, now that we have reached its centre, and take a look up and down the river. This is said to be one of the fairest sights in England, and I am sure those who have seen it will admit that it is not unworthy the glowing descriptions it has received at the hand of poet and painter. Gladly would we have lingered, but there were many other things to see. The morning was passing



HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE.

and so we moved on, and in a short space of time entered the grand old historic palace.

But before we proceed farther it may be well to state, what everyone knows, I presume, that the palace of Hampton Court was built by Cardinal Wolsey, when in the zenith of his power; that it was subsequently presented to King Henry VIII., with a hope, no doubt, that such a princely gift would appease the extravagant

and jealous monarch, and turn his attention from the oppressive doings of his crafty and enormously wealthy cardinal.

When William III. made it his home, he not only changed much of the original palace, but also had large additions made to it, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren. We shall have more to say further on about the originator of this grand abode, and the kings and queens who have made it their home.

Our approach is from the west, and the long low buildings we are now passing are the barracks, occupied by the soldiers. Passing under a large arch in which are sentries, we enter a spacious quadrangle, around which are apartments also used by the force stationed here. Crossing this we enter another arched passage, where are the steps which lead to the great hall. Let us ascend these broad stone steps, that many a royal foot has trod in by-gone days, and enter the magnificent old room, which was designed by Wolsey and finished by Henry VIII., when Anne Boleyn was his queen.

Canadians whose grandfathers were the first settlers in Ontario a little over a century ago, may not care to hunt up the cabins in which their ancestors began the world. The heroism that overcame poverty, subdued the dense forest, and laid the foundation of our grand and prosperous country, has but little of the romantic about it, and if we ever take backward glances, it is through an inverted mental telescope, which places our small beginnings at a very remote distance. If the same process



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, SOUTH FRONT.

would only magnify the log-cabin of our ancestry into feudal towers or frowning castles, and the axes with which they felled the opposing forest into battle-axes that had cleaved the skulls of men in bloody forays; or transform their severe, obscure and unpoetic struggles to keep soul and body together into the more poetical, marauding life of a moss-trooper or belted robber, who thrived by feuds and raids on the flocks and kine of their weaker neighbours, and who in these days would find an inglorious end either on the gallows or in the penitentiary, we might not object, nay, we might even take delight in tracing our pedigree back. The glamour of remote time and title, of tower and castle, is more potent in these days of flash and sham than honest worth. Our aspirations for noble lineage can reach no farther than the sturdy and loyal settler of the U. E. list, and our longest look cannot reach much beyond the verge of a century. And so the past of a Canadian, when he comes to tread the storied halls of court or castle in the old land, is lost, and he may be excused if he feels somewhat taken aback on entering a place like this, built about twenty-five years after Columbus had discovered America, and long before Canada was known even by name.

Our guide-book tells us that the room is 160 x 40 feet, that the roof or ceiling is sixty feet high. The style of the architecture is Gothic, and the wooden roof is richly carved and decorated with the arms and cognizances of Henry VIII. On the south side the oriel window of beautiful stained glass bears the devices of the King, Jane Seymour, and of

the several bishoprics held by Wolsey. The other windows exhibit the armorial pedigrees of the six wives of this blue-beard king. The walls are hung with tapestry, but these costly hangings, which gave exercise to the taste and skill of many a fair hand, are becoming dim with dust and age. The designs of the tapestries are said to have been furnished by some German or Flemish artist, and represent



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, WEST FRONT.

events in the life of Abraham. On one of a much earlier date there is a representation of Justice and Mercy pleading before judges. The room, with its decorations, mail-clad figures, ancient arms and banners, carvings, and richly-coloured glass, through which the subdued light falls on the interior, produces a very pleasing effect. These, with the recollection of the scenes that have transpired here, impress the mind with visions of royalty, and though its

actual presence is wanting, yet we cannot forget that we tread where the kings and queens of England have come and gone for generations.

Let us leave this for the present, and pass through the next quadrangle, known as the Clock Court. The terra cotta busts that are to be seen in the towers were sent from Rome by Pope Leo X. to Cardinal Wolsey, and represent the Roman emperors.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, CLOCK TOWER.

We will now ascend the grand staircase that leads to the State apartments. But we must pause to look at the allegorical devices painted by Verrio as a compliment to William and Mary. The painter, in his illustrations, has almost exhausted heathen mythology, and while many of the figures are not ethereal either in character or position, yet here and there the eye catches shapes of exquisite grace, or faces of sweetest loveliness. The lower panels are

ornamented with paintings of military trophies, and above them are the twelve Cæsars ; while before you Julian the Apostate is writing in a modern book, and Mercury appearing to encourage him in his labours. From this we proceed through the Grand Chamber, with its walls fancifully decorated with various kinds of weapons and large pictures of famous battles, into the King's first presence chamber. This room, and nearly a score of others which we shall not pause to name, contain, it is stated, one thousand pictures—more, Elihu Burritt says, than New York City could muster if it should put all its public and private collections in one gallery.

The whole place is full of paintings. Many of them are worthy of all the fame of their great originators, and many others are of less artistic worth ; but they all possess more or less historical value, which makes one glad to meet even the worst of them here, and anxious to restore the name of some and recall the history of others. We find in these rooms specimens of art from the earliest days of its European revival down to the present century, and the opportunity of studying varieties of style and merit here contrasted is not the least of the benefits afforded to the public.

The lover of art will find in these spacious apartments as he passes from one to the other, works by many of the most celebrated old masters, whose brushes have limned in canvas scenes and faces that have long since become historic, and whose works nations are proud to possess. It would be tiresome even to mention the names of the great painters whose works adorn the walls, and it would be impossible

to give a description of a collection of a thousand pictures, any one of which might form a study.

It was certainly a generous act on the part of the Government to throw open these historic premises to the public free of expense. Here may come the poor as well as the rich, and wander over the place from morning to night. There is no distinction made, and thousands of the working classes avail themselves of the privilege. Here will be found every summer's day hundreds of poor people, well dressed, clean, and jocund from a sense of freedom from the wear and tear of their city trades and domestic cares, treading walks laid down only for royal feet, and listening to the lapse of waters intended only for the ears of greatness. All day long the rooms are crowded with men and women intent on the works of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Lely, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Reubens, and many other masters of the sublime and beautiful, pausing to admire forms of power and grace and loveliness.

After this suite of rooms we pass through a number of smaller ones and enter the private dining-room, in which are the state beds used by William and Mary, and the bed used by George II. when residing here; and from this into the gallery where are hung the celebrated cartoons of Raphael. The gallery was built expressly to receive these great works, which are known all over the world by the numerous engravings that have been made of them.

Weeks could be pleasantly passed here in studying a collection gathered from the easels of the most famous painters in every country in Europe. Here, too, we have

handed down to us the first men and women of England for more than three centuries. There is not a face or head in the whole collection that we might not pause and study. Kings, and queens, statesmen and warriors, men of science and literature, courtiers and court beauties look down upon you in every room, and bring to mind scenes in the far-off past in which they have figured.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

It is some time now since we made our entrée at the west side of the palace. Since then we have been slowly passing from room to room, looking at tapestries, admiring pictures, scanning works of art, and among them the not less beautiful and wonderful carvings of Gibbons. We have passed through rooms where kings and queens have held grand receptions; where they have lived, and slept, and died. We, in a few short hours, have been living over

volumes of English history, and that, too, at its turning-point. When Wolsey fell, the papal power in England fell with him. It is true that martyrdom and bloodshed followed, and that Protestantism had to fight its way against foes within and without, but a hand had written on the palace wall, as it did at Belshazzar's feast, "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN"; and ere long England emerged from the gross superstition and tyranny of popery, and became the champion of religious liberty.

Let us now pass out at the door on the east side of the palace and have a ramble through the spacious grounds. They were laid out by Loudon and Wise, gardeners to William III. A broad walk passes the front (that portion built by Wren and known as the east front) leading in one direction to the Flower-pot Gates on the Kingston Road, and in the other to the banks of the Thames. Greenswards and broad walks, laid out with mathematical regularity, and edged by venerable masses of yew, holly, horse-chestnut, elms, etc., stretch away in various directions over the perfectly level ground.

Passing along the smooth walks we come to the fountain in the large circular basin, which is rendered more attractive by the gold and silver fish it contains. Visitors take great delight in feeding them with crumbs, and are amused with the eagerness with which they dash after the tiny bits that are cast on the water. We next come to the canal, which can be seen from the palace windows, and is said to have been placed there to gratify the King's love for such familiar scenes, and to remind him of his dear

native Holland. It is about three-quarters of a mile long, and is well stocked with fish. They will show themselves if whistled for, and will rush after bits of cracker with as much eagerness as their smaller brethren of the basin.

Turning away from this we pass on in the direction of Bushy Park and loiter under the shade of spreading trees, or rest on the rustic seats that are placed under them, and



LONG CANAL, HAMPTON COURT.

watch the graceful swans moving noiselessly over the placid water. Hundreds of people are scattered here and there through the great park. Children are romping and rolling on the soft grass, and youthful couples saunter away arm in arm into silent and less frequented paths. It is a pleasing sight, and one cannot help thinking as he looks upon the happy faces that meet him at every turn, how much more real pleasure is now had in these grounds in one day than

had been enjoyed in a twelvemonth when it was only the resort of kings and nobles, and the scene of most costly masques and banquets.

Now that we are near the great gates, let us pass through them and have a saunter in Bushy Park. The two parks are divided by the Kingston Road. Bushy is laid out with a fine sheet of water, in the centre of which



DIANA FOUNTAIN, BUSHY PARK, HAMPTON COURT.

is a bronze statue of Diana. Rows of magnificent horse-chestnut trees skirt the public road, which runs through Teddington and Twickenham. There is a house in the park in which William IV. lived thirty-six years, and where his widow, the Queen-dowager, resided long after his death. The great beauty of the place lies in the magnificent trees, their firm, massive piles of foliage, their wide sweeping boughs, and the length of the avenues. It is

enlivened by herds of deer. Cattle browse peacefully in the shade, and scores of picnic parties, who have come down from London, bent on a day of pleasure, are scattered through the grounds. Such a scene may well turn one's thoughts far away from prince and city.

But let us return to the palace garden. Taking our way along the great terrace walk which leads past William



CHESTNUT AVENUE, BUSHY PARK, HAMPTON COURT.

III.'s front of the palace, we come to a gate that pierces the high wall on our right, which shuts out that part of the grounds known as the Wilderness. Walks wind through it in every direction, overshadowed by trees of lofty and noble growth. Flowers that love the shade appear in pleasing irregularity, and delight the eye of the loiterer at every turn. But these retiring lovers of the repose and

shadow of the wood are not left to "bloom and blush unseen," for this is a favourite trysting-place for lovers of another sort. Nor do the youthful alone seek the repose and quiet of this charming wood. Here and there you will catch a glimpse of an aged matron who has sought the shade, whose vigour of limb and elasticity of step is no longer equal to the task of protracted rambles through noble parks and stately apartments however inviting they may be. Rest and quiet are far more enjoyable to them than walks over velvet lawns or through pictured halls, and while their children in the exuberance of youth, or their children of riper years, are away revelling in the beauties of the place, they tarry here and listen to the song of birds, or recall visions of happy days when they were young and free. And old men are here as well, whose silver locks and trembling limbs tell but too plainly that with them the activities of life have been left behind, and they have "to the margin come," and now

"Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean they must sail so soon."

And while others are straying to and fro, they are content to linger here and watch in thoughtful silence the youthful couples as they pass, dreaming, it may be, of sunny hours in the far-off past, when they were wont to saunter with one they loved.

Leaving the refreshing shadow of the trees, we return to the garden. The large lawns of the most neatly trimmed turf are bounded with rows of evergreen trees, a variegated

holly and a yew alternating. The effect of the different coloured verdure of these trees is fine, and the rich masses of the most beautiful flowers around them, in the borders and detached beds, make a picture of the rarest beauty.

At the south-eastern corner a door leads into Queen Mary's Garden. It is overlooked from the south windows of the palace, and by green terraces at each side. The centre forms a sort of valley between these terraces. Fountains play cheerfully at the lower end, and on the south-west terrace is a fine old pleached walk of elm, called Queen Mary's walk, the trees seeming to have grown into one solid green arch. Orange trees are arranged in front of the palace, some of which were planted in the reign of William. In an inner garden is the greenhouse, containing the celebrated grape vine, the largest, it is believed, in the world. It produces from two to three thousand bunches of grapes, or about fourteen hundred-weight. These are regularly sent to the Queen's table.

Hampton Court is not kept altogether as a show ground, and although we have spent hours in rambling through its apartments, we yet have seen only a small portion of the interior. That part of it which is closed to the public is retained by the Crown as a home for reduced members of noble families, or for those who have done great service to the State and are now poor. The widow of the brave Havelock dwells here, and numbers of other members of notable families whose incomes are too small to keep up with the present requirements of aristocratic display.

Having now seen all that is to be seen in that portion of

the palace open to the public—in a hasty and unsatisfactory manner, it is true—and having made the circuit of the grounds under the oppressive heat of a summer's sun—our curiosity nevertheless kept constantly alive by the beautiful scenes that were ever opening out to us, and the excitement which these afforded stimulating us to renewed exertion—over-taxed nature is beginning to assert her rights. Let us arrange the matter with her, then, by returning to the grand hall, there to forget our fatigue in dreaming of scenes that have been witnessed here and of the royal personages who have figured in them.

It is hardly possible, we think, for anyone at all conversant with English history to visit Hampton Court Palace without having his mind stirred with the recollection of its eventful history. Whether we walk its spacious courts, or look with admiration on the magnificent extent of the palace—a palace which at one time was considered the most splendid structure in Europe, and which Rapier said, “outshined all the king's houses”—wherever we are, we feel the presence of the imperious prelate under whose direction and princely magnificence it rose into existence.

To my mind, after an all-day's ramble through the Court and grounds, the banqueting hall is the central point of interest. This seemed to me the place where the real spirit of all its historic scenes had its abode. The lofty wooden ceilings, discoloured with age; the faded tapestries, telling their melancholy tale of fair hands long since returned to dust; the mouldering banners, speaking of days when men fought for liberty of conscience; the coats of mail, which

had shielded gallant hearts in the bloody field ; the swords and spears that had been wielded by stalwart arms, either in the cause of tyranny or to break its fetters—these, together with the recollection of scenes that have transpired here, all tend to take one's thoughts far away from the present, to open up before him intensely interesting visions of the past, and tempt him, almost irresistibly, to tarry and dwell over this page of English history.

Let us take a seat, then, for a short time on the dais where the great Cardinal and his bluff master have often met. It may be the very seats we are now resting on were occupied by this strangely assorted pair, when the hall has been crowded with nobles and courtiers, when brave knights and fair ladies moved beneath the flashing lights.

“ From gallery gay
Cast on the court a dancing ray ;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing ;
There ladies touched a softer string ;
With long-eared cap and motley vest,
The licensed fool retailed his jest.”

The first person that would naturally arrest our attention in this throng of great personages is the Cardinal. The butcher's son, as he appears to us now, has left far behind him the inequalities of his birth. Perhaps, like many another successful man, he does not care to recall his humble origin, or to be reminded of his early struggles. His ambition so far has been crowned with marvellous success. There is but one more object in the dream of his lofty aspiration. It seems almost within his reach, and when it is grasped the Cardinal will be Pope.

There is something grand in the sweep of Wolsey's ambition. He stands out before us among the greatest of the haughty prelates in those good old catholic days. Emerging from the humble walks of life, he had risen with wonderful rapidity into the most lordly and overgrown magnificence. Monarchs could not equal him in the number of their servants or in the pomp of their State. The great cardinals who had figured on the continent—Ximenes, Richelieu and Mazarin—did not surpass him in political ability and personal ambition, and he far exceeded them all in wealth and the princely splendour in which he lived.

That Wolsey was an overbearing despot cannot be denied even by his most ardent admirers. Hume says that he was "unsatiable in his acquisitions, but still more magnificent in his expenses; of extensive capacity, but still more unbounded enterprise; ambitious of power, but still more desirous of glory; insinuating, engaging, persuasive, and, by times, lofty, elevated, commanding; haughty to his equals, but affable to his dependants; oppressive to the people, but liberal to his friends; more generous than grateful; less moved by injuries than by contempt; he was framed to take the ascendant in every intercourse with others, but exerted this superiority of nature with such ostentation as exposed him to envy, and made everyone willing to recall the original inferiority or rather meanness of his fortune."

Wolsey had reached the summit of his greatness when he built Hampton Court. He was then the actual ruler of Church and State in the kingdom. He was flattered and

sought after by persons in power at home, and by the crowned heads of all Europe. He lived in a style of more than princely grandeur. He gave receptions and entertainments on a scale of royal magnificence that out-vied the gorgeous displays of the orientals, and read to us in these days like tales in "The Arabian Nights." His gilded barges floated on the Thames awaiting either himself or his royal guests—

" Like burnish'd thrones
Burn'd on the water ; the poops were beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them ; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke. and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their stroke."

It was only at the Court that his vast train of servants and attendants, with the nobility and ambassadors who flocked about him, could be fully entertained. His train, we read, consisted of eight hundred servants, of whom many were knights and gentlemen; some even of the nobility put their children into his family as a place of education, and in order to gain them favour with their patron, allowed them to bear office as his servants. Whoever was distinguished by any art or science, paid court to the Cardinal; and none paid court in vain. Literature, which was then in its infancy, found in him a generous patron, and both by his public institutions and private bounty, he gave encouragement to every branch of education. Not content with this munificence, which gained him the approbation of the wise, he strove to dazzle the

eyes of the populace by the splendour of his equipage and furniture, the costly embroidery of his livery and the lustre of his apparel. He was the first clergyman in England that wore silk and gold, not only on his habit, but also on his saddles and the trappings of his horses.

His fast friend and servant, Cavendish, relates scenes of gaiety and revelry enacted within these walls, which we regret we cannot give at length. The Cardinal's house, he says, "was resorted to like a king's house, by noblemen and gentlemen, and such pleasures were here devised for the King's delight as could be invented or imagined. Banquets, set with masquers and mummers, in such costly manner, that it was glorious to behold. These wanted no damsels meet to dance with the masquers, or to garnish the place for the time with variety of other pastimes. There were divers kinds of music, and many choice men and women singers appointed to sing, who had excellent voices." Then follows a description of a banquet given to certain members of the French Court, but we can give only the closing scene: "Then called my lord for a great bowl of gold, filled with hippocras, and putting off his cap, said: 'I drink a health to the King, my sovereign lord, and next unto the King, your master;' and when he had drank a hearty draught, he desired the grand master to pledge him a cup, and so all the lords in order pledged these great princes."

Gorgeous beyond description were the scenes enacted here during the days of Wolsey's prosperity; but his sun was on the wane. The Palace, whose walls were covered

with cloth of gold and silver, and cupboards filled with massive gold-plate, together with his enormous wealth, excited the cupidity of his master. A fair Protestant enemy had got possession of the King's ear, also, and it was not long ere the proud Cardinal was stripped of his possessions and ordered into retirement. We have nothing more pathetic in all our literature than Shakespeare's description of his fall :

“ Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart now open'd. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to rise again.”

The new owner of Hampton Court now passes before us in the person of King Henry VIII., or more familiarly known as “ King Hal,” or the “ Merry Monarch.” Can it be that the royal personage who now starts up before our

vision is the King Henry of our school-day recollection, the implacable tyrant, the blue-beard who chopped off the heads of his wives with as much indifference as his cook decapitated the fowls that were to grace his dinner? The same. But let us recollect, at this point, our merry king had only taken the first step in those scenes which were to cover his name with eternal obloquy. We see him now the most popular king England had ever had. The beauty and vigour of his person, his blooming and ruddy countenance, his lively air, his spirit and activity of demeanour, all tended to endear him to his countrymen. But these were not the only qualifications to favour which he possessed. He was a man of education and highly cultivated tastes. He was a fine musician, a brave soldier, and a keen business man; but terribly obstinate withal, and, as is well known, subsequently became cruel, tyrannous, sensual and extravagant. We are safe in saying, we think, that there was not a man in all his realm who presented such a many-sided character. By most historians he is pictured to us as a cruel tyrant, and by others, notably Mr. Froude, as a man of keen intellect, and, for the times in which he lived and the combination of wonderful events which began to develop themselves during his reign, as a far better man than the world has given him credit for.

At the time of which we speak he had returned from a successful campaign in France; had defeated the Scots at Flodden; had taken part in the grand pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold at Calais; had received from the Pope the title of "Defender of the Faith"; had divorced

his first queen, Catharine of Aragon, and was wedded to the fair Anne Boleyn.

It was on the storied Field of the Cloth of Gold, where the chivalry of England and France had met to vie with each other in grand display and deeds of valour in joust and tourney, that Henry fell under the witching spell of Anne Boleyn, and it was a sad day for all concerned. Wolsey, who had been the chief instrument in bringing about the divorce, met his downfall at the hands of the fair enchantress. Henry from this date gave himself up to the torment of unhallowed passion, and Anne ended her brief career at the block.

Every reader of Shakespeare is familiar with the vivid picture he draws of the heartless and scheming Cardinal, of the false and licentious Henry, of the mock trial, and of the chaste and injured Catharine. She had been a true and faithful queen to him. She entered into his fondness for pomps, pageantries, maskings and diversions of all kinds; accompanied him in his royal progresses; soothed and moderated his violent temper; ever interposed on the side of mercy and justice; exercised in every way a beneficial influence over him, and used all the power she possessed for his own good and that of his people.

“ Like a jewel, hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.”

There were merry times at Hampton Court now in honour of the new queen; banquets, masques, mummeries and gay processions to bring in the yule-log and place it in the wide chimney of the spacious hall on Christmas Eve.

“ The damsel donned her kirtle sheen,
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-men ;
There the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.”

These were the times we are wont to remember as “ the merry days of England,” and many such scenes had Henry taken part in here. Ere long, however, the cruel side of his nature took shape, and spent its fury not only on those whom he had sworn to love, but on all who came in his way. Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More had but lately ended their days at the block, and now the headsman's axe must needs smite the fair neck of Queen Anne, to make room for his new love, Jane Seymour, who becomes his third queen. In due time Queen Jane presents him with an heir, afterwards Edward VI., and then in a few days after—happily for her, we cannot but think—dies. The funeral ceremonies are hardly over before the disconsolate widower begins to cast his eyes about in quest of another consort on whom to lavish his affection, and Anne of Cleves presents herself to his longing heart. Anne—unfortunately for herself under the circumstances, perhaps—was neither beautiful in person nor attractive in manner, nor did she possess those qualities of

mind which, without personal attractions, sometimes win the hearts of men; and from what we know of Henry, we may well believe that he fully appreciated the charms that beauty of person and culture of mind could bestow on woman. But love goes where it is sent, though its current does not always run smoothly. They met to talk over matters, and the royal lover was disgusted with her. Anne possessed another charm, however, almost as potent as beauty. She had a large dower, and this settled the question, as it has done with many a lovesick swain before and since. They were married, and when her generous lord had accomplished his purposes, he sent her home—with her head on her shoulders, it is true (for which she had good reason to be thankful)—a divorced wife. Next the susceptible heart of Henry became enamoured of Lady Catharine Howard, and she is made his queen. But, alas! Catharine proved unfaithful to the vows made to a faithless husband, and she, too, had to bow her head on the block. Then follows his marriage with Lady Catharine Parr, who survived him; but she narrowly escaped the fate she so rashly hazarded, for the warrant for her committal to the Tower was signed, whence she was to be brought forth and burned at the stake for heresy. She, however, became aware of it, and managed to soothe the ferocious tyrant by artful submission to his conceit of his theological wisdom, and by rubbing his ulcerated leg!

We have already said that Edward VI. was born here, and three days after, ere his mother had died, there was a

grand display in the King's chapel. The infant prince is borne in amid a throng of nobles and courtiers, and, with Cranmer and the Duke of Norfolk as godfathers, is baptized. We do not care to dwell over the picture of Henry longer. His person is no longer fair and comely. Dissipation, cruelty and vice have left their marks. The closing scene is at hand. One more act of ferocity: on his death-bed he affixes the seal to the warrant for Norfolk's execution, then dies.

We turn away from the closing scenes of Henry's reign with feelings of relief. But what strange picture is this that now rises before us? Which of the old masters limned on that dark background, with those few feeble rays of light shimmering through the rents in the surrounding gloom, the sombre characters we now see? This is another page in English history which every reader in these days would like to blot out. Just then religious freedom was struggling against vast odds. Henry's veneration for such freedom was of the slightest character possible. But we know that the "Defender of the Faith" would not be subject to any power, whether lay or clerical, and it was this independence of foreign control, and determination to be ruler in his own kingdom, more than anything else, that brought about the rupture with Rome and gave the Protestant religion a foothold that led on to triumph. It is a period in the history of religious freedom that may not inaptly be compared to St. John's vision of the redeemed "which came out of great tribulation."

The royal persons whom we now see here are none other

than Bloody Mary and her consort, Philip II. of Spain. Did the world ever behold such a strange matrimonial alliance as this—the unattractive, cold, narrow-minded, false and enormously cruel bigot Philip, wedded to the ugly, obstinate, violent, cruel, revengeful and tyrannous Mary? It is a rare picture for wedded people of kindly natures and noble purposes to study. Just now this pair of turtle-doves are passing their honeymoon at the court. Their hearts are overflowing with tenderness and generous motives. The Princess Elizabeth had been confined in the Tower, but they have brought her up here and are trying to efface from the mind of their dear sister all recollection of that unjust affair. They have arranged for her pleasure a series of banquets, masques and all sorts of revels. Christmas has come, and they are keeping it with all the royal splendour of Henry, their father. Grand tournaments are given, at one of which two hundred lances are broken. Elizabeth is seated at the royal table with their majesties, next the cloth of state, and, at the removal of the dishes, served with perfumed napkins and plates of confections by the Lord Pagot. And what were the motives underlying all this display that actuated this sweet pair? None other, it is suspected, than to entrap the Princess Elizabeth into some confession or remark which would give them a pretext to send her to the block. What a refreshing spectacle this is in the annals of family affection!

Now Elizabeth appears before us no longer the jealously-watched sister, but the potent Queen; and what a wonderful picture is presented as our thoughts glance along the

succession of stirring events that mark her long and prosperous reign. "The Elizabethan age" is pronounced one of the most brilliant of English history. Recall the grand array of men of genius who then existed; the statesmen, soldiers and scholars that followed in her train, shedding a lustre upon the time which has won the admiration of succeeding ages and achieved for England a place in the world's annals that has never been surpassed, if indeed equalled. Think of the dangers that beset her for many years, both at home and abroad; of the then colossal power of Spain putting forth her strength to stamp out the last spark of the Reformation; of the brave Netherlanders whom she succored with men and money in their sublime struggle for liberty, and which brought upon her own shores the "invincible Armada." See her riding through the camp at Tilbury, cheering her soldiers and calling upon them to be true to their country and religion, offering to lead them herself against the enemy, and assuring them that she would rather perish in battle than survive the ruin and slavery of her people. These are stirring pictures, but we cannot linger over them.

Elizabeth, like her predecessors, called her brilliant court around her here, and the affairs of State were forgotten for the time in gay scenes of revelry. She had many suitors, but all sued in vain. Let us look again at one "gay lothario" who aspires to win her heart and hand. Philip had passed one honeymoon here, and he is looking forward now to spend another. The death of Mary had left a sad void in his susceptible heart, and who could heal the wound so

effectually as the sister? Count de Feria is despatched, and arrives at the court with much show and pomp to sue for her hand. He is received in a manner befitting his station and mission. The wary queen keeps the bait dangling before the eyes of the expectant Count until she has befooled him long enough, and then bids him go back to his jilted master.

Next came James VI. of Scotland and I. of England from his palace of Holyrood, under the shadow of Arthur's Peak, to make this his home. He was attractive in neither person nor manner, and his new subjects soon found that he was unworthy of their respect. The learned George Buchanan, his preceptor, on being reproached with having made him a pedant, answered that it was the best he could make of him. He was a scholar, but his scholarship was tarnished by the most offensive pedantry, and his writings by the grossest superstition. He was a firm believer in witches, and harried and worried to the death every poor witch in his kingdom who was supposed to be in league with the powers of darkness. As a king he was weak, vacillating and cowardly. It was here that this British Solomon called a conference of the bishops and Puritan leaders, in 1604, and talked Latin to them, and when he was asked by the Puritans to grant them liberty to hold their meetings, burst into a fearful rage, saying, "Aye, is it that ye would be at? If you aim at a Scotch presbytery, let me tell you, it agrees as well with monarchy as God and the devil," and closing the conference, he ended his violent harangue with this peroration: "No bishop, no king!"

To which the bishops reply: "Surely His Majesty speaks by the immediate inspiration of God." We presume the other portion of the assembly did not see it just in that light. His queen, Anne of Denmark, died here in 1618.

There was one remarkable event, however, in James' reign that we must not forget, and it atones for many of his failings. It was through his instrumentality that our English Bible was translated and put in its present form. The dedicatory preface of the translators is to be found in every Bible: "To the most high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God," etc.

Now Charles I. has come to visit at Hampton Court. Like Mary and Philip, he and his queen, Henrietta, have come hither to spend their honeymoon, the plague having driven them from London. Nineteen years later they appear before us here again under more menacing circumstances. A far worse plague had broken out, the pestilence of civil dissension. Years of strife and bloodshed follow. The Queen flies to France for safety, and he never sees her again. The gay court becomes a scene of solitude and desolation, and when Charles visits his palace again, it is only to bid it adieu in a short time for the scaffold.

The next scene that arrests our attention is perhaps the most remarkable of all the strange historical pictures that have passed before us. We have reached a period in English history when a break occurs in its long line of kings and queens. It is quite impossible for us now to enter into any description of the events that followed the death of Charles. He paid with his life's blood the debt which

his folly and indifference to the wants of his people had accumulated against him. And now we find Oliver Cromwell here, not only as the lord of Hampton Court, but of the Realm itself. The great Commoner or Lord Protector, as he is styled, has forgotten some of his precepts, and is now living in the regal state of a monarch. It is hardly the place where one would expect to find the man who professed to be sent by the Lord to pull down monarchy with all its vanities and crimes, and to build up liberty in its purity, and restore religion in all its simplicity and power—much less for him who affected to despise the pomps and vanities of this world. No man preached with greater effect to bring about his own ends than did Cromwell, but his preaching and his practice were as wide apart as the two poles. He had beheaded the King (of whom the country was well rid, perhaps), and with him swept away a monarchy which he professed to hate, and notwithstanding all this, we find him actually thinking about ascending the throne himself.

Hume says: "The strokes of his character are as open and strongly marked as the schemes of his conduct were, during the time, dark and impenetrable." Another writer terms him "one of the ablest men, and the most precious hypocrite who ever covered ambitious designs beneath the double cloak of liberty and religion." That his professed hatred to royalty and the proud nobility of his country was a sham, we know from the fact that he aspired to the one and succeeded in allying his line with two of the first nobles in the land. The wedding ceremonies were cele-

brated here. But now another and sadder scene appears. His favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, is dying in this palatial home. Her father is standing at the bedside. She has long marked with deepest pain his devious ways, and now when life is ebbing away she calls upon him to retrace his steps, filled with blood and perfidy, and earnestly seek for repentance. History attests that her dying words stuck fast in his conscience, and left him full of horror and dismay.

Sad as was the picture of Charles wandering for the last time through the saloons of this palace, it is less sad than that presented to us now by Cromwell. Without, the hands of assassins await his life. Within, conscience and the voice of his dying child give him no rest. Peace of mind for him, there is none; it has fled for ever, and now the fiends of a guilty ambition constantly haunt him. He knows that his high position is resting on a foundation that may slip from under him at any moment. The friends he was wont to confide in he can no longer trust; and the giant who had borne with apparent ease the enormous weight of national affairs that had been heaped upon his shoulders, now staggers under the crushing burden, while the terrible monitor, conscience, constantly reminded him that he had not only destroyed a king, but was a traitor to the very cause which he professed to be the sent of God to build up.

A curious side-scene presents itself to us at this point in Cromwell's history. It is a rare picture of those remarkable phases in human nature which have occasionally shown

themselves in the world's history, where friendships have sprung up between individuals as diverse in thought as in all the active scenes of their lives. About the last man in all the world whom we might expect to find at Hampton Court, is George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. But he is here, nevertheless, and is come to read its gruff lord a lecture about his religious persecutions. On this visit, we are told, he meets Cromwell riding in the park, and in his own quaint way says, "I felt a waft of death go forth from him." One can almost as readily imagine the tender feelings of friendship springing up between a wolf and a lamb, as that such a fact should have existed between the stern and unbending warrior and this remarkable man of peace, and yet they were wont to meet often. When this interview was over and they were about to separate, we hear Cromwell saying: "Come again, George, come often, for I feel that if thou and I were often together, we should be nearer together." He desired George to come and see him the next day, but George looked upon him already as a dead man, and true enough, in a few days he had passed away.

At Whitehall, on the 3rd day of September, 1658, the anniversary of his greatest victories, and the day he had long considered propitious to his fortunes, the farmer of Ely, the brewer of Huntingdon, the colonel of the Ironsides, the victor of Naseby, Dunbar and Worcester, the expeller of the Parliament, the regicide, the ruler, the tyrant, closed the most eventful of lives, while storm and tempest raged without, and left his vacant chair to be filled by his eldest son.

If the last scene which has engaged our attention was strange, the one that now appears to us is quite as much so. Cromwell's power had faded like a dream. The republic had collapsed. Monarchy was restored. And now we have Charles the exile, the son of the melancholy monarch, revelling in the midst of the gayest and most profligate court that ever insulted the spirit and the decorum of a too compliant nation. Here is the man who learned no wisdom from adversity, no feeling from the sufferings of his father's friends, nor decency from respect to the sober habits of those who had recalled him voluntarily to the throne of his ancestors. Here he comes, with all the heartless foppery and rampant licentiousness of the French Court pouring like a pestilence in at his heels. The palace is now turned into a brothel, and the astonished nation rewarded for its recall of the Stuarts, by seeing its ancient sobriety laughed to scorn, and its morals corrupted by royal authority. He made the crown he had recovered as contemptible as the poverty he had escaped; accepted bribes from the French king to betray the glory of his country: sold the conquests of Cromwell for a little ready money; was insulted by the pettiest sovereigns without chastisement; saw the Dutch fleet sweep the Channel, and burn the navy of England in the Medway; was the falsest, meanest, merriest of mankind; lived a reprobate and an infidel, and died a Roman Catholic, as "the only religion fit for a gentleman," leaving the degraded throne and outraged nation to his brother James.

The character of James II., who became the next dweller

here, is well known to every reader of English history. The picture his life presents to us is dark, cruel and revolting. He revelled in the butchery of his subjects, and set on that human bloodhound, Chief Justice Jeffries, to perpetrate deeds of cruelty which have shocked the sensibilities of mankind from that day to this. It was impossible, in the nature of things, for a people who had wrung the Magna Charta of England from the reluctant John at Runnymede centuries before, to submit tamely to the sway of such a tyrant. The nation rose against the terrible oppressor, and compelled him to fly his country and seek a home in a foreign land, where his days were spent in vain attempts to regain his kingdom, and where he died, unregretted and despised by all mankind.

The last picture that we shall pause to look at, and that but for a moment, is bright and inviting beside those that have just passed before us. James has fled, and oppressed England is beginning to emerge from a state of anarchy and confusion into times of prosperity and repose. William and Mary have crossed over from Holland and landed at Torbay. Their triumphal march from there to London has been made. They have been crowned, and now they are at Hampton Court, where they propose to dwell, and have already begun those extensive alterations and improvements which bear their name. Every reader of Macaulay must be familiar with the vivid picture he gives of William and Mary. The slender and feeble form of the king; his lofty and ample forehead; his curved nose, which he compares to the beak of an eagle, and with eyes rivalling

those of an eagle in brightness and keenness ; the thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow : the firm and somewhat peevish mouth, and the pale cheeks deeply furrowed by sickness and care ; pensive, severe and solemn in his outward aspect, but indicating in his manner and appearance a capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses and dangers. Then he speaks of the handsome face of Mary ; her majestic port ; her sweet and lively manner ; the stainless purity of her private life ; the munificence of her charities, and the love and veneration with which she was regarded not only by her people, but by her austere husband. That he loved her is evident from the fact that after his death a lock of her hair was found next his heart.

We cannot stay to speak of George I. and George II., who both resided here. Our day of sight-seeing and dreaming is over. We must leave the old Court, with all its stirring memories, and return to the great city. One would like to linger still longer over the scenes that have transpired here, and study the character of the great persons who were the actors in them.

The pictures that present themselves to the mind of the thoughtful visitor are varied and suggestive. We get at a period in English history when freedom of thought and liberty of conscience were struggling hard to break the fetters which bound them, and we get a glimpse, too, of the way in which an overruling and ever-watchful Providence turns the evil passions of men into channels that work out His good and wise purposes. But in this age of work and

bustle, ordinary mortals have not many hours to throw away on dreams. Let us pause a moment, however, on the bridge, and take a parting glance at the charming scene. The sun is sinking rapidly in the west, and his departing rays are lingering around the battlements and towers of the palace. The grand old elms, with their widespreading limbs and massive foliage unmoved by a breath of air, seem awaiting the repose of the summer night. The Thames glides noiselessly under the bridge, and goes on its way round the grounds of the Court; gaily-decked boats, freighted with the young and beautiful, float quietly down the stream. Now we catch a merry laugh, or snatches of a song float on the evening air. It is a fair sight. But hark! there comes the train. Already its shrill whistle pierces our ear. One more glance, and we bid Hampton Court good-night.

CHAPTER X.

WARWICK.

ON a subsequent visit to England, after finishing the work I had on hand, I found that I had a few days to spare, and having a strong desire to see Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, I determined to turn my footsteps in that direction. Referring to my railroad guide, I found there was a train leaving at 9.20 a.m., which by stirring myself I could catch. Calling for my bill and a hansom at the same time, I was soon after rattling away towards Euston Station, where I secured a ticket *en route* for Warwick. We passed through Reading and Oxford, and in due course my autograph graced the guest-book of the Woolsack, an old and very comfortable hostel. The day was sultry, even for July. After refreshing myself outwardly with a bath, I proceeded to satisfy the inner man with some tasteful viands which had been prepared during my ablutions, and then set out to have a look at the interesting old town. It and a number of places in the near vicinity are in great repute with sightseers, and thousands of them find their way here every year; but the principal attraction is the Castle. It was too late in the day to see that, so I walked about the streets. Warwick is a small and picturesque place. It is situated in the central part of

the shire, and is surrounded by a country full of a quiet pastoral beauty. It stands on a sandstone hill shelving down to the River Avon, and has an accredited history of over a thousand years. Saxons, Danes and Romans have all left their traces, and the ancient half-timbered buildings with their gables and projecting stories, which look down upon you as you pass along, impress its



MILL STREET, WARWICK.

antiquity upon you. Many of these were built hundreds of years ago, and as one looks at their aged fronts, the mind is carried back to the days of chivalry and Merry England. Its history is inseparably linked with that of its famous earls, the first of whom was the redoubtable Guy, of King Arthur's time, and son of Seward, a Saxon baron. Tradition says that he exceeded nine feet in height and performed some wonderful feats, among them the

slaying of a green dragon and an enormous dun cow. A rib of this famous animal is shown here, and in shape and size is very much like the one to be seen in St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol. The next most famous of these earls is Richard Nevil, the great Earl of Warwick, known in English history by the title of "The King-maker." He was slain in the battle of Barnet, 1471, which battle he



LEICESTER HOSPITAL AND CHAPEL.

fought against Edward IV., endeavouring to place Henry VI. on the throne from which a few years before he had hurled him.

One of the most interesting buildings in the town is that of the Earl of Leicester Hospital, which is one of the few buildings that escaped the great conflagration of 1694. It is said to be the most perfect specimen of the half-timbered buildings existing in the country. It was incorporated in

1571, and Thomas Cartwright, the celebrated Puritan reformer, was the first master. The front displays a fine gable, having richly carved verge boards, and is emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Lord Leicester's ancestors, his crest and initials (R.L.) and motto, "*Dorit et Loyal*," exactly as they appear on the celebrated alabaster mantel-piece exhibited at the gateway of Kenilworth Castle. In



NILOMETER, IN GARDEN OF LEICESTER HOSPITAL.

the garden behind the hospital, from the terrace of which a beautiful and extensive view is obtained, is a nilometer—one of the pillars which marked the rise of the Nile. This relic of Egyptian art was presented to the hospital by the late Earl of Warwick. It used to stand in the garden of the Castle, but was removed to make way for the celebrated Warwick Vase.

A very interesting portion of the hospital, which I should have mentioned, standing at the west end of High Street, is its chapel. It forms a singular and striking termination, and as it stands out into the street it is one of the first things in connection with the hospital to catch the eye. It is built on a high sandstone rock, and is reached by a broad flight of stairs at the west front of the hospital. The tower is square and rises above the chapel, and was built by Thomas Beauchamp, *temp.* Richard II. Below the chapel is a vaulted passage of great antiquity cut through the rock which forms a natural foundation for the building to rest upon, and through which the street or entrance to the town formerly passed. Below the tower is a richly grained ceiling. This was the western gateway of the once strongly fortified town of Warwick. The hinges on which the ponderous gates once swung are still visible in the walls, and also the perforations for the reception of the massive bars. The interior of the chapel has lately been entirely renovated, a fine timber roof put on and newly fitted with carved oak stalls, and the large east window filled with stained glass. The archway is not now used as a general thoroughfare; the street passes around the side of the chapel. To a modern, it seems rather a strange proceeding to erect a church over the gateway of a fortification, the tower of which formed a kind of pediment or capital to the gateway; but it must be remembered that those were stormy times, when fighting seemed to be the normal condition of man. The worshippers were likely to be frequently disturbed or their chapel knocked down about their ears by hostile guns.

The next place of interest is St. Mary's Church, which stands near the centre of the town. It has a lofty square tower, built on arches and open to the street. The choir is reached by steps, and in the middle of the pavement is the altar-tomb of its builder, Thomas Beauchamp, the stout old warrior of Cressy and Poitiers. Here he lies, carved in stone, in full armour, by the side of his countess, grasping



BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

her hand with his right hand, while his left rests on his sword. But the chief point of interest is the Beauchamp Chapel, on the southern side of the choir or chancel. It is very richly adorned. In the middle is the tomb of the founder, Richard Beauchamp, "the father of courtesy," as the inscription states. His body was brought from Rouen and laid here in a "feir chest made of stone." The Earl's effigy, in full armour, rests on an altar-tomb of Purbeck

marble beneath a hearse of gilded brass—one of the finest monuments of the period to be found in England. There is a monument of Ambrose Dudley, “the good earl,” and a sumptuous tomb of his brother, Robert Dudley, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, to whom we could hardly apply the same epithet. Italian marbles and costly adornments are lavished on this structure.



WARWICK CASTLE.

The following morning I found my way to the Castle. The approach commences with a recently-erected embattled gateway, called the Porter's Lodge, passing through which the visitor enters a fine broad road, deeply cut through the solid rock. The ample branches of foliage provide a canopy above, while beneath, the moss and ivy, creeping in fertile wildness, form a picture at once romantic and pleasing. Proceeding about one hundred yards, a sudden turn in the

road brings us to the outer court—formerly a vineyard, and where, so far back as the time of Henry IV., the rich clusters of grapes are said to have come to considerable perfection—where the great line of fortifications, with the “cloud-capt towers,” breaks suddenly on the sight in all its bold magnificence, seeming, firmly joined as it is to its rocky foundation, to bid defiance to the all-subduing power of time. On the right is the fine polygon tower, dedicated to Earl Guy, having walls ten feet thick and a base of thirty feet in diameter, and rising to a height of 128 feet. On the left is the venerable Cæsar’s Tower, said to be coeval with the Norman Conquest, which, although it has braved the ravages of time and the depredations of man for nearly eight hundred years, still continues as firm as the rock on which it is founded. It is connected with Guy’s Tower by a strong embattled wall, in the centre of which is the ponderous arched gateway, with towers and battlements rising far above the first. These were formerly defended by two portcullises, one of which still remains. Before the whole is a now disused moat, with an arch thrown over the gateway, where formerly was the drawbridge.

Passing the double gateway we enter the inner court, where a scene is presented to the view which excites feelings of admiration. The spacious area of the Court is clothed by a carpet of rich greensward. On the left stands the grand irregular castellated mansion of the feudal barons of Warwick. Uninjured by time, it still retains that bold, irregular outline so peculiar to the ancient



ENTRANCE GATE TO WARWICK CASTLE.

castellated style. On the left, also, is Cæsar's Tower. In the front is the Mount, or Keep, clothed from its base to its summit with trees and shrubs. The top of the mount is crowned with towers and battlements, in the centre of which is a gateway closed by an iron grating. The light breaking through this relieves the heaviness of the battlements and produces a charming effect. On the right appear two unfinished towers, one of which is the Bear Tower, begun by Richard III., and at the extreme termination is the lofty and commanding Guy's Tower—the whole range being joined by ramparts and embattled walls of amazing thickness. Open flights of steps and broad walks on the top of the walls form a means of communication through the whole of the fortress. The scene is grand, and so perfect the fascination that it would be difficult to say what might be added that would improve, or what might be taken away that would not injure, the effect of the whole.

Visitors are admitted by tickets, which are procured at the Lodge gate for one shilling, and give you the privilege of wandering through the grounds and apartments open for inspection. You are first admitted into the great hall, in which I found on my entrance quite a number of people, nearly all Americans, and a most persistent and inquisitive lot they were. There were two attendants, each taking about a dozen people through at a time. While this lot was passed on, those remaining amused themselves by inspecting the various objects of interest in the hall, the attendant explaining and answering the numerous



GUY'S TOWER, WARWICK CASTLE.

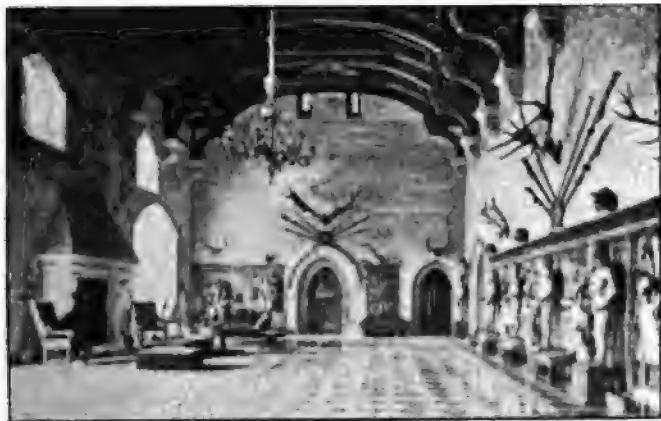
questions put—many of them very silly and some quite amusing. It struck me that I would not like to be a chaperon at the Castle. There are a number of the relics of that mythical hero, Guy, Earl of Warwick, kept in the hall—the sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, walking-staff, and tilting pole, all of enormous size; horse armour, a large pot called “Guy’s porridge pot,” his flesh fork and



INNER COURT, WARWICK CASTLE.

his ladies’ stirrups. Besides other things, there are deers’ heads with enormous antlers. While passing around you would hear some feminine seeker after information questioning the attendant: “I say, Mister, do you think that ever a man lived that could eat at one time all that pot would hold?” “Can’t say, ma’am; they say that was his regular allowance.” “Three times a day? For mercy sake! Sir Guy must have been an awful strong man to

handle such a sword as that. Don't you think so?" "He—why he was as strong as Samson." "Tell me, Mister, what is that long stick there for?" "That is a tilting pole." "A tilting pole! What's that?" "A pole used in tilting." "Dear mercy, but what do they do with it?" Here the attendant describes briefly a tilting match. "And do they really ride at one another with such great sticks as that?"



GREAT HALL, WARWICK CASTLE.

"Yes." "Well, I declare, I never heard of such a thing before in all my life!"—and so on. There is a beautiful view from the south windows, and a hundred feet below the Avon laves the foundation of the Castle, and continues its meandering way to the right through the extensive and highly cultivated park. Sheep and cattle grazing in peaceful security on its banks; the undulating foliage of forest trees of every hue, intermingling with the stately

cedar spreading its curiously feathered branches; and the verdant lawns, where nature and art seem to have expended their treasures, combine to form a landscape of surpassing beauty.

Our time having come, about a dozen of us were led into the Red Drawing-room. It contains paintings by Vandyck, Rubens, Raphael, etc., besides many beautiful and costly articles of *virtu*—cabinets inlaid with pearl, tortoise-shell and ivory; a table of *pietra commusa*, which once belonged to Marie Antoinette; Buhl cabinets, ancient bronzes, marbles, Etruscan vases, and vessels of crystal and Bohemian glass.

The Cedar Drawing-room, which comes next, is a noble room. The furniture is antique, the mirrors and screens are very fine, and the marble chimney-piece is beautiful. A Florentine table opposite the fireplace, inlaid with lava of Vesuvius, supports a marble bust from the Giwstiniani Minerva at Rome. A table of black and white antique Egyptian marble stands at either end of the room, the one at the west end supporting an exquisite bust of Proserpine by Hiram Powers, the great American artist. Etruscan vases of great value are placed on old inlaid cabinets in various parts of the room. In the centre of the room is an ancient table of inlaid marble, brought from the Grimani Palace at Venice. The walls are embellished with a number of fine paintings, all by Vandyck except one, portraits of two of the beauties of Charles II., by Lely. Our passage through this room—and indeed I need not limit it to this one, for the same kind of thing went on all the way

through—was made amusing by the questions and exclamations of various members of our party: “Oh, mamma, isn’t that table perfectly lovely? I do wish we had one like it in our parlour!”—“Mister, was these vases made in England?” pointing to an Etruscan vase—“Look at that bust, papa, and only think it was made by Hiram Powers; ain’t it lovely?”—“I say, Mister, who was she?” Among them was an old couple, good specimens of the Western Yankee, with cadaverous faces and white locks. The old gentleman looked worn out, and one could not help feeling that home was the proper place for him. He did not seem to take much, if any, interest in what was to be seen, and sat down on one of the chairs, where it seemed but an act of charity to let him remain; but he was immediately told that no one was allowed to use the seats. True to the instincts of his country and the right of possession he did not move. Again he was told the chair could not be used. “Why, ain’t they made to set on?” Still he held on with stolid indifference, but now the attendant insisted, and he rose, muttering imprecations on Englishmen in general. There was far more vitality in the old wife, and she was much more troublesome; she wanted to see everything and handle everything she saw. There did not appear to be a limit to her persistent inquisitiveness. There were two or three closed doors in the room, which she tried to open that she might peer in, and the cabinets, too, had to be tried, all the time keeping up a continuous stream of questions in a sharp staccato tone: “Why can’t I see this?” i.e., in her hands, and “Why can’t I take that?” The

attendant was constantly checking and restraining her from taking her own way. To tell her that visitors were not allowed to do this or that went for nothing.

The Gilt (or green) Drawing-room is the last of the *suite* of rooms visitors are allowed to see. It is a splendid room with a panelled ceiling beautifully gilt. There are a number of paintings by celebrated artists—Moroni, Vandyck, Dobson, Lely, Hanneman, Jansen, Dahl, Dosso Dossi, Rubens, etc., all masterpieces, and of great value. In the centre of the room, on a richly carved and gilt stand, is the superb table brought from the Grimani Palace at Venice, by the British Consul, Mr. Money, for the late Earl of Warwick. The family arms are worked in the corners with the precious and valuable stones with which the surface is inlaid. This table is entirely of *pietra dura*, and was universally considered one of the finest in Italy. Near the west door is a curious mask, said to be of Socrates. There are many articles of *virtu*, but their enumeration would become tedious. It is hardly necessary for me to add that a cursory inspection like this of such a large collection of rare and beautiful things, every one of which is a work of art and unique in its way, is not at all satisfactory. Days could be spent there with profit and delight, but to be rushed through with a crowd for the mere gratification of being able to say "I have been there," is not altogether satisfactory. I remarked to the guide: "Some of your visitors seem to be rather troublesome." "Yes," he said, with a forcible expletive, "they are a nuisance, most of them: it is a pity they don't stop at home." Not

feeling quite sure of his ground, he added : " You are not an American ? " " Yes, I am an American, but not as you understand it. I am a Canadian. " " Oh, then, you are an Englishman. " " Pretty much the same thing, " I replied. " Well, I am sorry you had not a better chance to see what we have here. " " I am sorry, too, for I would like to have had more time to examine many things I saw more carefully. By the way, " I said, " you seemed to be pretty hard on the poor old man. " " Yes : the poor old chap had much better be at home. I would like to have let him sit, or would have gone to get him a chair if I could have done it, but you see, sir, I could not do that, and as our orders are very strict, I was obliged to make him get up. If we allowed one to sit down we would have to do so with others, and very soon the seats would be ruined. We are overrun with Americans at this time of year, and a great many of them are terrors and would worry the life out of any man. " On turning to leave, he said : " You have come such a long way to see what we have, if you will come an hour earlier in the morning than our usual time, I will arrange for your admittance and will take you through. " I told him that I intended to leave the next day, and as there were other places I wanted to visit I could not accept : so, thanking him for his kindness, I made my exit. I then wandered about the extensive grounds, which are admirably kept ; examined the celebrated Warwick vase, admired the beautiful trees, and especially the great cedars, which the keeper told me were brought from Palestine in the time of the Crusades. They are carefully looked after.

In the fall the limbs are propped, to prevent the snow from breaking them down.

Having exhausted my card, and the day being well-nigh spent, I sauntered along the streets, and as I passed along



WARWICK VASE.

tried to rehabilitate them with scenes that had been witnessed there long centuries ago. One would need to be sadly dull and sorely wanting in imagination if he could not draw some pictures in a place full to running over with historic and legendary associations, where every

stick and stone speaks of poetry and romance, and moves one in an enchanting dream. How often have these streets rung with the tramp of gay cavalcades, led by belted knights, with pennants flying and trumpets sounding! Along this street, on July 9th, 1575, passed the proud Elizabeth, Queen of England, on her way to pay that memorable visit to her favourite Dudley at Kenilworth. She had spent the night at Warwick Castle, and now in the afternoon sets out, mounted on a milk-white horse, whose glittering caparison is in keeping with the gorgeousness of her own apparel. She is surrounded with the ladies and nobles of her court, all of whom are arrayed in the richest manner and blazing with jewels, and their horses, decked with gay trappings, champ their silver bits as they move slowly on. Next comes an array of knights with their esquires, including many of the noblest names of English chivalry—these, with their velvet caps and plumes, their bright armour glittering in the sunlight, their grand horses in costly trappings and with arched necks, curveting and impatient to dash away, but restrained by the firm hand of the riders. Then follows the train of male and female attendants of the Queen, and after these comes a motley crowd of players and mummers, jugglers and showmen. Who would not like to look upon a scene like this. But it cannot be done; the time for such pageants has long since passed away—they can only be seen as they are limned on the canvas of imagination.

After an early breakfast, I engaged a man to drive me to Kenilworth, five miles distant. We went by the Kenilworth

Road, one of the prettiest drives in England. The roadway is broad, and smooth as an asphalt pavement. On either side is a broad belt of well-kept green turf, and then a pathway. Grand old trees, whose wide-reaching limbs afford a grateful protection from the sun, extend along the way, and beneath them, at short distances, are rustic benches and places provided with cups, where the weary



KENILWORTH AND CHURCH.

pedestrian can not only rest but quench his thirst. Then the well-trimmed hedges which shut in the way, redolent with honeysuckle and wild-rose, lend their charms both to the eye and the sense of smell, while the song of thrush and linnet, of meadow-lark and robin, falls melodiously on the ear. Beautiful glimpses of the country are to be had as we pass along—undulating hills and purling brooks,

primrose banks and cowslip meads, quiet lanes and hyacinth dingles, velvety parks and corn-fields, orchards and copses, noble trees and waving woods, vested in a soft coat of many colours, and all of them beautiful. There is not a county in England that can excel Warwickshire in pastoral beauty. On our way we pass through the quaint old village of Leek Wootton. Its small, ancient houses with their heavy

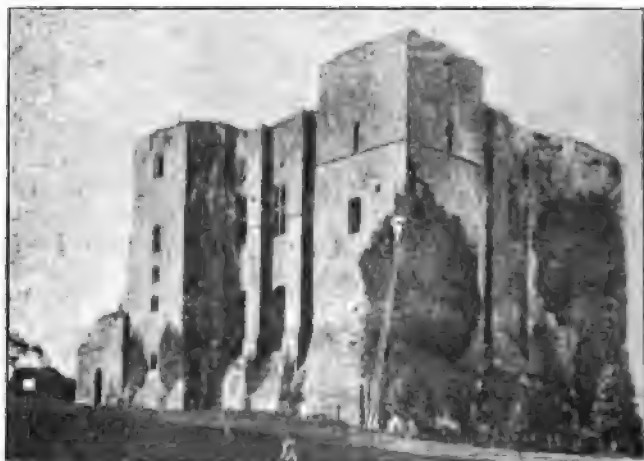


KENILWORTH CASTLE.

thatched roofs, every one of which bears the impress of age, carry the mind back to days far remote from this.

Kenilworth, the most famous ruin in Great Britain, owes its fame largely to Sir Walter Scott. It is a grand old ruin, and whoever has read—and who has not, wherever the English language is spoken!—this great romance, has in it the best picture of Kenilworth as it is to-day, and as it was when visited by Elizabeth, when it was in the prime

of its magnificence and glory. It is much easier to comprehend its grandeur than its extent from Sir Walter's description. It is not a single ruin but a series of them, which at one time inclosed a large court and completed a grand whole of vast proportion. What is seen to-day is the Great Gate House, the principal entrance to the exterior grounds, which were inclosed by strong walls: Luns Tower and



CÆSAR'S TOWER, KENILWORTH CASTLE.

entrance gateway, which led into the court: Cæsar's Tower, the most perfect part of the Castle now in existence; the Strong Tower, partly destroyed; King Henry's Lodgings and Sir Robert Dudley's Lobby, connecting Cæsar's Tower with Leicester Building, a picturesque mass of ruins: the Great Hall. This hall constituted the chief interior beauty of the Castle, and was the scene of regal ceremonies,

chivalrous assemblies and courtly revels. These compose the principal ruins as they now appear, and are more or less detached; between them are crumbled walls and *debris*. It seems strange that one of the grandest and most extensive of all the castellated structures in Britain should have been allowed to go to ruin and decay, and nothing illustrates more clearly the wealth and power



BANQUETING HALL, KENILWORTH CASTLE.

and the princely magnificence in which those old barons lived. But happily for England, this was all changed at the battle of Barnet, and with the fall of the "King-maker," Warwick, fell also the power of the feudal barons.

As I have intimated, it is difficult to grasp the vastness of Kenilworth as it stood in the height of its palmy state, until it is seen. After I had walked around the ruins and

viewed them from all points, clambered up its broken walls and stairways, gazed at its capitals and large grained Gothic windows, its towers, battlements and its ivy-covered walls, I seated myself under the shadow of Cæsar's Tower, and with the aid of the plan tried to restore it as it once could have been seen. The first great gap occurs where the



LEICESTER BUILDING. KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Three Kitchens stood, a long range of buildings which connected Cæsar's Tower with the Strong Tower at the north-east corner. Nothing remains of this but some portions of the ovens and a bit of the north wall. This, with the towers I have named, completed the north part of the quadrilateral. The Leicester buildings, which include the Strong Tower, still remain, and complete the east end.

On the south is the White Hall. Princes' and the Privy Chambers are all a mass of mouldering walls, shattered windows and broken stairways, except a portion of the White Hall, which still shows the outline of a noble frontage, with its splendid bay-windows and large semi-octagonal tower. These connected the Lancaster and Leicester buildings and completed the south side; and the Leicester, with King Henry's Lodgings and Sir Robert Dudley's Lobby, completed the quadrangle of the inner court, forming a complete whole which in its day was unsurpassed for its imposing grandeur and vast extent.

After this we turn to another picture, which is sure to present itself to every visitor. From our position we overlook the entire inner court and the façades of all the buildings as they stand completed to our mental vision. What picturesque scenes have transpired here! Kings and queens, great lords and stately dames, illustrious warriors and chivalrous knights, courtly beauties and noble gallants have passed to and fro, exchanged courtesies, whispered love tales, indulged in court gossip, and maybe hatched intrigues. Here, too, the beautiful Amy Robsart, the neglected wife of the ambitious Dudley, no doubt shed many bitter tears. But the noble lord seeks the hand of the virgin queen, and the lovely Amy, by some barbarous means, is put out of the way. In the meantime, the Queen pays her celebrated visit to this noble Blue-beard, and for fourteen days she is entertained with regal magnificence. If the reader has not read Scott's description of this unrivalled entertainment, we invite him to turn to the

twenty-fifth chapter of Kenilworth, and read that and subsequent chapters of this great romance. Let us now pass outside and into what was formerly the outer court, seven acres in extent. There is not much to be seen here now, but at the time of which we speak the Castle was inclosed by strongly fortified walls, towers, etc., on the east and north by high banks and a moat, and on the west and south there was a lake, which washed the Castle walls. Where the orchard is now was the Plaisance; this was surrounded with ornamental gardens which contained a sumptuous aviary, splashing fountains and statues.

During the civil wars the Castle was seized by Oliver Cromwell. He gave the whole manor to several officers of his army, whose rapacious hands left it what it now is. They dismantled the towers, drained the lake, cut down the woods, destroyed the park and chase, and divided the land among them into farms, which they continued to hold till the Restoration.

Sir Walter Scott says: "If a single glance will recall images of ancient grandeur, and connect what remains with what is lost, fancy will soon raise the pile, fashion its ornaments, and adapt its appendages without a guide. In all its pristine beauty, it will present to his view that large pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding the inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there emblazoned, emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away."

Its lofty towers lie prostrate under the verdant turf once so lavishly decorated with its noble terrace, gay parterres, and costly works of art. Not a vestige of them now remains. Where princes feasted and heroes fought—now in the bloody earnest of the storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, when beauty dealt the prize which valour won—all is now desolate.

With Elizabeth—"the daughter of a hundred kings"—the last of the Tudor line, came the last gleam of courtly splendour that lighted up the princely halls of Kenilworth.

On our return we paused for a few minutes at Blacklow Hill, to look at a monument erected to commemorate a tragic event that occurred there in the reign of Edward II. Piers Gaveston, who is described as "the haughty favourite" of that King, John de Baliol, and other nobles who were at enmity with the King, seized Gaveston and conveyed him to Warwick Castle. The Earl, who was greatly incensed against him for applying to himself the epithet of the "Black Hound of Arden," by which he was afterwards known, was no doubt a consenting party to what followed. Gaveston was taken from the Castle and beheaded on this hill. The inscription reads: "In the hollow of this rock was beheaded, on the first day of July, by barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the minion of a hateful king, in life and death a memorable instance of misrule."

On reaching Guy's Cliff, we turn down the driveway which leads to the mill, a very old structure said to have been erected by the Saxons; and there is no reason why

this statement should be disputed, for it bears in its time-worn walls the genuine stamp of antiquity. Through all these ages it has gone on peacefully grinding the farmers' corn, and contributing its share to the well-being of the surrounding neighbourhood. The Avon, which flows quietly around, also furnishes the power which drives the mill. At its front the river widens out into a charming



GUY'S CLIFF, FROM THE MILL.

lakelet, and across this, looking from the mill, the finest view of Guy's Cliff is to be had. The mansion stands out upon the high sandstone rock, surrounded by lofty elms inviting inspection. Let us take a seat on the bench under this fine old linden, and enjoy for a short time the charming picture that lies before us. The rays of the declining sun are playing through the rustling leaves and shimmering on the placid water. No sound is heard save the splash

of the old water-wheel at the side of the mill. There is nothing to disturb or draw the attention away from the beauties that meet the eye on every hand, and which combine to make up a picture of unsurpassable loveliness. The most prominent feature in the fair scene before us is the beautiful mansion which overlooks the river. Like all such places it has a history—a history that runs back more than four centuries before Sir Guy appears to give it a name and render it famous. The rock is perforated with caves, and in one of these Earl Guy sought retirement from the world and spent his last days in pious devotions. He lived, the tradition says, completely disguised, and daily repaired to the castle gates of Warwick to receive from the hands of his countess the pittance which charity doled out. She was unconscious of his presence, nor was it till the hand of death was laid upon the mighty hero that he consented to make himself known to her by the means of a ring, the pledge of an early affection. She immediately hastened to receive his parting breath and close his dying eyes. The rites of Christian burial were administered and his body laid in the cave in which the evening of his life had been passed.

The mansion—the property belongs to Miss Bertie Percy—is not open to sight-seers, though visitors can get admission to the grounds at the lodge gate, and they are well worth going through. From the cliff is a view which the most inattentive observer of nature cannot help admiring. At your feet, far below, the “soft-flowing Avon” glides peacefully past, between meadows clothed in carpets of the

freshest sward, and trees of the largest growth bow their branches till the foliage kisses the stream as it passes. The old mill, venerable for its antiquity, is partly embossed by trees, and partly exposed to sight. A fine cascade by its side, spanned by an Alpine bridge, is sufficiently distant to



AVENUE TO GUY'S CLIFF.

convey to the spectator a soothing murmur. Opening glades between trees show the cattle browsing in peaceful security. High above the old mill, on a lofty rock, is seen the monument of the proud, yet obsequious—haughty, yet abject—Piers Gaveston, the object of a monarch's love, the victim of a subject's hate. Beyond in the distance, on the

left, is the small yet neat church of Wootton, while on the summit of the hill on the right, the rural village of Milverton, with its equally rural church embossed in trees, completes a landscape of superlative beauty. Crossing the avenue, a gentle descent brings us to the well from which the mighty Guy slaked his thirst. The water rises into two circular basins or wells, and is so limpid that the bottom of the well, although of great depth, may readily be seen. A glass is placed on the edge of the well for the use of anyone who may wish to follow the example of the noble Guy. From here a fine gravel walk, belted with velvet-like sward and ornamented with flowering shrubs and forest trees, conducts under the rock on which the mansion is seated. Many caves are seen here, as indeed they are in every part either natural or artificial. Farther on is the chapel, with its apartments beneath, formerly the abode of the resident priests, and immediately beyond, partially shrouded by trees, is Guy's Cave, where repose the bones of one whom former ages venerated almost as a saint. The coach-houses, wood-houses and stables are formed in the solid rock, which rises to a great height on the right of the court, clothed on its sides with creeping plants, and crowned with flowering shrubs and forest trees. The sun was now sinking rapidly behind the western woods. We turned away, but paused for a moment as we passed to have a parting view of the splendid avenue which leads from the road to the mansion through a mass of noble old trees. On reaching the hotel I called for my supper and bill, and very soon after was *en route* to Stratford-on-Avon.



"YE FIVE GABLES" AND SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

CHAPTER XI.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE Shakespeare Inn where I stopped, and a favourite resort, is worthy of mention. The interior of the building, which is very old, with a modernized front, is cut up into rooms of all shapes and sizes, with low ceilings which are embellished with oak beams blackened with age. The chambers are small and reached by narrow stairways and passages running in all directions, and very confusing to the uninitiated. A noticeable feature about them is, they are all named after Shakespeare's plays. Over each door you will notice in nicely painted letters, "Macbeth," or "Hamlet," where you may dine : or, "Midsummer-night's Dream," or "Love's Labour's Lost," where you may sleep. The room I occupied bore over its door the inscription, "All's Well that Ends Well." I dare say, many a one catching the words on entering the room, has slept all the better for them.

" And if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet."

There is in the backyard of the inn a huge old water butt, called "Sir Toby," said to be the only remaining relic of the town hall, and near it a large fig tree.

The town is small—about 10,000—with broad streets

mostly running at right angles, and is surrounded by a rich agricultural country. Its chief importance consists in its being the birthplace of William Shakespeare, as well as the place of his sepulture. It is known wherever the English language is spoken. Thousands of people from all lands find their way to it, and upon this influx of tourists it lives. But it is not the Stratford of Shakespeare's day.



CHOPTON BRIDGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

There are but few of the buildings left in their original state. The most of them have either been torn away or changed to suit modern ideas. The Avon, which flows quietly past on its way to join the Severn, is crossed by two fine bridges. The first is of cut stone, with fourteen arches, and was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the reign of Henry VII. The second is a brick structure and has nine arches—date 1826.

My steps were first turned to the old house on Henley Street where this wonderful genius was born. It is a half-timbered building, so common in those days, and is by no means attractive. Washington Irving describes it as a "small, mean edifice of wood and plaster, a true resting-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners." We do not see it to-day as he saw it, a tumble-down old tenement, which had been mutilated again and again by careless repairs, for it has been carefully restored to something like its original condition. It was difficult for me to realize that this house and others around me were standing here before the country from which I came was known, before Jacques Cartier first set foot on Canadian soil, and before the pilgrims landed from the *Mayflower* at Plymouth: in fact, when this whole continent was a vast unknown wilderness and the home of Indians and wild beasts. Even England itself, in many respects, has changed almost as much during these more than three hundred years. If we remember this we shall see these venerable houses in a different light. To modern eyes they appear small and mean, but through Shakespeare's glasses they are smart suburban villas, up to the times as ours are to-day. This old house with its steep roof and gables, narrow casemented windows with their diamond panes, was the dwelling of a substantial trading yeoman, high bailiff—mayor—of the town, and his wife was a granddaughter of Sir John Arden. The son, who in the time to come was to cast a halo of glory around it, and make it a shrine toward which the



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

gaze of an admiring world should be turned, played at its door. Shakespeare inherited it from his father, and left it to his daughter Susan. After her death the property was sold and fell on evil times, and was made into two tenements. One became a public-house and the other a butcher shop. It was in the latter that the poet was born. Neither the owner nor his tenants took any interest in it, so it



THE LIVING-ROOM, SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

gradually fell into decay, and had it not been for a few thoughtful friends who raised money by subscription and purchased it, it would have disappeared by this time altogether. Fortunately, it was saved, and is now, with the rest of the original property, owned by the nation, and will be properly cared for.

Let us enter. The first door admits us into a dimly lighted but fair-sized apartment, the kitchen or living-

room, with walls of plaster and stout oak beams black with age. The floor is paved with various-sized stones, which have never been changed, and are worn by the daily tread of feet which have come and gone for more than three centuries. The room contains a large fireplace, with the ingle-nook so common in old houses, and always a favourite seat in cold weather. Among the thousands who have sat there since the young poet occupied it, my own person added one more unit. No inspiration suitable to the occasion came to me, but as I looked around at the rough, ungarnished walls, the low ceiling with its rude beams, the uneven stone-paved floor, I could not help thinking what a miserable setting for so rich a gem it was.

The next room is reached by a raised step. It was the best kitchen or sitting-room, and it also has a stone floor, timbered ceiling and fireplace of ancient construction, with a large beam across the opening. A book is here provided in which

“ Year after year each stranger leaves his name
In homage to the immortal Shakespeare's fame ;
Long as his verse in the world's heart shall live
Shall the world's hand this humble tribute give.”

And now, by ascending a narrow flight of steps, we enter the room in which Shakespeare was born. The ceiling is low, as is usually the case with houses of this date, and we must confess, as we look “upon this picture,” it is by no means inviting ; but if we could see the other, as it appeared on this auspicious event, it would wear a much more pleasing aspect. Empty houses, and particularly an old fabric like

this, are not, as a rule, very enticing. But let us try and see it as we find it described. "This apartment, in the sixteenth century, hung with painted cloths and appropriately furnished, would not have induced that idea of discomfort which now pervades it. Shakespeare was not born in a room enclosed by whitewashed walls, and it must always be recollected that the house of the poet in



THE BIRTH-ROOM, SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

its present state can at best only suggest a mere outline, from the existence of a few of the more enduring features, of what it originally was." The few chairs, a little table on which is placed a bust, and a quaint old bureau, though venerable, formed no part of the original plenishing. The ceiling and walls are covered with *graffiti*, where plebeian and peer, mediocrity and genius shoulder one another. On the window may be traced the autograph of Sir Walter

Scott. At the rear of the birth-room there is a small room which contains a half-length portrait in oil of the great dramatist. The picture, it appears, was owned by a Mr. W. O. Hunt, of Stratford, and had been in the possession of his family for more than a century. In 1861, it was sent, with some other pictures, up to London to be cleaned. In the process of cleaning, Mr. Collins, a picture-dealer of some repute, discovered that under the outer coat of paint there was another picture, which proved to be what is now considered an original portrait of Shakespeare.

The other part of the house is devoted to a museum of Shakespearean relics, among them a letter from Mr. Richard Quiney, addressed to Shakespeare, with the date 1598, asking for a loan of £30—the only letter addressed to the poet known to exist. There is a deed signed with his father's mark; a gold signet ring, with the initials "W.S."; Shakespeare's jug, from which Garrick sipped wine at the Jubilee in 1769; an old chair from the Falcon Inn, Bidford, which he occupied at the revels of his club; an old desk from the Grammar School at which he sat; a sword which belonged to him, and a number of other things.

From this I turn my steps to the Holy Trinity, or Parish Church, as it is called. It is well worth going to see, even were it not the burial-place of Shakespeare. Passing up an avenue of noble old limes which leads to the church porch, along which the poet most likely passed to worship, and whose quivering shadows may one sad day have fallen upon his coffin, but before reaching the entrance door, we come to a path which leads to the river. Let us

take it, for there is no part of God's-acre more beautiful, and in which more than any other we may think of him, for it is one which can hardly have failed to tempt him to musing. On one side rises the church—spire, transepts and chancel grouping themselves afresh at every step through



AVENUE TO MAIN ENTRANCE, PARISH CHURCH.

the leafy openings of overarching boughs, the branches of bright green foliage contrasting with the grey old stones, worn and defaced by the storms of centuries. The Avon bounds the churchyard, and by its bank is a terraced walk beneath a row of magnificent old elms. I seated myself

on a bench under one of these, whose venerable limbs formed a leafy canopy overhead which shut out the burning sun, affording not only a grateful shade but a charming resting-place. Beneath the terrace wall the clear water of the Avon went murmuring on its way. Beyond, a broad green meadow, waving lazily in the afternoon sun, crowds down to its opposite brink, where the sedgy margin is gently laved by the passing stream, and around me—



PARISH CHURCH, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

“ Beneath those rugged elms, . . .
Where lies the turf in many a mouldering heap ”—

has reposed for ages the dust of men and women who have walked about and admired the scene upon which I am now looking.

Entering the church we pass up the aisle to the chancel, where, on the northern side, is William Shakespeare's

grave covered by a plain flag-stone. There is no name inscribed upon it, but these well-known lines are found there :

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To digge the dust enclosed heare ;
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

On his right hand is Anne Hathaway, his wife ; on his left, his favourite daughter, Susanna Hall. Farther on is the



INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH, SHOWING BUST AND GRAVES.

grave of her husband, Dr. Hall, and that of Thomas Nashe, who married Elizabeth, only child of Dr. Hall. Just east of Shakespeare's grave is the altar-tomb of Thomas Balsall, Dean of Stratford, and against the east wall is the handsome marble tomb of John-a-Combe. On the north wall, within the communion railing, is the coloured monumental effigy so well known to every lover of his works. The

bard is represented in the attitude of *inspiration*, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting on a scroll. At the east end is a fine group of monuments in memory of the Clopton family; one to Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, 1492, and William Clopton, Esq., and Anne, his wife; another to the Earl of Totness and Baron of Clopton, and Joice, his countess. The effigies are in alabaster, coloured to resemble life. After examining these memorials we enter the vestry, where we are shown the old book or register commencing in 1558. In it is the following entry: "1564, April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere." Taking the old book in our hands, and turning over its discoloured vellum leaves where many other names are recorded as being baptized, there was only one name in which we took any interest, and to that we turned again. The old font, in which it is said Shakespeare was baptized, is also kept in the vestry.

On Sunday I attended both morning and evening service in the Parish Church, but I am afraid that on both occasions my mind was less occupied with spiritual matters than with thoughts of the great man who was baptized here in infancy, who worshipped here, and who now sleeps peacefully in the north chancel. Very soon after my return from morning service the landlady waited on me and informed me that I was the only male guest likely to be present at dinner, and asked, "Would you be kind enough to take the head of the table?" I could not very well refuse, and so it happened in a short time after, I found myself seated at the table surrounded by a dozen or

more ladies, all young with two exceptions, and all Americans. There was one stout, cheerful old lady who chaperoned three of the party, from New York: a widow from St. Alban's and her niece; the remainder from—I did not learn where, and all sight-seeing on their own account. They were chatty and agreeable all of them, and from what I could gather, had done the town as well as every place of any interest round about it. I had met several of them in different places with their note-books, but did not know until we met at the table that they were making a tour quite independent of masculine aid or protection. They seemed quite competent to push their own way, which is a good and commendable thing perhaps; but after all, these advanced notions which are pretty generally entertained by American women, are not, we think, altogether *comme il faut*. Women are more to be admired as such than when the masculine becomes a feature of their womanhood.

The next place connected with Shakespeare we sought was New Place on Chapel Street, where he lived and died, 1616. All that is to be seen now is an enclosed square, prettily laid out, and well kept and planted with trees and shrubs. There is a mulberry tree, but not the original one planted by Shakespeare. The dimensions of New Place can be readily traced by means of the foundations by the side of the present house, the remains of three or four rooms being still visible. The grounds attached to the house have the same boundaries which surrounded them in his day, so that a glimpse can be obtained of the poet's exist-

ence, and of his social position, as being the owner of one of the largest mansions and the finest grounds in the town. Close by where New Place stood is a well walled in, with a wooden curb and bucket, also a glass for the use of those who wish a drink, and I presume everyone that comes here does want one. I dropped "the old oaken bucket" into the well, and brought it up full and running over with water pure as crystal and cool as though dipped from a boreal spring. New Place was also bequeathed to his daughter Susanna—Mrs. Hall. The house remained, though it had been altered, till the middle of last century, when, after the death of Sir Hugh Clopton, by whom it was carefully preserved, it was purchased by a clergyman—one Francis Gastrel, who, judging from his conduct, was not much of an ornament to his cloth. The first thing this vandal did was to cut down and convert into firewood a fine mulberry tree in the garden—where the present one stands—which had been planted by Shakespeare himself. Three years later he had a quarrel with the authorities in Stratford, about the poor rates levied on the house, which he said were too high, and declared he would take care that it should never be assessed again. Accordingly, he razed the house to the ground in the year 1759. It is satisfactory to learn that this act of barbarism and petty spite did not go unpunished, for he was obliged to skulk away in the night to avoid the outburst of popular indignation.

The Guild Chapel, opposite to New Place, belonged to a Guild of the Holy Cross, of which the hall still remains on

the southern side. Since the suppression of that corporation it has been used for public purposes—a school, among others. That was held in the upper story, and here it is thought Shakespeare received the most of his education, and sat at the hacked and blackened desk which is preserved in the museum at his birthplace.

The old Grammar School, close by Guild Chapel, is an



OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

antique structure, with its second story projecting over the sidewalk. It is made more interesting to us from the fact that here Shakespeare is supposed to have finished his education, and where Ben Jonson says he learnt "little Latin and less Greek." The school was founded and endowed by Thomas Jolyffe. This endowment was seized by Henry VIII., and vested in the Crown, but Edward VI.

restored the houses and lands, and granted a charter of incorporation. Under the school is the Guild Hall, built under the direction of Robert de Stratford, 1269.

The Shakespeare Memorial Building is another of the sights of Stratford that should not be missed. It is erected on the banks of the Avon, and is a singularly picturesque and stately edifice, comprising Library, Picture Gallery,



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL BUILDING, FROM THE RIVER.

Theatre, and Centre Tower, all of which are open to the public. The first stone of the Memorial was laid April 23rd, 1877—the poet's birthday. The Library contains a large collection of books, mostly of various editions of Shakespeare's works. On the walls of the Picture Gallery are shown many choice works of art, and nearly all are Shakespearean. The Theatre, though small, is a model in its way, and will seat about eight hundred.

There is a well-known and well-patronized — particularly by Americans — old hostel known as “The Red Horse Inn,” which is celebrated principally because of its having been the stopping-place of Washington Irving when he visited the town. The small sitting-room he occupied is kept as he left it, and the chair and other things he used are carefully preserved. In the centre of



FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK TOWER.

the market-place there is a very beautiful marble fountain with a clock, presented to the town in memory of Shakespeare, by the late Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Everything in and around Stratford is associated with Shakespeare. It is that which gives it interest and value, the magnet which draws its numberless pilgrims, and, as we have intimated before, it is the capital on which the place lives, and if this were withdrawn it would soon become bankrupt.

No one would think of leaving Stratford before paying a visit to Shottery—a little unattractive country village a mile away. Here is to be seen a house of rude construction, covered with a heavy moss-grown thatch, storm-beaten and grey with age, and almost hidden in a growth of luxuriant vegetation. This is known as “Anne Hathaway’s Cottage,” and it was here that Shakespeare wooed



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY.

and won his wife. We push open the rude gate at the corner of the cottage and pass on to the door, which admits into the kitchen, or living-room. It is a good-sized apartment, with an ample hearth and roomy chimney-corner, in which I sat and chatted with the old lady, Mrs. Barker, who is in charge. She is a tall, slim lady—approaching eighty, I should think—active, with a kindly face and pleasant voice. She informed me that she was the last lineal

descendant of Anne Hathaway's family, and naturally took much interest in the place and everything connected with it. While I listened to and enjoyed the old lady's gossip, I could not help thinking of the boy-lover who had sought



INTERIOR, ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

his fair enchantress here, and with all the ardour of a Romeo pleaded his cause with Anne Hathaway. Where this love-stricken youth of nineteen summers was married to his betrothed of six-and-twenty is not known, but it is supposed the ceremony took place at Laddington Church, about two miles distant.

On an old table in the room is a book in which visitors are requested to register their names, and where Mrs. Barker pointed out autographs of men and women of world-wide reputation. I was taken to a room above in which is a carved oak bedstead, and a chest which contains some homespun bedlinen marked "E. H." On leaving, the old lady followed me into the garden, which is a wilderness of bushes and flowers of luxuriant growth, and independent of cultivation or order. While we were talking she made a large bouquet and presented it to me, pointing at the same time to two roses, which she said were Lancaster roses, and that the bushes, with many others, had been there since the days of Anne Hathaway.

There are other places outside Stratford one would like to see, all more or less interesting because of their connection with Shakespeare's early life, but we must be satisfied, and leave Clopton House and Welcomb, which originally belonged to the Comb family, as well as Charlecote, out. The latter is a grand old palatial home, where dwelt the redoubtable Sir Thomas Lucy, whose deer, tradition says, young "Shakespeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, killed," which so incensed the old knight that he had him arrested, and to escape further trouble he fled to London. If the story be true, the world is indebted to the knight's determination to "make a star-chamber matter of it," as it has thus gained a Shakespeare and a Justice Shallow. Washington Irving thus writes of the deer-stealing affair: "I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecote, and to ramble

through the park where Shakespeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hair-brained exploit he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy his treatment must have been humiliating, for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecote. This flagitious **attack** upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakespeare, however, did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a county attorney."



GROSVENOR BRIDGE, CHESTER.

CHAPTER XII.

CHESTER.

WHEN at home, a Canadian points with some considerable degree of pride to Quebec as the oldest city in North America, for nearly three centuries have passed since Champlain, in July, 1608, planted it on the lofty cliff which overlooks the St. Lawrence. But when he stands on the pavement of a town which was in existence fifteen hundred years before Columbus had even dreamed of making voyages of discovery, and whose history runs back to, and even beyond, the commencement of the Christian Era, his ideas about antiquity become rather confused.

Chester, A.D. 61, was occupied by the Twentieth Legion of the Roman army under Julius Agricola, and for more than four hundred years it was the headquarters of a Roman camp. During this long occupation it was the scene of many sanguinary struggles of the British tribes who had been driven into Wales, and the Picts and Scots from the north, in attempts to regain it. After the Romans had withdrawn, it fell into the hands of the Britons, or Welshmen, and became the capital of North Wales, and so remained until the close of the Saxon heptarchy. Ethelfred, King of Northumbria, conquered it in 607. In 828,

Egbert wrested it from the British Prince Mervyn and his wife, Eaylht. The Danish pirates wintered here in 895, but were driven out by Alfred the Great. It was restored in 908 to Ethelred, Earl of Mercia. In the following century it was ravaged by the Danes, and Edmund Ironsides having been driven out, it was possessed by Canute in 1016. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Earls of Mercia, where it remained till the Norman Conquest in 1066. The Conqueror bestowed it to Gherbodus, a noble Fleming, and from him it passed to his nephew, Hugh Lupus, the first Norman Earl of Chester. For 160 years did Hugh Lupus and his successors, the seven Norman Earls of Chester, exercise this petty sovereignty until the death of Earl John Scot in 1237, when Henry III. took the earldom, with all the powers annexed to it, and from that time to the present it has been held by the English Crown. The title of Earl of Chester was conferred by Henry upon his eldest son, afterwards Edward I. It has ever since been vested in the reigning monarch's eldest son, and is now enjoyed by His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

Chester, in the Saxon period, appears to have been a port of some importance; the navy was stationed there, and it was the seat of the Mercian kings. The imports and exports were very considerable. One article of the latter was slaves, some of whom were obtained from the captives taken in the wars with the Welsh. In 1255, Llewelyn ap Gryffydd, Prince of Wales, carried fire and sword to the very gates of Chester, and in 1275 Edward I. appointed

Chester as the place for Llewelyn to do him homage, the refusal to do which ended with the ruin of him and his principality, for in 1300 Edward of Carnarvon here received the final acknowledgment of the Welsh to the sovereignty of England. Richard II. visited this his favourite city in 1397, and in 1399 he was a prisoner in the Castle of Chester, which Henry IV. had seized.

In Owen Glendwr's wars this city was a *Place d'Armes*. In 1459, Henry VI., with Queen Margaret and her son Edward, made a visit, and bestowed little silver swans on the Cheshire gentlemen who espoused his cause. Henry VII. and his Queen came here in 1493. In the year 1617, Edward Button, mayor, presented King James I. with a gilt cup, and in it a hundred jacobins of gold. Some years after this it was involved in the calamities of a siege, in consequence of its loyalty to Charles I. The siege continued for twenty weeks, and the besieged having been reduced to eat horses, dogs and cats, yielded the city on February 3rd, 1646, on terms that did them great honour. There was a mint for the coinage of silver here in the reign of King William III., and on February 11th, 1867, the Fenians made a raid on the city with the intention of attacking the Castle, but their efforts were frustrated. This summary of the city of Chester's history, we hope, will not prove to be without interest.

Chester is interesting from several points of view, and one is, as we have shown, its antiquity. It is one of the few specimens (and perhaps the best existing) of a walled town in England—for its remains and ancient structures, for the

numerous and varied objects with which it abounds, and for its historic associations, which are full of romance and chivalrous deeds. It must be a veritable paradise to the antiquarian, and one expects to run against a Jonathan Oldbuck at every corner. Then it is interesting because of



KING CHARLES' (OR PHENIX) TOWER.

its situation on the River Dee, and its pleasant surroundings. It is on the high road between London and Ireland, and convenient to Liverpool. It has a population of 41,000.

I arrived too late in the day for sight-seeing. So, very early in the morning of the following day, I left the

Grosvenor Hotel, which stands on Eastgate Street, close to Eastgate—at the time full to overflowing with American visitors—and ascended a flight of steps from the inside to the top of the wall. But before proceeding let me say, the wall encloses only the older part of the city, and in shape is an oblong parallelogram. In fact, it is enclosed itself by the more modern and much larger portion of the city which has grown up around it. The wall is from twelve to forty feet in height, and about six feet in width at the top, and is two miles in circuit, thus forming one of the most pleasing promenades to be found anywhere. Proceeding north from Eastgate, which is in the centre of the east wall, the first thing that arrests our attention on the left is the fine old Cathedral. Then we come to King Charles' Tower—or Phoenix Tower, as it is sometimes called—now converted into a small museum. From this we look across the cattle market with the railway station beyond. The Ellesmere Canal, which runs along the north wall, bends round this angle, and then runs in an easterly direction. The outlook is made more interesting from the historical fact that it was here that King Charles I. stood and saw the defeat of his forces under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who were on their way to reinforce the garrison of Chester, but were overtaken and routed by General Poyntz, at the battle of Rowton Moor. Our next pausing place is at the Northgate. This is a modern structure erected on the site of the old gateway, which stood over a jail thirty feet below the level of the street, and the only means of ventilation was through pipes.

Near this is the Blue-Coat Hospital, a charity school. We next come to a place called Morgan's Mount, a kind of lookout platform with a chamber below for a relieving sentinel. During the siege of Chester it was mounted with a battery of four guns. From this point there is a



WATER GATE, KING CHARLES' TOWER.

very fine view of the Welsh Hills and the estuary of the Dee. Pemberton's Parlour is the name of the semi-circular tower we come to next. The front is ornamented with some fine heraldic sculpture and an inscription. On the north-west angle of the wall is the Water Tower,

projecting a little distance from the walls. Here, too, is an embattled gallery having below it a circular arch, beneath which the tide flowed previous to the embankment of the Dee. This portion of the wall was fiercely attacked by the Parliamentary army, who bombarded it from Brewer's Hall, on the opposite side of the river. There are marks of the well-aimed shots still left on its old walls. In the upper tower there is a camera-obscura, and in the lower a



PEMBROKE GATE, KING CHARLES' TOWER.

collection of interesting curiosities. The adjoining grounds are very pretty, and contain specimens of ancient remains. The Chester and Holyhead Railway is carried underneath the angle of this wall. Passing the Infirmary and Queen's School for Girls on the left, we come to Westgate, the western entrance to the city. The large open space running down to the river is the Roodeye, or race-course, and north of it is Curzon Park, where a number of the wealthy

citizens reside. From here an excellent view of Grosvenor Bridge is obtained. This bridge spans the river by a single arch, the largest stone arch in the world, being two hundred feet long, forty feet high, and forty-eight feet wide. Chester Castle occupies the greater portion of the southern part of the enclosure. Near the south-west angle the Grosvenor Road passes under the wall. The southern



BRIDGE STREET, CHESTER.

wall is an irregular semicircle, and in one place touches the river. After passing around the Castle we come to Bridgegate, which leads into Bridge Street over the old Dee Bridge. It is an old structure, with seven irregular arches, and was erected under a peremptory order from King Edward I., 1280. This was the only thoroughfare from Chester into Wales. On the south side of the gate are the Dee mills. A short distance from here are the

Recorder's Steps, leading to the Groves, and the Wishing Steps, about which the tradition is: "Whoever could run up and down these steps twice without taking breath will have whatever is wished for." I did not try it. Let us pause a few moments at Newgate. It was anciently called Wolfsgate, and was closed at one time because a Mayor of Chester had a daughter who, while playing ball with other maidens in Pepper Street, was stolen by a young man, and borne away through this gateway, which gave rise to the saying, "When the daughter is stolen shut Pepper gate." From this outlook a good view is had of St. John's Church and Grosvenor Park, and a short distance farther brings us again to Eastgate, from which point we started.

The walk was certainly a most interesting and enjoyable one, and the morning all that could be desired, clear and bright, so that from every point of vantage I could take in all that came within the range of my vision; and with such a panorama as is afforded by the mountains of the vale of Clwyd, in which Moel Fammau is conspicuous, the Dee, and the plains of Cheshire, I descended the steps, entered the hotel, and sat down to my breakfast with an appetite that could appreciate the viands set before me, and with a satisfactory sense of approval of my introduction to what good old Chester had to offer her visitors.

One of the first things that arrested my attention after leaving the hotel was what are known as "The Rows." They commence on the opposite corner, across Newgate Street, and extend to Weaver Street on the south side of Watergate Street, and on the north side of the street

as well, and also down Bridge Street to Pepper Street. They are certainly the most striking feature in the town, unique in their conception and difficult to describe. Camden says of them: "The houses are very fair built, and along the chief streets are galleries or walking places they call rows, having shops on both sides, through which a man may walk dry from one end to the other."



"THE ROWS," WATERGATE STREET.

Fuller says: "A property of building peculiar to the city being galleries, wherein the passengers go dry without coming into the streets, having steps on both sides and underneath, the fashion thereof being somewhat hard to conceive"—which is quite true, nor do I think I can make it any plainer, though I offer this: Take a row of shops the length of a street, the floors of which are usually nearly on a level with the pavement, and raise them about five feet. Cut out the front wall between the ground floor and the

ceiling, and move it out about twelve feet. Now divide this space in the centre throughout by a glass partition, and also replace the removed wall with glass. This will give you in front a row of narrow rooms which can be used for the display of goods or other purposes, and also to admit light, and next to it a passage-way throughout the entire length, which is reached by steps from the street at



WATERGATE STREET.

convenient distances. This peculiar arrangement does not tend to enliven the appearance of the street, for as nearly all the best shops are in these rows, the people pass to and fro unseen from the outside. Beneath the rows are small shops of one kind and another, which are reached by descending steps. The old houses of Chester are gradually disappearing, either by removal or by being modernized out of recognition. There are a few notable structures left here and there, and among them is God's Providence

House, on Westgate Street. It is a half-timbered building, the plastered panels of which are all ornamented. Across the front is this inscription, "God's Providence is mine inheritance," a record of pious thanksgiving that its inmates had been spared from the plague which ravished the city during the seventeenth century. Nearly opposite Crook Street there is another called Bishop Lloyd's Palace. It is ornamented with grotesque wood carvings; the panels just above the Row are very curious, and represent in rude carved work some of the more notable events recorded in Scripture. A little lower down on the same street is Trinity Church, in which repose the remains of two celebrated men—one, Mathew Henry, the commentator, and the other, Dr. Thomas Parnell, the poet and archdeacon of Clogher, an ancestor of the late Charles Parnell, Home Rule leader. On the opposite side of the street, through a narrow passage, we come upon an old residence called Stanley Palace. The exterior of this ancient building is formed chiefly of upright beams, which are elegantly decorated with eight carvings of antique figures and transverse pieces of wood. It is a thin-gabled house, with casemented windows, and is one of the oldest specimens of a timbered mansion remaining in the city. I do not know of anything that gives a better conception of the wide difference between the social condition of the people to-day and that of four centuries ago, than these old tenements. Looking at the plain, low, two-storied building, with its rough exterior and narrow entrance doors opening off the pavement, the modern eye fails to

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trace the slightest approach to a palatial home, but rather a travesty on it. It speaks of an age in the rough, an age of deeds and strife, an age when nearly all the necessities to the comfort even of humble life in these days were then



STANLEY PALACE.

unknown, an age when even the proud Stanleys—a descendant of whom was the late Governor-General of Canada,—ate with their fingers, and had no better carpets for their floors than were afforded by bundles of loose rushes and straw.

Passing down Grosvenor Street we come to the Castle. Before the entrance gate stands an equestrian statue of Lord Combermere. The parade ground, which we enter first, is enclosed partly by the armoury, Shire Hall and barracks, and the remainder by an iron railing about the fosse, or ditch. At the south-west corner of the esplanade is a square red stone tower known as Julius Cæsar's. The tower part is used as a powder magazine, and in the upper story is a small chapel containing an important fresco painting. Here King James II. received the Sacrament during his stay in Chester. The civil courts, prison and St. Mary's Church are all close at hand. At the foot of Shipgate Street, where ships were moored in the old days, there is an ancient house on the right-hand corner called Edgar's Tavern, on the wall of which is a painting of King Edgar rowed on the Dee by eight tributary kings in A.D. 973; and close to the Bridgegate is the "Bear and Billet," an old mansion which formerly belonged to the Earls of Shrewsbury, and one of the finest examples of woodwork in England. By going up Bridge Street to Commonhall Street, a fine old house—the oldest example of black and white in Chester—will be found, and will well repay anyone for the trouble of looking it up.

The Row on the west side of Bridge Street gives, perhaps, a more vivid idea of the places our ancestors were content to pass their days in, than any other part of the city. It resembles very much the "between decks" of a ship. If we stand at the top of this Row and look along Eastgate Street, we shall have a wonderful perspective of gabled

roofs and quaint old buildings, and the scene is finely broken by Eastgate Bridge, which spans across the street.

The cathedral is reached from Northgate Street, and like all these old structures there is much both within and without to interest visitors, particularly those from a country where antiquities do not exist, and Monkburnses would die of inanity. The cathedral occupies the site



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

of an old monastery which was changed in the tenth century by Hugh Lupins into an abbey of Benedictine monks, in whose possession it remained until 1541, when King Henry VIII. changed St. Werburgh Abbey, as it was called, into Chester Cathedral. The most striking feature of the interior is the length of the south transept, which nearly equals that of the nave. In the south tran-

sept triforium is a small row of very ancient arches. The carved oak tabernacle work of the choir stalls is very beautiful and is unsurpassed in its way. The marble floor and communion table are also well worthy of attention, and the ceiling is richly decorated, while the fine flat roof of the north transept dates from the end of the fourteenth century. The coat of arms of Cardinal Wolsey is carved on one of the cross-beams and on the stone bosses of the



INTERIOR, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

north cloister. The mosaic decorations of four bays of the wall of the north aisle of the nave, representing scenes from the lives of Abraham, Moses, David and Elijah, cannot fail to arrest the attention of the visitor. The beautiful Lady Chapel is entered from the north choir aisle, and is a fine specimen of early English masonry. On the north side of the cathedral are the cloisters and refectory, and in the south-eastern corner of the latter are the stone pulpit

and staircase, which are very handsome. The beautiful windows of the cathedral perpetuate the memory of munificent donors, of distinguished persons, and of remarkable events.

From the north walk of the cloisters we ascend a flight of steps, and through a door on the right enter the old King's School, formerly the refectory, which is so called from its founder, Henry VIII., who, on the dissolution of the



CRYPT, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

monasteries and establishment of the bishopric of Chester, endowed a grammar school for the gratuitous education of the children of the citizens. The whole of the interior of the cathedral is open to view.

Let us now take our way down John Street and have a look at St. John's Church and its ruins. But in order to see it satisfactorily we must find the vergers who is in charge, and whose duty it is to show visitors over the

place. This individual is presumed to be a walking cyclo-pedia, and in order to gain his favour we place in his hand an extra shilling, which he does not resent. We have found this to work satisfactorily on more than one occasion. He begins, and we listen: "The Priory was founded by Ethelred, Earl of Mercia, 689. The reason of his selecting this particular spot on which to build his church is stated to have been: Not being clear in his



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

mind as to a site, he was directed by some occult means to build it where he should see a white hind, which hind he saw in the place where the church now standeth, and in remembrance whereof his picture was placed in the wall of said church, having a hind in his hand." We did not ask the verger whether he gave this as a fact or not, but we think it had better be taken *cum grano salis*. The verger proceeds: "On the north, west and east sides were

the residences of the dean, petty canons, vicars, and the bishop's palace, all included in an oblong enclosure. Very little of that ancient cathedral exists, but the present church is built on its site and formed interiorly of some of



PRIORY RUINS.

the original pillars and arches. This sacred structure, with its adjoining ruins, is the most interesting of the ecclesiastical buildings in the city. When we take into consideration its venerable antiquity, and the significant mutations by which its history is distinguished, we may

venture to say that it is one of the oldest and most interesting ecclesiastical foundations now extant in Britain. The specimens of early architecture, and the curious monumental remains the church contains, render it eminently deserving the investigation of the antiquarian.

"The towers of this church have been many, and have always proved a source of trouble. There have been no less than three towers erected since 1468, all of which have



VESTIBULE, ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

fallen, causing great damage. The last fell in 1881, completely destroying the entrance porch. The new one you now see, just completed, is an exact reproduction of the former one. On the front, you observe, is a figure representing Ethelred caressing the hind."

Passing through the new porch, we enter the sacred edifice through the modern vestibule and by the western door of the nave. The galleries of the double triforium

above the nave are supported on ten enormous cylindrical columns, with the characteristic circular Norman arches. The gallery work in the clerestory is remarkably fine. The magnificent painting of the "Lord's Supper" over the altar, and the very rich east window, the subject of which is the "Marriage at Cana," and "The Turning of Water into Wine," are of modern work.

The Priory ruins are the remains of the ancient chapter



NAVE, ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

house and chancel of the old cathedral, and of the chapels which stood on either side of the chancel. We now make our *conge* to the verger, thank him for his courtesy, and depart.

We next pass over into Grosvenor Park, which lies east of St. John's Church. It is a very pretty resort, well laid out and planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and decorated with a great variety of beautiful flowers. At the

intersection of the principal avenues there is a fine marble statue of the late Marquis of Westminster, the noble donor of this attractive promenade, which is about twenty acres in extent. After straying around the park for a time we approach "Billy Hobby's Well," a spring of excellent water, where we have a drink, and then pass down through the groves and over the Suspension Bridge, and by a roundabout way find our hotel.



ECCLESTON FERRY.

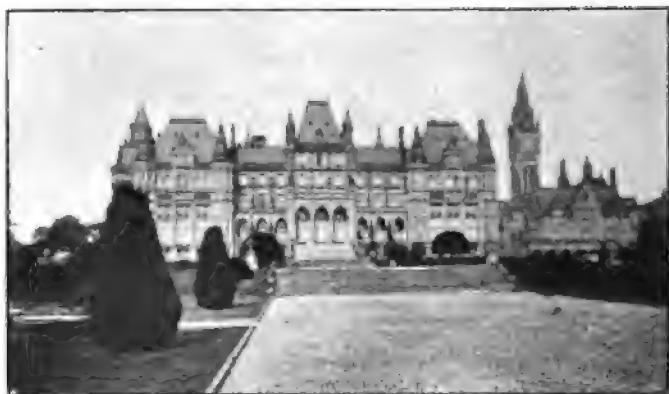
On the following morning I set out for Eaton Hall, the chief seat of the noble head of the Grosvenor family, three miles distant. There are various ways of reaching the place, but in my estimation that by the river is the most pleasant. There are numbers of small steamers that pass to and fro, and in one of these I took passage and was soon steaming up the beautiful Dee, between villas and pretty

gardens and green meadows on one hand, and partly wooded fields on the other, luxuriant with wild flowers and vocal with the song of birds. We are landed at the ferry, or "Johnny o' the Boots," where refreshments may be had. From this we follow a well-beaten pathway, which leads through a noble park full of stately trees, in which are herds of sheep and deer feeding and reposing in the shade, and which brings us to the courtyard entrance. The immense pile of buildings which confront the visitor are of recent construction, Gothic in style, built of freestone, occupying the site of the old mansion built by Sir Thomas Grosvenor, in 1690, and were thirteen years in building. The main front looks westward on to a noble avenue called the Belgrave Drive, which affords a pleasing vista two miles in length. The principal approach is at the head of this avenue by the "Golden Gates," which open upon a large quadrangle. In the centre of this is placed the colossal equestrian statue in bronze of Hugh Lupus, the Duke of Westminster's ancestor and namesake. The burly form of the great Norman noble is mounted on a powerful Flemish horse, apparently conscious of his master's weight, while his master's gaze is fixed on a falcon which he is just about to cast off for a flight, as though at a quarry in Belgrave Avenue.

As I have intimated, the visitors' entrance is by the courtyard. In the middle of this is an ornamental basin, with a central equestrian group in bronze of an entire horse rearing, held in by the groom. Around the courtyard are arranged the stables of warm red brick, perfect models of

convenience and order ; then follow the saddle-room, the stud-groom's office, harness-room, head-coachman's office, etc., and above are mess-rooms for grooms and stable-keepers. Beyond the arch is another large court, glazed, with a riding-school on the left and the splendid coach-house on the right.

I have no intention of attempting any description of the interior of this magnificent palatial mansion. The bare



EATON HALL.

enumeration of the treasures it contains would take many closely printed pages, and a description could be extended into volumes. Visitors are shown through the chapel, north and grand corridors, billiard block, dining and ante-dining rooms, saloon, drawing and ante-drawing rooms, library, and central hall, from which exit is made. The chapel, which is first seen, is a marvel of richness and beauty, and a grand triumph of skilful design and elaborate work-

manship. The corridors and rooms are all finished in the most beautiful manner, and each one is an illustration of the highest conception of modern decorative art, and they contain many of the best productions of the most eminent sculptors. The walls are adorned with the paintings of the best known old masters, as well as of many celebrated British painters. A notable feature is the rich display of panel painting in the different rooms. These—each a gem in its way—have all been done by renowned artists, and cannot fail to elicit the admiration of every lover of the beautiful in art. The furniture and upholstery is in keeping with the apartments. The floors or pavement of the corridors and hall are marble mosaic, of beautiful design and of the finest Sienna and Sicilian marbles, with Anglesey green and Spanish jasper. The most costly and beautiful articles of *virtu*, bronzes, cabinets, lacquered work, tables, china, Sevres porcelain, crystal, Bohemian and Venetian glass, etc., are displayed in so attractive a manner as to lure the attention and admiration of the beholder; indeed, it requires no great stretch of the imagination, as we look upon all this splendour, to fancy that we have really entered Aladdin's palace.

It seems to me that every visitor must appreciate the generosity of the noble owner, who opens his doors to the world, and allows all to come and inspect and admire these splendid art treasures. No distinction is made; the poor as well as the rich may come and see what is to be seen and walk through the beautiful grounds. Some pessimistic growler may exclaim, "Ah! but you have to pay for it."

That is true. But where can you see so much that is instructive and beautiful for one shilling? And let me inform the grumbler that the nobleman whose treasures you are allowed to examine for that small sum does not retain one penny of it. The money taken, amounting to a considerable sum every season—for it is visited by thousands—is all devoted to charitable purposes, and you have this satisfaction, if no other, of contributing so much to the relief of the needy.

There were a large number of children—not small children—taken through the day I was there, besides a large number of visitors, mostly Americans. I could not help observing the good order and respectful manner of the young people. They seemed to appreciate the opportunity of seeing so many beautiful things. There was no noise, no crowding: everyone seemed impressed with what was becoming to the grand place they were in, and it was pleasant to notice the pains taken by those in charge to point out the different objects of interest and explain what they were or what for. There are many things in these rooms that have very interesting histories connected with them, and in these cases as much was given as possible. After an enjoyable stroll through the extensive and beautiful grounds, I returned to the ferry, and soon after was on my way back to the city.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM LONDON TO GLASGOW.

BEFORE I take my departure for the north, let me say that I returned to London by way of Calais and Dover, and was quite as fortunate in my second trip across the channel as with the first, the day proving fine and the water smooth. I had no opportunity to take a run round the old town of Calais—the inducement to remain over for the next boat was not sufficient. From what I could see in passing through, it is a clean and nicely built place. The ramparts which surround it are planted with trees, and afford a pleasant promenade. A strong citadel commands the port. Its chief interest to the visitor consists in its age and varied history. For more than two hundred years it was a dependency of the British Crown, and for a much longer time continued to be a bone of contention between the two nations. Repeatedly besieged by both the English and French, it has been the scene of many a stirring *fête* at arms. A gayer spectacle, and one much more pleasing to contemplate, took place in the vicinity of the town during the sixteenth century. I refer to the great tournament so minutely described by Froissart, when three French knights defended the lists for thirty days against all comers, in which many of England's bravest knights took part.

The town of Dover is built mostly in a valley, and is partly encompassed by high chalk hills, cliffs and downs. Dover Castle stands on a high chalk cliff, and can be seen at a great distance. It looks very grand on its lofty perch. My stay here, as in the case of Calais, was very limited, and very soon after the arrival of the steamer we were *en route* for London.

The forenoon of the day I left was spent in making purchases for the folks at home; and I found, as you have done, dear reader, if you ever indulged in this luxury, that it is a task not easily got through with. Still there is something enjoyable in hunting up and carrying home souvenirs from distant places, though difficult sometimes, when there are a number of expectants, to make one's purse and taste agree as to the value of the articles to be presented. There is that little rogue of ours, far away, it is true, but her bright blue eyes are looking mischievously at me all the time I am examining these lockets, and I hear a whisper in my ear, "This is the prettiest, papa." Of course it is, but it is worth a pound or two more. You take it up and put it down, and decide to take one at a lower price. Again the whisper comes, "Don't you think the other one the prettiest, papa?" And it is bought. Now comes the romping, mischievous boy whom we are wont to call our baby, and I begin to wonder what in the world I shall get for him. Then I remember sundry charges about bringing a velocipede, or a wagon, or a rocking-horse; but such wares cannot be stowed away in a portmanteau, so I begin to ask for and examine sundry things, and finally fix on a

cup as the most suitable thing—for I think presents should be useful as well as ornamental—but no sooner is this matter arranged in my mind than it strikes me that, in order to have it complete, I must have his name cut in full upon it, and his age, and who gave it, and where it was got and when. This can't be done so that I can take it with me, and so I take my pencil and write what I wish engraved on the cup, and leave it to be sent after me. Next, our boy who is just stepping out of the toy-world with all its charms. His ambition now runs in the direction of a real watch, of which I had a gentle hint, and then another conflict ensues between the pocket and the inclination—the pocket yielding in the end, as usual. Then there are the two chaps who have turned their backs upon boyhood, and are striding away to that maturer stage of life with such vigorous steps. When I look at those big fellows marching up to me in height, and then at the grey hairs that force themselves into view, I am reminded that I am creeping on in years. Not always a pleasant reminder this, but we have no time for such reflections. It is just possible that the thought which edged itself in here may have hurried my purchases for them; and now, last though not least by any means, comes the claims of the dear old wife away beyond the broad ocean. I have no doubt she is thinking of me at this very moment. Dear heart! how often has she dreamed of my being smashed up on the railroad, run over on the streets, waylaid by robbers, and beset by divers other perils and hair-breadth escapes; but, thanks to a good Providence, I am still in the flesh,

sound and unharmed. Time begins to press, and I must away to a mercer shop and invest in a dress, laces, and gloves, after which I draw a long breath and feel relieved, for my task is done. Then I hurry back to the hotel, tumble my purchases hastily into my trunk and strap it up, swallow with much haste a lunch, order a hansom, pay my bill, and leave.

Euston Station, the terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, is near Euston Square, and is situated in the northern part of London. The station is very large, covering some twelve acres, to which there is attached a commodious hotel. The road in its exit skirts Regent's Park on the east, bends around Primrose Hill to the north, and then makes its escape from the city, running in a north-westerly direction across the island and passing through the counties of Middlesex, Hertford, Buckingham, Northampton, Warwick, Stafford, Cheshire and Lancashire.

Having secured a ticket for Manchester, and taken my seat in the coach, I could amuse myself by watching the busy crowd that hurried up and down the immense platform. It was not long before the shrill, piercing shriek of the locomotive startled me from my brief amusement, followed by the slamming to and the locking of the doors along the whole length of the train. We then move slowly out of the station, and pass into a deep excavation, from which we emerge at Camden Town Station. Here we pass Kensal Green Cemetery, said to be one of the prettiest near London, and Twyford Abbey. Now we dive into Primrose Hill Tunnel, 1,220 yards long. These

tunnels and deep cuttings are numerous, particularly on the northern roads, and are sometimes terribly vexatious. To the stranger who wishes to spy out all the land, they are on a par with the underground road of London—all very well for night travel, but not the thing for daylight. Many times have I caught a glimpse of some pretty scene or palatial abode with its far-reaching grounds, and before I could get a second *coup d'oeil*, we had either plunged into a cutting or popped into a tunnel.

Let me try to amuse myself, with a hope that I may interest you at the same time, by chatting about the places we pass. The road is a long one, that is to say, it is a long one in England—nearly two-hundred miles—and I do not know how else to pass the time. To the left yonder is “Harrow on the Hill,” with its famous school, where Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel and other eminent men were educated. How beautifully it shows out from among the trees!

“Spot of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky ;
When now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod ;
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before.
Oh ! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still.
Thou drooping elm ! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away ;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah ! without the thoughts which then were mine ;
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
‘Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell !’”

So mused Byron on visiting the scene of his school-days. We now pass Moor Park, the country seat of Lord Ebury; Cashisbury Park, Earl of Essex; and Grove Park, Earl of Clarendon; and here we rush into Watford Tunnel, over a mile in length. But do not imagine that, during this and other delightful passages of a kindred sort, we are enveloped in darkness. We plunge through rocks and hills with apparent recklessness, but our coaches are supplied with gas lamps, which were lighted before we left London. Soon after we leave the tunnel we cross the River Gade, noted for paper mills, and reach Great Burkhampstead, where Bishop Ken and Cowper the poet were born. Not many miles distant is Dunstable, whence came those straw bonnets of the same name, which used to be the pride of our mothers and grandmothers. Another tunnel, called the North Church Tunnel, nearly half a mile in length, shuts out the landscape. We emerge at Tring Station, at which place commence the Chiltern Hills. Others besides myself may have been at a loss to know what sort of government sinecure this Steward of Chiltern Hundreds was. It seems that at one time these hills were infested by banditti, and in order to suppress them the Crown appointed an officer called the Steward of Chiltern Hundreds. The duties have long since ceased, but the office is retained to enable any member of Parliament to resign his seat. According to the law of England, a member of the House of Commons cannot directly resign. To accomplish this, therefore, it is customary for a member wishing to resign his seat to accept a nominal office under

the Crown, such as the Stewardship of Chiltern Hundreds, and the acceptance of this office at once vacates the seat.

Passing Mentmore, the residence of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, we reach the old town of Leighton Buzzard, on the banks of the Ouzel, and then pass through the Linslade Tunnel. At Wolverton the guard tells us we have ten minutes for refreshments, and we refresh ourselves accordingly. There is a fine viaduct here. A few miles away is Olney, where Cowper resided for many years and wrote the most of his poems. The River Ouse, over which we pass, and of which we get many glimpses, is frequently mentioned in the "Task."

"The Ouse, dividing the well-watered land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen."

Greyhurst Park, the seat of Lord Carrington; Castle Thorpe; Easton Neston, a seat of the Earl of Pomfret, and Courteen Hall, Sir C. Wake, Bart., are passed in rapid succession, together with Bingbrook, Suspension Bridge and Stowehill Tunnel. It is vexing to be flying past so many fine old parks, and through so many charming scenes without a pause. How delightful it would be to saunter along quiet parts, by murmuring brooks, and through sheltered lanes!

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore."

We come now to the garrison town of Weedon, not far from which is Althorp, the seat of the Earl of Spencer, and Little Brington, whence came the ancestors of George Washington, first President of the United States: then we pass Crick, the choice "meet" of the Pytchly hunt, and enter the Kilsby Tunnel, nearly a mile and a half in length. These frequent lunges under the hills and into darkness profound render the daylight more appreciative, and the surrounding scenery more brilliant. Close by is Ashby St. Leger, in the church of which place is a monument to Sir W. Catesby, beheaded at Leicester after the battle of Bosworth Field, and a house belonging to Catesby in which the Gunpowder Plot was concocted. The hill through which the long tunnel passes separates the waters of the Avon from those of the Ouse and Nen. Our next stopping-place is Rugby Junction. The town of Rugby is a mile distant, the seat of the famous Grammar School founded in the reign of Elizabeth, presided over for a long time by the late Dr. Arnold, and celebrated as being the scene also of the "braw ideal" of school-boy books, "Tom Brown's School-days." On leaving we pass Newbold Hall, Sir T. G. Shipwith, Bart., and in the distance Combe Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Craven, on the right, and on the left Whitley Abbey, the seat of Viscount Hood, where Charles I. is supposed to have fixed his station when he unsuccessfully summoned the city of Chester. Now we have reached the venerable town of Coventry, with its three tall spires standing in line, and looking as though they had been cast in the same mould. Tennyson says, in his poem of *Godiva* :

“ I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires ; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this.”

It would have been very gratifying to have “waited” and threaded the narrow streets, lined with antiquated houses hoary with age, particularly the one which the legend marks out as the place where the scene so beautifully described by the poet occurred :

“ Then she rode forth, clothed o'er with chastity :
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see ; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame ; her palfry's footfall sho
Light horrors thro' her pulses ; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes, and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared ; but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw,
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.”

The town is noted for its extensive manufacture of watches and ribbons. A few miles on we pass Berkswell Hall, Sir J. E. Eardly Wilmot, Bart.; in the distance, Packington Palace, Earl of Aylesford; and then we go shrieking into the noisy city of Birmingham.

This is the third time my course of travel has led me through this city of smoke, which Elihu Burritt describes as being “black by day and red by night.” There is but little outside of its innumerable manufactories to interest one, and these are of a nature, however important and

valuable, that do not tempt one to enter within their dark and noisy precincts. Burritt, in his very interesting book, says: "It is a section of Titanic industry, kept in murky perspiration by a sturdy set of Tubal Cains and Vulcans, week in and week out, and often seven days to the week. Indeed, the Sunday evening halo it wears when the church bells are ringing to service on winter nights, glows 'redder than the moon,' or like the moon dissolved at its full in the clouds above the roaring furnaces."

After a brief delay, we were again *en route* for Manchester; but as I have noted the places on this route before, I shall only say that I passed on to Darwen, where I remained over one day and then resumed my route.

One of the first points of interest touched, after leaving Darwen, was Preston, a place of very great antiquity, situated on the north bank of the Ribble. During the civil war, Preston was occupied by the Royal party, but very soon after fell into the hands of the Parliamentary forces. It was afterwards retaken by the Earl of Derby, who demolished the defences. At Ribbleson Moor, near Preston, the Duke of Hamilton was defeated, in 1648, by Cromwell, and in 1715, the friends of the Pretender were routed by Generals Willis and Carpenter at the same spot. It is a large cotton manufacturing town.

The next place of any importance reached is Garstang, seated on the left bank of the Wyre. In the vicinity are the ruins of Grunhagh Castle, which the Earl of Derby garrisoned for Charles I. in 1643. It was subsequently dismantled by Parliament. Lancaster, our next stopping-

place, is situated on the Lune. Its principal object of attraction is the Castle, a strong fortress, erected in the reign of Edward III. by John of Gaunt. It stands on the summit of a hill, and forms a very striking feature in the general view of the town. The Prince of Wales gets his title of duke from Lancaster. We cross the River Lune here by a long viaduct of nine arches, and the River Winet at Kendal Junction by another of six arches. The alternate embankments and cuttings in solid granite over Shap Fells at Tebay and Orton are interesting. The depth of the cutting ranges between fifty and sixty feet, and the width at the base thirty feet. Near Clifton Moor is Lowther Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale; Brougham Hall, surrounded by fine woods; and Brougham Castle, supposed to occupy the site of a Roman station.

And now we enter the ancient town of Carlisle, pleasantly situated on an eminence, nearly enclosed by three streams, the Eden, the Caldew and the Petteril. It was fortified in the time of Agricola. The old Castle, with its lofty and massive tower, supposed to have been built by William Rufus, still remains. It has been the scene of many severe struggles. David King of Scots took it, and in 1312 Robert Bruce laid siege to it, but did not succeed in its capture. Having declared for Charles I., it suffered severely during the Civil Wars. In 1745 it surrendered to Prince Charles Stuart, and in being retaken by the Duke of Cumberland was the scene of many cruelties. Mary Queen of Scots, in her flight from England after the battle of Langside, was confined in the Castle.



CARLINLE, FROM THE RIVER. BOYD, C.W.W.

CARLINLE, FROM THE RIVER.

We now have passed through the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and here, on the border of the latter, we rattle into the once-famed Gretna Green, where you may step into England or Scotland at will, and where, not many years ago, numbers of couples "wedded in haste, to repent at leisure." Gretna for a long time was the terror of papas and mainmas, and a haven of bliss to unhappy



CARLISLE CASTLE.

lovers if it could only be reached. The current of love is remarkable for its uneven flow: in fact, it is said that it "never did run smooth," and it sometimes happens that father or mother do, by their decided objections, contribute largely to make its unevenness a good deal more marked. Surely the dear people might have known from past experience in these matters that their pretty Fanny could never live without her "dearest Charley": but they would

persist in not seeing it. Their unromantic spectacles revealed the dear Charley in quite another light from that seen by the confiding Fanny, and so it came to pass that the despairing lovers set their wits to work to circumvent all objection, and by a master-stroke cut the Gordian knot by flying to the elysian shades of Gretna Green.



"THE HA," GRETNA GREEN.

In those days there were two forms of marriage in Scotland—one regular, the other irregular. The former was preceded by the publication of bans in the kirk, when the union was afterwards registered. The latter was entered into without any religious or other formalities, and was consummated by the parties simply acknowledging themselves husband and wife before a witness, or by living together. These marriages were made illegal by a law

passed in 1856. The latter kind of marriage was in vogue at the time of which we speak. It was very brief and quickly done, and hence the frequent flittings to Gretna, where the celebrated blacksmith and other persons over the border assisted runaway couples in frustrating parental care, by simply witnessing the avowal that they were husband and wife. How often have we seen pictures and read descriptions of escapes from upper windows; of carriages flying along the road, with papa in hot pursuit, jehu lashing the exhausted horses and papa shouting "Stop!" Among the many exciting runaway matches, perhaps that of the Earl of Westmoreland and the daughter of Child, the rich banker, excited the most interest. The runaways found themselves so hotly pursued by the infuriated father that the Earl stopped his chaise, and jumping out, shot one of the leaders of the pursuing carriage, and in the delay and confusion thus caused got away in time to reach his destination and accomplish his ends. Such adventures are no longer possible; the railway and telegraph have put an end to them.

Gretna is but a poor border village, and has nothing to commend it to the visitor but its former questionable reputation; and even the sort of romance that may linger around its name in this particular is considerably diminished by the mean appearance of the place, so that you can turn your back upon it without feeling any pang at the parting.

Crossing the River Sark we enter Scotland. The road

takes us through the centre of the counties of Dumfries and Lanark, and through the valleys of Annan and Clyde, lying nearly in the middle of the first. In 1469, the younger Percy and Sir John Pennington led a force of six thousand men across the Sark at low water into Scotland. They were unexpectedly confronted, immediately after their successful passage of the river, by the Scotch army under the command of the Earl of Ormand, who at once gave battle, and succeeded in completely routing them. The defeat was a most disastrous one. Many prisoners were taken, among them Lord Percy and Sir John Pennington. Fifteen hundred of the English were slain, and five hundred were drowned in attempting to recross the Sark, which had now swollen. The loss to the Scotch was very small, but their victory was clouded by the fall of one of their leaders, William Wallace, of Craigie-Wallace.

The border-land which we have now entered has been the scene of many a bloody conflict between rival chieftains and their followers. The whole country from Berwick on the east, up the valley of the Tweed, along the Cheviot Hills, which we see to the right, to Solway Firth in the west, was at one time held by chiefs who carried on a predatory warfare for the sake of spoil or the wantonness of aggression. There was also another class of marauders called Moss Troopers, who knew no law, had no chieftain to whom they owed allegiance, or who would be bound for their good conduct. These men, with their petty trains of dependants, were viewed as broken clans, and were only

countenanced by the great barons when they stood in need of assistance. Living in small towns about the border valleys, they were in the habit of sallying out at night to pillage the flocks and herds of some unsuspecting neighbour—for they were by no means particular whether their prey belonged to brother Scot or neighbour English. Here is Sir Walter Scott's picture of these border robbers :

“ A stark moss-trooping Scot was he,
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee :
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross ;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ;
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none
But he would ride them one by one ;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride ;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime :
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland ;
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's King and Scotland's Queen.”

In those dismal times all the ordinary class of houses in the border towns were thatched, and as it was almost certain that these would be set on fire by the enemy, it was customary for the inhabitants on the approach of invaders to clear off the thatch from the dwellings, and if possible, flee with their cattle and other property to the mountains. Through all the border country may be seen the remains of the towers, or “peels,” as they were called,

of doughty robber chiefs. They generally occupy situations of great natural strength.

In the valleys of the Annan and Clyde were situated the domains of two powerful chieftains, the Johnstones and the Maxwells; and Lockerbe, which we are now approaching, is noticeable because of the fact that in and near it was fought the last great battle of the clans, between these rival chiefs. The struggle, a desperate and bloody one, took place at Dryfe Sands, and resulted in the total rout of the Maxwells. They were pursued by the victors and overtaken in the streets of Lockerbe, where they were cut down, or slashed in the face; hence the saying in that part of the country, "bad as a Lockerbe lick."

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," says, that after the battle Lady Lockerbe sallied out from the town with only a female attendant. As a measure of precaution, she locked the strong oaken door and the inner gate, with which a Border fortress was commonly secured, and knotting the large keys into a thong took them with her hanging on her arm. Amongst the dying and the dead she discovered a tall grey-headed, noble-looking man, bareheaded and bleeding to death, whom she recognized as the deadly enemy of her clan. This man she remembered to have been the cause of her father's captivity and death. He asked her for mercy and help, but raising the ponderous keys she bore along with her, she dashed out the brains of the vanquished Lord Maxwell.

At Elvanfort we cross the watershed of the Annan and its tributaries, and follow that of the Clyde, which takes its rise in the Lowther hills—

“’Mong wild mossy mountains see lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth of the Clyde.”

At Symington Junction we can see Tinto to the west, a conical-shaped hill, rising 2,200 feet. After leaving Carstairs we pass Lanark, interesting as the scene of many of the exploits of Sir William Wallace. Near Motherwell Junction is the town of Hamilton with the Palace, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, standing on a plain between the town and river, to the left of the railway station. Two miles farther we cross Bothwell Bridge, the scene of the encounter which took place June, 1679, between the Royal forces under the Duke of Monmouth, and the Covenanters, on which occasion some five hundred of the latter were killed, and double the number taken prisoners. The level grounds which stretch from Bothwell Bridge along the banks of the river, once formed the patrimonial estate of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, the assassin of the Regent Moray. The estate was a “hawk’s-flight” of land, granted for valour to its first possessor. A little farther on we come to the village of Bothwell, where Joanna Baillie was born.

The neighbourhood of Hamilton is the great mineral district of Scotland, and in approaching Glasgow by the Caledonia Road one is reminded of the route from Wolver-

hampton to Birmingham. Near Bothwell Bridge are the picturesque ruins of Bothwell Castle, the ancient seat of the Douglasses. It stands on the right bank of the Clyde. The walls in some places are fourteen feet thick and sixty feet high, overgrown with ivy and wallflowers. Traces of



BOTHWELL CASTLE.

the old ramparts are still visible, and "Wallace's Beef Barrel," a deep dungeon, is seen, where the Douglasses safely housed their prisoners.

"The tufted grass lines Bothwell's ancient hall,
The fox peeps cautious from the creviced wall,
Where once proud Murray, Clydesdale's ancient lord,
A mimic sovereign, held the festal board."

CHAPTER XIV.

GLASGOW.

GLASGOW, as is well known, is the first city in Scotland, and the third, in point of wealth and importance, in the kingdom. And great though it really is as a commercial emporium, like many other large cities we know of it has not many attractions for the tourist. One gets weary in a short time of long streets lined with magnificent warehouses, if there is nothing more to attract than florid façades and immense stocks of rich merchandise. It matters not how widespread the business ramifications may extend from any one or all of these establishments. Unless something beyond the mere matter-of-fact volume of trade attaches to them some connecting link with the great and good, or something that has had an influence in shaping the future of the country or the world, we care but little for them. Mere blocks of stone and brick, however symmetrical or faultless in architectural design, are soulless, so to speak, unless history or genius have breathed life into them. But Glasgow is not altogether destitute of those features that attract the student or the sight-seer, and we expect to find many things worth looking at.

The "Tobacco Lords," as they were called, were the first

to give Glasgow a start in her commercial career; but when the American war began it gave a death-blow to this monopoly, and forced the merchants to seek for a new field of enterprise. Their attention was now turned to the cultivation of sugar in the West Indies; then followed the manufacture of cotton goods, and more recently the coal and iron trades have been developed, and have reached gigantic proportions. So have ship-building and marine engine-making. It is stated that the ship-building of the Clyde nearly rivals that of all the other ports of the kingdom combined.

My hotel is situated in George Square, and so are nearly all the principal hotels. From the windows of my room I can take in the whole Square, which is the finest in the city, and occupies a central position. The first object that arrests my eye is the lofty column which rises from the centre of it, surmounted by a colossal figure erected in honour of the great author of the Waverley novels. The monument, the first raised in Scotland to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, consists of a fluted column of the Doric order, resting upon a square granite pedestal, surmounted by a figure of the poet, with his plaid thrown over his shoulder. On the base are the simple words, "Sir Walter Scott." Nearly in front of this pillar, and of the Post Office, are bronze statues of Sir John Moore and Lord Clyde, who were both natives of Glasgow. In the four corners there are bronze statues of James Watt, Sir Robert Peel, Dr. Graham, and Marochetti's equestrian statues of the Queen and the late Prince Consort.

But we cannot see the city from our window, so we must needs go out and find what there is to be seen. The first street we strike is Virginia Street—in memory, no doubt, of tobacco lords and pig-tail—and from it we enter Argyle



GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW.

Street, the principal thoroughfare of Glasgow, which, with its connections, the Trongate and Gallowgate at one end, and Main Street at the other, gives a continuous line of about three miles in length, through which pours the

stream of humanity throughout the day. The street presents an array of plain, substantial-looking buildings, interspersed with ancient tenements, whose narrow pointed gables and steep roofs form a striking contrast to the more



THE TRONGATE.

modern structures which hem them in. At the end of the Trongate is the Cross of Glasgow, where stands a not very pretty equestrian statue of William III. The ancient jail of the burgh, the scene of the midnight adventure of

Francis Osbaldistone and Rob Roy, and the old court-house, in front of which criminals were executed, stood on the corner of High Street and Trongate. The site is now occupied by extensive warehouses. Buchanan Street con-



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

tains many elegant shops, and so does Queen Street, upon which is the Royal Exchange, a handsome building, in front of which is a colossal bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. The sides of the pedestal are covered with groups in alto-rilievo, representing the first and last battles

of the duke—Assaye and Waterloo—and the embryo soldier following the plough, and his return at the close of the wars.

Standing at the monument and looking eastward, we have a good view of Ingram Street, lined with public buildings, banks and warehouses. Passing up the street we come to the old college in High Street, now the Union Railway Station. Men famous in the annals of the nation have been taught within its dingy walls, and some of the greatest scholars of their time have filled its professorial chairs. Here were educated George Buchanan, the greatest Latinist of his age; Dr. Spottiswood, the Church historian; Wodrow, Professor Wilson, the present Archbishop of Canterbury; Hooker, the botanist; Mather, the Orientalist; and many others. Among the professors appear such names as Adam Smith, Chalmers, Sandford, etc.; and of Lords Rector Burke, Brougham, Campbell, Peel, Macaulay and Lytton, all of whom have made the old hall ring with their oratory. As we look at the begrimed old building, or walk within amid the snorting of locomotives and the clatter of railway wagons, we find it difficult to fancy that here but a short time since the hard-working student and learned professor were wont to congregate; but such are the freaks which modern progress sometimes indulges in. Immediately opposite, at the corner of High Street and College Street, stands the house in which Thomas Campbell, the poet, resided during his student-life in Glasgow.

After passing Duke Street, High Street ascends with a

considerable curve, which is called the "Bell o' the Brae," where, in the year 1300, a severe battle was fought between the English and Scots; the former commanded by Earl Percy, who was at the time Governor of the Western District of Scotland, and the latter by the Scottish hero Wallace. The English were defeated and suffered the loss of their commander.

Passing on, we come to the square at the head of the street, and find ourselves face to face with the old Cathedral, the Barony, the Infirmary and the Necropolis. Close on the right hand, our guide tells us, stood a few years ago Darnley's cottage, in which, it is said, Darnley lay when sick, and from which he was removed to Edinburgh by Queen Mary shortly before the tragedy of Kirk o' Fields. A little to the right of where this cottage stood is the Barony Parish Church, a clumsy and mongrel building, once the scene of the ministrations of the late Rev. Dr. McLeod, chaplain to the Queen and editor of *Good Words*.

In the Cathedral, which we shall now enter, we have found something of more than ordinary interest. It is by no means a pretty structure, but its gloomy and massive walls carry our minds back a long way, and so we forget that it is wanting in architectural elegance, and look kindly towards the old building because of its age. It stands on the ground where St. Mungo raised his humble cell, and where he erected a church in 560. The present structure was founded by Achaius, Bishop of Glasgow, in 1136, in the reign of David I. The interior contains 147 pillars, and the whole is lighted by 159 windows, many of them

of exquisite workmanship. The great entrance is at the west end. It was stoned up for several centuries, but was reopened some years ago. Two rows of massive clustered



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

columns separate the aisles from the nave. The lofty and narrow aisles and the line of admirably painted windows form a vista of great beauty.

The old Cathedral has witnessed stormy times, and on

more than one occasion has been threatened with destruction. Archbishop Beaton, the last of the Catholic prelates who ruled the See, was swept away with the storm of the



CHOIR, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

Reformation, carrying with him, however, the chalices, gold and silver images, and other valuables. During these stormy times, and while a general destruction of ecclesiastical establishments followed, the Cathedral escaped with

but little harm. Many a threat was made to rase the "idolatrous monumēt" to the ground, and more than one attempt to carry the threat into execution. It is true that some hot-headed enthusiasts succeeded in stripping the roof of its lead covering and destroyed all the images; but when these threatenings assumed a settled determination to destroy the edifice, the craftsmen of Glasgow took arms in hand and saved it. Sir Walter Scott, in "Rob Roy," describes one of these tumults:

"Andrew Fairservice, who saw with great pride the effect which it produced upon my mind, thus accounted for its preservation: 'Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yer whig-maleeries and curliewurlies and opensteek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had ainaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd doun the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa, to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image-worship, and surplices, and sic-like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna braid eneuch for her auld hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year—(and a gude

mason he was himsel', made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging)—and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luve o' Papery—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow.—Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks—and sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar Burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaïmed aff her, and a'boday was alike pleased.'"

From the nave a flight of steps leads to the crypts, of which there are three. Speaking of the edifice, a recent writer says: "Its most characteristic feature is the crypt, in which the piers from which the vaulting springs are so arranged that vistas are obtained from every part to the shrine in the centre. The result is one of the most complicated and beautiful specimens of vaulting in the world, varying in every compartment in consequence of the radiating disposition of the supports. The character of the vaulting is French, the filling in being parallel with the ribs." And Sir Walter Scott, whose prolific pen seems to have touched everything worthy of notice in Scotland, says: "Conceive an extensive range of low, broad, dark and twilight vaults, such as used for sepulchres in other countries, and had been long dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The parts of the vaults thus occupied,

though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were doubtless 'princes in Israel.'

A good anecdote is told of Cromwell in connection with the Cathedral. After his victory over the Presbyterians at Dunbar, he took up his residence in Glasgow, and made a formal procession to the Cathedral Church to hear a sermon. The greater part of the influential Presbyterians had fled from the city by this time, but Mr. Zachary Boyd, a minister of the Barony Church, and the well-known paraphrast, had the courage to remain, and in preaching on that occasion during the forenoon, he boldly inveighed against Cromwell and his Independents, whom he termed malignants. "Shall I pistol the scoundrel?" whispered Thurlow, the Secretary, to his master. "No, no," said the General, "we will manage him in another way;" and inviting the minister to sup with him, he concluded the entertainment with a prayer of some hours' duration, said by contemporary chroniclers to have lasted till three o'clock in the morning. So pleased were some of the Scotch divines with this exhibition of Cromwell's remarkable freedom in prayer, that they gave out to their flocks that surely he must be one of the elect.

Leaving the Cathedral by the entrance gate, we turn into Church Lane, pass down it, and cross the Bridge of Sighs, which stretches over the Molendinar Burn, and

enter the Necropolis. In front of the path as you cross the bridge so fitly named, there is an alcove of mediæval architecture, on which are carved the arms of the Merchant House and of the city. From this point ornamented walks



THE NECROPOLIS.

lead through the grounds in two directions, with numerous diverging paths. The summit of the ground is reached by a winding ascent, along which are a series of monuments. The first notable one of these is a structure

ornamented in the Tudor style of architecture, and surmounted by a statue executed by the self-taught artist, Forrest. It is dedicated to the memory of William McGavin, author of the "Protestant." Passing onward we wind through a labyrinth of monumental structures executed in granite and sandstone. On a broad pedestal composed of blocks of granite rests the colossal statue, in white marble, of Charles Tennant, of St. Rollox. Adjoining, and conspicuously placed on the extreme summit of the hill, the lofty Doric column, with the statue of the stern reformer, John Knox, towers above the city, as he did intellectually above the men of his age. From this point an admirable view is had of the busy city stretching away on the one hand, and on the other a large expanse of fertile and well-cultivated country, including the principal domains of Hamilton and Bothwell. From this point we stroll away through different paths bordered with flowers and shrubs, stopping every now and then to read the inscriptions on monuments erected to the memory of men whose names are familiar to all the world—among whom we may mention Dr. Dick, Dr. Black, Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," Motherwell the poet, and Edward Irving.

Turning our footsteps westward from this, we thread several streets and enter Sauchiehall Street, at the end of which are a number of elegant modern terraces and streets, where many of the city aristocrats reside; and from this we enter the very pretty West End Park, formerly Woodlands and Kelvin Grove, commemorated in song. The grounds

are tastefully laid out, and contain a magnificent memorial fountain erected to commemorate the services of the late Lord Provost Stewart, and others associated with him in promoting the introduction of Loch Katrine water into the



WEST PARK.

city. It consists of a lower basin sixty-five feet in diameter, formed of granite, with a superstructure of freestone variegated with coloured marble, and is surmounted by a figure in bronze of the Lady of the Lake.

“ With head upraised and look intent,
And eyes and ears attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand.”

A short distance from the fountain is an interesting bronze group on a pedestal of granite. It consists of a huge tigress carrying a dead peacock to her lair, and her young cubs greedily welcoming the prey. This piece of statuary, a copy of one in the Jardins des Plants, was presented to his native city by John Kennedy, Esq., of New York.

Let us now cross the Kelvin by the wooden bridge and ascend Gilmour Hill, to have a look at the new University. It is an imposing structure, worthy of the great city. After satisfying our curiosity and enjoying the outlook from the hill, we work our way to the Broomielaw or harbour of Glasgow, and proceed along to the east. This noble basin is one and a half miles in length, and comprises an area of seventy-six acres. It is thronged with vessels of every description and from every country, from the largest ship to the smallest coasting craft, while steam vessels are to be seen at all times discharging or receiving crowds of passengers. We pass the quays where lie the steamships of the well-known Glasgow Canadian Line, Anchor Line, etc. Altogether it is a busy and interesting scene. The harbour is the greatest work connected with modern Glasgow. Where these ponderous ships are now ranged three or four abreast, men still living have waded across in their boyhood. Within little more than half a century the river at this place has been doubled in width, while in depth it has

been increased from five to about twenty-two feet. The Glasgow or Broomielaw Bridge, which here crosses the Clyde, is faced with Aberdeen granite, and consists of seven arches. The view from it is very striking and animated.



THE BROOMIELAW.

A walk of about half a mile along Clyde Street brings us to Glasgow Green, the oldest public park in the city. It is divided into portions, called respectively High Green, Low Green, King's Park and Flishers' Haugh, and extends along the north bank of the Clyde to the east of the court-house.

It is laid out with walks, some of which are shaded by rows of trees, and is surrounded by a carriage drive. In High Green there is an obelisk erected to the memory of Nelson; on the west of the Green are the court-house and jail, and



THE BROOMIELAW AND GLASGOW BRIDGE.

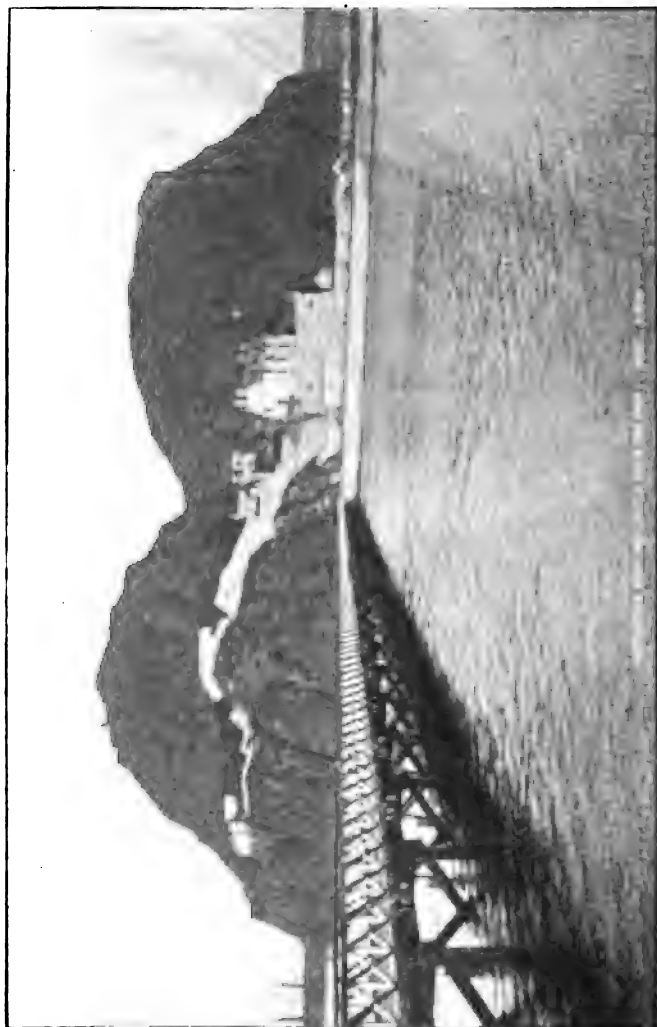
south of these is Albert Bridge, a new structure of remarkable beauty, and a short way farther down the river is a suspension bridge for foot-passengers.

At the southern end of the city lies the Queen's Park, which is reached by Eglinton Street. It was laid out from

the designs of Sir Joseph Paxton. The view from the eminence from which the flagstaff rises, look which way you will, is very extensive. To the north, the whole city, overhung with its dense canopy of smoke, spreads out like a map, from the town of Rutherglen on the east, to the University on the west, the river in this direction being at a more remote distance, bounded by the Kilpatrick Hills and the termination of the Grampian range. Turning to the east and south, we have the Cathkin braes and the pretty valley of the Cart, with its fields and woods, through which the peaceful river finds its way ; and the historic field of Langside, where Queen Mary met with her final defeat, in 1568, an event which settled the fate of Scotland, affected the future of England, and had its influence upon all Europe.

The battle took place soon after the Queen's escape from Lochleven Castle. She had been joined by a considerable party of friends, who raised an army of six thousand men, commanded by Argyle, to reinstate her on the throne. The army was on its march from Hamilton to Dumbarton Castle, when it encountered the Regent Moray, who had concentrated his forces at the ridge of Langside Hill, the struggle that ensued lasting only three-quarters of an hour. The Queen's army was entirely routed, and Mary herself, who witnessed the battle from Cathcart Castle, a mile and a half to the east of Langside, fled to the borders and took refuge in England.

We have now done with Glasgow for this time, and shall leave early in the morning for the Trosachs, calling at one or two points on the way.



DUMBARTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XV.

THROUGH THE TROSACHS.

LEAVING Glasgow by rail, the first point of interest on our way to Balloch, where we get the steamer for Loch Lomond, is Dumbarton Castle. The rock on which this old fortress stands rises boldly on the margin of the Clyde, and terminates in two peaks, the loftiest one of which is called "Wallace's Seat." The Castle stands in a hollow or cleft between these prominences, and is reached by a narrow flight of steps, built in a natural fissure of the rock. A narrow gateway here was used as a portcullis, on either side of which may be seen rude, well-worn heads of Wallace and Montieith, his betrayer. The latter is represented with his finger in his cheek, which is said to have been the sign given by the traitor on this occasion. The stair continues to ascend to the summit, whence there is an expansive view. Ben Lomond for the first time greets my eye, but we anticipate a closer view of its rugged sides. The hills of Arrochar, the summit of Goatfell, Greenock, Port Glasgow, the Upper Firth, Kilpatrick Hills, the mazes of the Clyde and the town of Paisley lie around us, and present a variety of scenery such as is rarely met with, and full of interest and beauty. In one of the apartments is shown a gigantic sword, for a long time supposed to have been used by Wallace, but which has been proved to

be of the time of Edward IV. It seems almost a pity that the romance attached to this huge blade should have been dispelled by modern investigation.

Dumbarton is a place of great antiquity. In ancient times it was the sea-gate of the Clyde, and a mountain-gate to the Highlands. The rock is supposed to be the Balclutha of Ossian, the Dun-Briton of the native tribes before Scotland had a name in history, and the Theodosia of the Romans. It was at an early period in Scottish history a royal fortress, and was long held by the English, during which time it is said to have been the prison of Wallace. Bruce captured it in 1309, and it was besieged often afterwards by water and by land. To this strong fortress was the infant Queen Mary taken after the battle of Pinkie, and it was from Dumbarton she was at last safely conveyed to France. Strangely enough, too, it was in trying to reach this old fortress that the hapless Queen was intercepted by regent Murray, and compelled to fly.

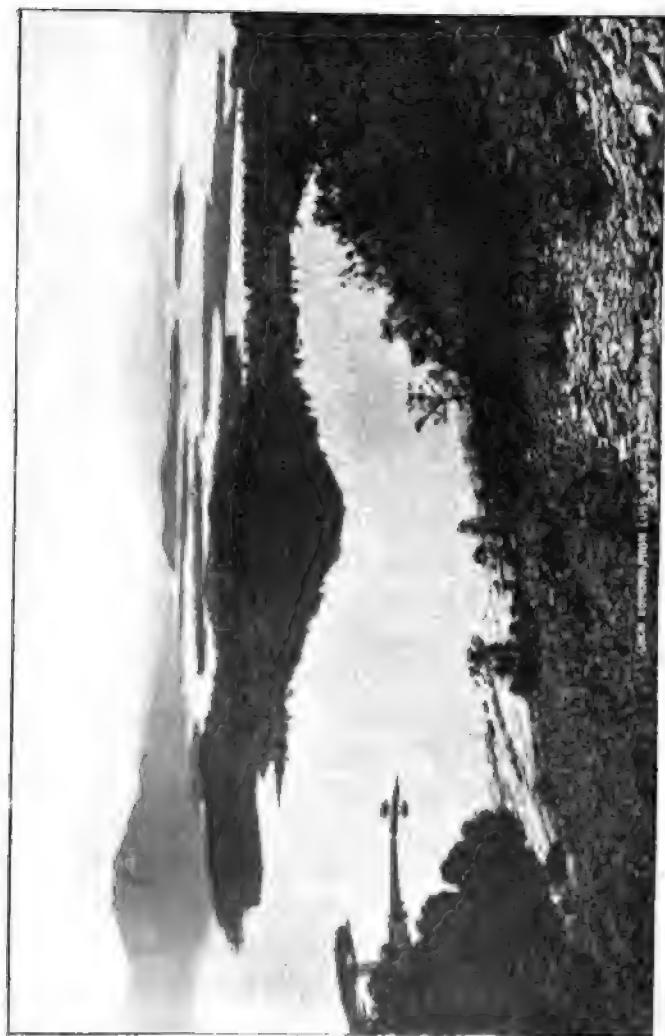
The town of Dumbarton, at the base of the rock, is a busy ship-building place, situated on the banks of the Leven, which here empties into the Clyde. Two miles down the river on the left is Finlayson, formerly the mansion of the Earls of Glencairn, and on the right, a short distance from Dumbarton, formerly stood the old Castle of Cardross, in which King Robert Bruce died.

We turn away from Dumbarton and its many stirring memories, and proceed through the Vale of Leven, in which Smollett, the great novelist, was born, and which he has immortalized in his "Ode to Leven Water"—

“ Pure stream, in whose translucent wave
My youthful limbs I went to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No wells impede thy dimpling course
That sweetly warbles o’er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread ;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave the crystal flood.”

The numerous print and bleach works which now stud the banks of the pretty river have divested it of much of its poetry. The clear water which flows into it from Loch Lomond, is rendered anything but transparent and pure by the refuse of dye-woods and chemicals thrown into it from the factories.

At Balloch we step on board the steamer *Prince of Wales*, and are soon on our way up Loch Lomond, the pride of the Scottish lakes. Fortunately the day was fine, a pleasure not always enjoyed by tourists through the lakes. After a brief survey of our neat little steamer, and a glance at the vase of Sevres porcelain in the cabin, a gift of the Empress Eugenie, I proceeded to the upper deck and seated myself to enjoy the rich panorama as it gradually unfolded itself to my view. On the left of the Leven, which here commences its course to the Clyde, is seen the tower of Tillichewan Castle, situated on rising ground ornamented with trees and overlooking the loch. To the right is Balloch Castle ; near the lower extremity of the loch on the left, embosomed in a beautiful plantation, is Cameron House, the seat of Alexander Smollett, Esq., M.P., a descendant of the novelist and historian. On the right,



LOCH LOMOND.

where the loch expands eastward, is Botterrich Castle, Ross Priory and the stately mansion of the Duke of Montrose, beautifully situated amid woods and verdant lawns. We can now see the monument to George Buchanan, the scholar and Latin poet, and tutor of James VI., rising above his native village of Killcarn, situated in the uplands to the south. Next, the ruins of the old Castle of Bannochar, overhanging the opening of Glen Fruin, arrests our attention. In ancient times it was the abode of the Colquhouns. Glen Fruin, or "The Glen of Sorrow," was the scene of the celebrated conflict between the Macgregors and the Colquhouns, in 1603. The country surrounding the lower part of Loch Lomond has been the theatre of many a sanguinary contest between rival clans. The Macfarlanes, Macaulays and Colquhouns, when not engaged in plundering one another, were wont to sweep the low country of its flocks and herds; and the Campbells, the Camerons and the Buchanans were not slow, at the same time, to mingle in fray and foray. In the year we have mentioned, Macgregor of Glenstrae invaded the Lennox with a body of four hundred men. Colquhoun summoned his vassals and neighbours to his side, and reinforced by a contingent of the burghers of Dumbarton under the command of Tobias Smollett, attacked the marauders in the valley of the Fruin. He was defeated, however, by the Macgregors, who carried off immense booty in cattle, sheep and horses. Of Colquhoun's men a hundred and forty were slain, including many of the landed proprietors of the neighbourhood. The Laird of Luss was indebted for his

escape to the fleetness of his steed, which carried him to his stronghold at Bannochar.

“Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ierree !”

We now approach the island of Inch-Murrin. It is well wooded, about a mile and a half in length, and is preserved as a deer-park by the Duke of Montrose. We could see the deer browsing or reposing under the shade of the fine old trees as we glided along the shore. The ruin which we noticed at the lower end of the island was the fortalice of Lennox Castle, formerly a residence of the Earl of Lennox. Here Isabel, Duchess of Albany, resided after the death of her husband. We now thread our way among

“Those emerald isles, which calmly sleep
On the blue bosom of the deep.”

Passing the islets of Cre-inch, Tor-inch and Clair-inch, we come to the isle of Inch-Calliach, or “The Old Woman's Island,” so named, it is said, from its having been the site of a nunnery. It contains the old parish church of Buchanan and the burial-ground of the Macgregors, where there are several monuments of the lairds of this clan and other families claiming descent from the old Scottish king,

King Alpine. The steamer now glides in between this island and the mainland, and touches at Balmaha, situated at the foot of a pretty conic hill, the top of which reaches an altitude of 1,175 feet. The narrow pass of the same name formerly guarded the entrance to the Highlands from the loch and the Lennox. On the opposite side of the loch, Ross-dhu House, the seat of Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, presents itself, situated on the low promontory from which its name is derived. Winding our way through the narrow channels that lie between Inch this and Inch that—beautiful little islands covered with trees and shrubs, but possessing hard names, and nothing more to commend them to our notice, except Inch-Galbraith, on which are the ruins of Galbraith Castle—we come to the village of Luss, with its neat, slated cottages and old parish church quietly nestling in the Glen of Luss, on one side of which rises a range of mountains, culminating in Ben Dhu, and on the other “The Paps” and Cruach Dubh.

After leaving Luss the steamer enters the upper region of the loch, where it contracts in breadth, and the scenery becomes wilder. Passing the beautifully wooded promontory of Ross, we soon reach Rowardennan, where those who contemplate the ascent of Ben Lomond go ashore. This feat, however gratifying it would have been, was not on our card. The scene from the top is described by those who have enjoyed the grand lookout, as being very fine, and embraces a wide expanse of country. But there was a lion in the path—want of time—and besides this there was the uncertainty, more thoroughly impressed on our mind

by the clouds which hung along the mountain's side, that should we attempt the scramble up the six long and weary miles of ascent, and find ourselves enveloped in mist and fog when we reached the top—a joke which old Ben is wont to play on visitors—we should be vexed; and so, with the lion on one hand, and uncertainty on the other, we stick to the ship, and content ourself as well as we can by gazing up towards its cloud-capped top.

We now skirt along the base of Ben Lomond, passing, on the left, the beautifully wooded Ferkin Point with Stuckgowan House, the favourite residence of the late Lord Jeffrey. Opposite this is Rob Roy's Cave, a deep and extensive cavern with a very narrow opening hardly perceptible to the naked eye.

“ Yes, slender aid from Fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
'Mid glen and thicket, dark, to scan
The wild Macgregor's savage clan,
Emerging at their chieftain's call,
To foray, or to festival ;
While nodding plumes and tartans bright,
Gleam wildly o'er each glancing height.”

From Tarbet we cross to Inversnaid, where we leave the steamer and take coach to Loch Katrine. Across from Inversnaid is Upper Invernglas and Invernglas Isle, on which are the ruins of an old stronghold of the Macfarlanes.

All the way up the loch we had been picking up tourists by dozens, mostly Americans, part of a company, we learned, of over a hundred, under the guidance of Cook. These people had scattered themselves among the hills, but were

now marshalling for a combined attack on Loch Katrine. About a hundred people were paraded in front of the hotel, and six coaches were provided to carry them, including



LOCH KATRINE.

myself, of course, across to Stronachlachar. Each coach was expected to take from fifteen to twenty. "All ready!" shouts Mr. Cook, and then such a scrambling up steps and

over wheels; such tugging at ladies, who were afraid to get up, and afraid to ride on the top when they succeeded, under many difficulties, in reaching it. The whole scene must have been amusing to the quiet lookers-on, if there were any such fortunate people around, but not so amusing to those more immediately interested. We set off, and coach after coach struggled up the long ascent.

I must not omit to mention the pretty fall at Inversnaid, where the Arklet Water, after leaping and dancing from rock to rock through the mountain gorge, makes its last glad bound before it mingles with the placid waters of Loch Lomond. Wordsworth, in his lines, "To a Highland Girl," gives a pretty picture of this fall.

"And these grey rocks, this household lawn,
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake."

Not far from Inversnaid is the remains of the fort of the same name, standing in a hillock to the left. It was built by the Government, in 1713, to overawe the marauding Macgregors, who were then the terror of the country, and who were shortly after implicated in the Jacobite movement. The fort was also employed for military purposes after the rebellion of 1745, it having been put in a state of repairs subsequent to the battle of Culloden. In 1746 it was garrisoned by Wolfe, afterwards the hero of Quebec, who was detached to this fort with his company. Our road runs along the rugged banks of the Arklet Water, the outlet of the loch. Its dark waters rush wildly on

over rocks, foaming and seething at their base, then whirling away for another plunge; but now we see ahead the small black loch of Arklet itself, reposing quietly in the barren moor, and overshadowed by the northern shoulder of Ben Lomond, who

“Through shrouding mists looks dimly down;
For though perchance his piercing eye
Doth read the secrets of the sky,
His haughty bosom scorns to show
Those secrets to the world below;
Close-woven shades with varying grace,
And crag and cavern mark his base.”

Here Rob Roy's Helen Macgregor is said to have been born, and our jehu points to the low cabin standing out alone on the silent shore as her home. Down these mountain paths strode her lover chief, but it would require a much more vivid imagination than I possess to see many charms in either the humble abode of Helen Macgregor or the bleak and barren moor which encircles it. But this is the land of Rob Roy and the Macgregors, and Sir Walter Scott's facile pen has thrown a charm over mountain and moor. In his introductory remarks to “Rob Roy” will be found an interesting account of this region and the clans who held it.

Our roadway skirts the shores of the little loch upon whose glassy surface we saw a solitary water-fowl. A few sheep could be seen here and there moving along the mountain sides, but where they came from or in what lonely glen their master dwelt was more than we could tell. Straggling clumps of dwarfed and weather-beaten

trees, ragged and lonely hills pressing upon one another, lift their sullen heads above the clouds; acres without number, matted with heather, make up the picture of the scene through which we pass; and now we rattle up in



ROB ROY'S HOUSE, PORTNELLAN.

front of the hotel door at Stronachlachar, where we descend from the coach top, pleased that our five miles' ride has come to an end, and await the steamer which is to carry us up Loch Katrine.

We presume it does not often happen to the obliging

host of the Stronachlachar Hotel that a good hundred and more hungry mortals swoop down upon him from the mountains in a long line of coaches-and-four. Such an



ROB ROY'S PRISON, STRONACHLACHAR.

event, however, now happened to him, though not unexpectedly, for Mr. Cook, in his thoughtful care of his American flock, had sent on advice: and though there proved to be enough to appease the sharpened appetites of

all, and though assured of the fact, yet it seemed to be questioned, and a scramble ensued for the first seats at the table. While this contest was going on I turned away and clambered up the side of Moal Mor to get a look at the



STRONACHLACHAR, LOCH KATRINE.

loch from this end, and in quest of wild-flowers. When I had gone as far as I felt it safe to proceed, I seated myself for a look at the view spread out before me. I was not left to enjoy it long, for I observed the steamer coming down the loch, so hurried down to get my dinner.

Our steamer, the *Rob Roy*—by the way, the coach that brought us over was the Rob Roy, too—lay at the small pier by the time I had dined, and when I reached her nearly all the people had gone on board the tiny vessel. There was but little more than standing room on the narrow deck, and if the voyage had been of any length, and the place less interesting, we should have found it exceedingly tiresome; but with a disposition to make the best of things, we located in the best available space, and turned our attention to the romantic locality through which we were passing.

It will hardly be necessary for me to say that we have entered upon the scene of the beautiful poem of "The Lady of the Lake," and that every mountain, loch, glen, islet or stream has been described by Sir Walter Scott in that charming work. Indeed, to really enjoy the poetic tale it must be read as you pass over the ground it so delightfully describes; and to enjoy the scenery you must read the poem to catch the beauties it so charmingly depicts. Any description must appear tame and unsatisfactory after reading this, and we commend the poem as the best guide. Its minute and glowing pictures of every feature of the country, read on the spot, are so enchanting that one might stand on tiptoe for hours gazing now on the page and now on the landscape, altogether unconscious of his surroundings or of fatigue.

The west end of the loch, from which we are proceeding, presents a very different landscape from that of the eastern extremity. It is less beautiful, less varied, but perhaps not

less impressive. The silence seems deeper, the solitude more complete. The wild grandeur and savage splendour of the place are not subdued by any softer elements. All is bare, and bleak, and desolate. The mountains are covered with broken rocks and boulders, the ravines that cleave their flanks are unrelieved by the grace of luxuriant foliage, the intervening hollows are filled with no green leas and smiling meadow, but heathery moor; the banks of the lake are steep, dark, abrupt and rude, repelling the limpid wave instead of wooing and alluring it.

The associations of the place are suited to its natural character. It was formerly a part of the land of the Macgregors, and the scene of many of the daring exploits of Rob Roy. Not a fastness, not a glen, not a hollow, but has its traditions of the strife and suffering of those old days of wrong, when the sole law prevailing in the Highlands was the law of might—that “they should take who had the power”; that they should keep who were strong enough to defy oppression.

At the lower end of the loch is the commencement of the great aqueduct which supplies Glasgow with water. The aqueduct is carried through mountains and over deep valleys, a distance of thirty miles. From this point can be seen Glengyle, an old possession of the Macgregors, at the western extremity of the lake.

Our little steamer carries us on steadily to the chief point of attraction. Now we have a full view of Ben-venue rising up grandly to the south, with a nobly graduated outline. The correis and crags are softened by

distance and blended with luxuriant herbage, and the deep vertical gash of Coir-nan-Wirs Ken seems but a gentle opening in the sloping ridge, but on a nearer approach resolves itself into the dread Goblin's Cave—



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

“ A wild and strange retreat
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.”

The little “islet rock,” known as Ellen's Isle, which we are now approaching, possesses no extraordinary charms of

its own, and if it were not for the associations thrown around it by the great magician in his charming picture of the abode of the Lady of the Lake, we should pass it with a careless glance. But, as it is, we gaze at it and try to reanimate the scene—

“ Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favour'd flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower.”

We have every reason to believe that it was to this retreat that the heroic Ellen Douglas conveyed the Knight of Snowdown, while his gallant dogs followed in the wake of the fairy skiff.

“ And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.”

And it is also probable that the same island was a place of refuge for the women and children of the Clan-Alpine, in time of danger.

“ Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried, ‘ Behold yon isle !
See ! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand.’ ”

There exists a tradition relating to one of these islands of the loch, that some of Cromwell's soldiers penetrated these defiles of the Trosachs to plunder the natives. They were tracked, and one of the party shot. The grave is said still to mark the scene of blood, and gives the place its

name, Bealach-an-Duine, "the pass or defile of the men." The comrades of the slain man resolved to avenge his death, by plundering the island, to which the people of the neighbourhood fled with their valuables on the approach of an enemy. One of the party accordingly swam to the island to fetch a boat to his comrades, who remained on the shore watching his progress, when, just as he reached



VIEW ON LOCH KATRINE.

the island, one of the women severed his head from his body. On witnessing this the hostile party made a hasty retreat from their perilous situation. It is thought the poet had in his eye the defile of Bealach-an-Duine, in describing the death of Fitz-James's "gallant grey." The guides point out the *very spot* where

" . . . the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more."

In order that we may have time to prepare ourselves for the contemplation of the charms that are yet in store for us in this region of enchantment, as well as to enjoy the beauties that are continually revealing themselves to us, our steamer glides slowly along the shores of the island. We look in vain for the fair Ellen, there is no "shallop on the beach." But those hoary-headed old giants, Benvenue and Ben A'an on either hand, and the Trosachs in front, who are frowning down upon us, have hearkened to her voice. Look, just over there, under the shadow of Ben A'an is the "Silver Strand," whence the light shallop bore the Highland maiden. Let us take a parting glance of both through the poet's eyes:

"From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake."

The steamer now touches the pier at the end of the loch and we disembark. Again we find a long line of coaches drawn up to take us on to Callander, a distance of about nine miles. But before we leave, a word more about Loch Katrine. It is nine miles in length. From its eastern

extremity flows a stream expanding in its progress, first into Loch Achray and afterwards into Loch Vennachar,



SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.

then receives the Lubnaig, and becomes the River Teith at Callander, whence it descends to the Forth.

Before we enter this haunted region of the Trosachs,

let me repeat Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet as a fitting prelude:

"There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass,
Withered at eve. From scenes of art that chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
This moral sweetner by a heaven-taught lay
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest."

And now we set out. Our driver pauses to give us parting glimpses of the loch.

"And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

Every turn of the road unfolds fresh views of wild and romantic beauty, on which the eye reposes with new delight. The valley is one continued maze of rugged mountains, grey rocks and green woods, lofty precipices and dark ravines, shivering cliffs and heathery knolls, with masses of

trees dispersed in picturesque confusion. Amidst all this amplitude and diversity of form, the eye is surprised by the ever-shifting effects of light and shade, producing a continued succession of novel and striking pictures. On



IN THE PASS OF THE TROSACHS.

the left we are overshadowed by the lofty summit of Ben A'an, and on the right Benvenue rears its stately crest. The pass is about one mile in length, and is described in "The Lady of the Lake" with remarkable truthfulness and beauty.

We emerge from the pass at the castellated Trosachs Hotel, embosomed among trees. In front lies Loch Achray, its bright waters reposing silently and without a



LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN A'AN.

ripple under the shadow of the overhanging woods and rocks, with the picturesque heights of Ben A'an closing in the scene. I give you the euphonious name of the place as a specimen of the expressive Gaelic terms one meets with

in the mountains, but I doubt whether any but a Gael can pronounce it. Please try it: "Ardcheanochrochan," which means, I believe, "The dwelling at the end of the knoll."

The road continues to wind along the margin of the loch, and as we proceed new beauties are constantly opening up to our view. Now we rattle over the old Brigg of Turk, and we wonder if some unfortunate Turk had come to grief here away, but find that according to the tradition nothing more happened to make it famous than the slaying of a once savage wild boar. Where the connection lies between the story and the name we fail to see. Its fame, however, simply arises from its being mentioned in "The Lady of the Lake":

"And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone."

The bridge crosses a stream that flows out of Glenfinlas, the property of the Earl of Moray. Close by are the remains of the new Trosachs Hotel and the road that leads to the Braes of Balquhidder and Loch Voil. When the top of the ascent is gained from the bridge, we pause to take a parting glance at another fine scene we are leaving behind.

"With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.'

The scenery along Loch Vennachar grows tamer as we proceed, and it may be that the continued excitement of the past few hours and the grand and imposing scenery through which we had come unfitted me for the humbler and quieter beauties of Vennachar. Be this as it may, I began to feel weary and anxious to reach the end of the day's ride, and to be quit of the large company I had by accident stumbled into.

We pass Vennachar, which is five miles long, with surface broken only by a lonely island, Inch-Vroin, and come upon the Teith, which flows out of it. In the hollow to the south, marked by the ruins of an old mill, is Coilantogle Ford. This was the limit of the safe-conduct pledged to Fitz-James by Roderick Dhu, and here, having discharged himself of the sacred obligation due to a guest, the Celtic chief challenged the Sassenach knight to mortal combat, which the king, brave as he was, desired to decline.

“ And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :
‘ Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.’ ”

Continuing on through the moorland, by the banks of the River Teith, and bending around a spur of Benledi, on the top of which we can see the large boulder called “ Samson's Putting Stone,” ready, apparently, to roll down at the slightest touch, we pass over Kilmahoy bridge, which crosses the Leny, and in a few moments our long procession of coaches rein up and drop us out in front of the Dreadnought Hotel, Callander.

The scene that occurred at Stronachlachar was enacted over again at the Dreadnought. The fresh mountain air and the long ride again served to whet to a keen edge the appetites of more than a hundred and twenty people, and on reaching the hotel a simultaneous rush was made for wash-bowls and the dining saloon. The accommodation proved to be more extensive, so that there was no great crush at the tables, though a sorry deficiency, as it unfortunately happened, in the supply of waiters, which led to most aggravating delays in getting served. Hungry people are, as a rule, a very impatient and exacting set, and though the poor waiters were running hither and thither, in their eagerness to respond to the perplexing calls that resounded from all parts of the room, and were doing the very best they could under the circumstances, yet they utterly failed to satisfy all the urgent demands made upon them. In fact, some of them got confused, and rushed up and down in an amusing state of bewilderment. Taking my leisure, though as anxious to appease the cravings of my stomach as anyone, there was satisfaction in knowing that my stop was not limited by Mr. Cook to so many minutes, and that I should have an opportunity to get all I wanted. It was laughable to see the sudden change that came over the countenances of those who but barely had commenced their meal, when Mr. Cook announced that the time was up, the train would leave in another minute. Jonathan's face, which is not very often of the rotund cast, became unusually elongated. He looked imploringly at Mr. Cook and regretfully at the well-filled

plate. He even gave expression to unkind words; but there was nothing for it but to go, and go he did. Joy be with him, and all those who seek either pleasure or profit in such a crowd. I finished now at my leisure, and then sauntered out to have a look at the Highland village of Callander.

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CHAPTER XVI.

CALLANDER AND STIRLING.

CALLANDER lies in the County of Perthshire, and might be what it is not—a pretty place. Its situation is romantic and charming. It is surrounded by mountains and Highland lakes. Nature has encircled it with scenery the most sublime and beautiful; but here it lies, as it has done for ages, asleep. However much romance and poetry there may be in Highland scenery, there is precious little, judging from external appearances, in the Highland character. This village, nestling in the very heart of historic romance and poetic beauty, is a straggling, unattractive place. The main road which leads through it is lined with rude and ugly stone houses, with one or two very small windows, and thatched roofs, running down so low that we can lay our hand on their projecting edges as we pass. They look venerable enough, it is true, but not inviting. There is an occasional building of some pretension, such as a merchant shop or a bank, which looks down on its humbler neighbours, but this only helps to make them appear more miserable; and this is about all Callander itself has to show.

The village lies on the Teith, just below where the Leny empties into it the waters of Loch Voil and Loch Lubnaig in a volume as large as the Teith itself. I found my way

down to the old bridge that spans the river. These old stone bridges are of peculiar construction, generally narrow, with barely room for a mountain cart to squeeze through between the rude parapets, and with high central arches up which you have to climb, as if ascending a hill. From the bridge there is a delightful view. Benledi rises up in front in all its grandeur, and seems to shut out all access to the world beyond, and yet we wound round its base on our way to the village. To the right is the pass of Leny; behind are the Craggs of Callander, and through the valley winds the river, hastening on its way to join the Forth.

There are two interesting places in the vicinity of Callander, both of which are within a few minutes' walk. Bracklinn Falls are a mile and a half away, and are reached by a winding path, from whence good views are to be had of the surrounding country. The falls are formed by a wild mountain stream called the Keltie, which takes its rise at the base of Stuic-a-Chevin, and comes leaping, tumbling, whirling and flashing down, forming in its descent a succession of short cascades and rapids, very pretty to see. Just above the principal fall a wooden bridge is thrown across the rushing stream, and commands a fine view of the wooded ravine. From an eminence higher up, Loch Venachar and the Vale of Montieith present another of those natural pictures which abound in this district and are so pleasing to look upon. Wherever you stray in this land, that remarkable man Sir Walter Scott seems to have been and left behind the mark of his genius. While we stand looking at the rush of this mountain streamlet, we



GALLANDER AND BENTLEY.

remember that the beautiful Ellen compares her impetuous suitor Roderick Dhu to the Keltie—

“ . . . I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave.”

And now for the rugged pass of Leny, only two miles away. Scott, in his “Legend of Montrose,” represents Dugald Dalgetty in company with his patron Monteith, as journeying along the banks of a lake whose waters reflected the crimson beams of the western sun. The path they pursue is broken and difficult, and is here and there shaded with birch and oak trees, and in others overhung by fragments of huge rocks—the pass of Leny or the “broken path.” It is a wild, narrow, rocky ravine, running through to Lochearnhead, and forms an almost inaccessible entrance into the northern Highlands. The waters of the Teith sweep resistlessly through the ravine, leaping from crag to crag and ledge to ledge, filling the air with their roar.

“ Through the rude barriers of the lake
Away the hurrying waters break ;
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.”

It was up the pass of Leny that young Angus Duncraggan bore the Cross of Fire which was to summon to arms the Highland warriors.

“ Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire ;
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew.”

Beyond is Loch Lubnaig, encircled by giant mountains, but we must turn back and take up our line of march.

Soon after leaving Callander we pass Cambusmore, a



BRACKLINN FALLS, CALLANDER.

seat of a branch of the Buchanan family, and where Sir Walter Scott spent several summers during his early days. There are several noble residences along the valley of the

Teith. But here is Doune, and we must tarry for an hour and have a look at the old castle. We cross the bridge which spans the Teith, and which bridge was built, as set forth by an inscription on one of the parapets, by a tailor. It reads: "In the year of God, 1535, founded was this bridge by Robert Spital, tailor to the most noble Princess Margaret, Queen of James IV.," along with which are emblazoned a pair of scissors. Above the bridge, Doune Castle, with its time-worn battlements, towers and turrets, rises in feudal grandeur. It is a fine old ruin, and as we wander along its parapets, or climb its spiral staircases, or look into its dungeons, our thoughts go back to the days of its prime, and we repeople it again with life and action. It is supposed to have been founded by Murdoch, Duke of Albany, who was beheaded on the "Heading Hill" of Stirling within sight of its towers. Queen Margaret, the dowager queen of James IV., often resided here, and so did her hapless granddaughter Mary. Sir Walter Scott, in "Waverley," represents it as a fortress, and it is hither that he has his English hero conveyed by his Highland captors. John Home, the author of "Douglas," was a prisoner here during the temporary ascendancy of Prince Charles Edward in Scotland, but made his escape.

Dumblane is but a short distance from Doune, and stands on the banks of the River Allan. It possesses a fine old cathedral, partly in ruin, founded by David I. The scene of the battle of Sheriffmuir is three miles distant. At Kippenross we pass through a tunnel and emerge at the



CASTLE DOUNE.

Bridge of Allan, a pretty place, and the seat of several of the Scottish nobility.

And now we come to the fine old town of Stirling, which is beautifully situated on an eminence near the River



BRIDGE OF ALLAN, FROM GAVAN HILL.

Forth. The Castle, its grand feature, is placed on the brow of a precipitous rock, overlooking the wide carse of Stirling. The history of this Castle runs back into the early days of Scotland. Alexander died within its walls

in 1224, and in 1304 it held out for three months against Edward I. at the head of a large army. It remained in the possession of the English for ten years. Edward II. assembled a large army here and undertook the invasion



STIRLING CASTLE, FROM CHURCH TOWER.

of Scotland, which terminated in his defeat at Bannockburn.

The Castle first became honoured as a royal residence at the time of the accession of the Stuarts, and was for a

long time afterwards the favourite abode of the Scottish kings. It was the birthplace of James II. and V., the latter of whom was crowned here, and James IV. and his eldest son Prince Henry were baptized within its walls.



STIRLING CASTLE.

The palace was built by James V., and is profusely ornamented. At a distance these ornaments produce a very pleasing effect, but on a closer examination they are found to be exceedingly grotesque. The statuary which strikes

you as being very fine, you find, as you draw near, much to your vexation, embodies all kinds of horrors. Horrible commixtures of human and brute, idiotic expression of face and painful contortions of body are all clustered in reck-



DOUGLAS ROOM, STIRLING CASTLE.

less playfulness, and you wonder how the architect could manage to combine such opposite effects.

Passing through the upper square and by the side of the Chapel Royal, we enter the Douglas room, where a

good old dame shows us various curiosities, such as a pulpit once occupied by John Knox, chairs which some of the kings (James III. and IV.) and queens used, one of James II.'s tilting staffs, a claymore, and various kinds of weapons. We were then conducted into the closet where James tried to persuade Douglas to abandon his confederacy. The haughty noble refused, and James, losing patience, stabbed him with his dagger, exclaiming, "If thou wilt not break the bond, this shall." The body of the proud baron, who had set at defiance the authority both of King and law, was thrown out of the window.

The view from the lofty battlements of Stirling Castle is one of great extent and beauty. We have spread before us the vale of Monteith on the west, bounded by the Highland mountains—Ben Lomond raising its graceful peak on the extreme west, Benvenue, Ben A'an, Benledi, and the Cone of Benvoirlich, following in succession, ending with the humbler summit Uam-Var. To the north and east are the Ochil Hills and the windings of the Forth. The river

" . . . in measured gyres doth whirl herself about ;
That, this way, here, and there, back, forward, in and out ;
And, like a sportive nymph, oft doubling in her gait,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,
Through those rich fields doth run."

The Campsie Hills close the prospect to the south, and from the town at our feet the turnpike road draws the eye along to the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, the Wallace monument, the Abbey Craig, and the Bridge of Allan.

Mary occasionally resorted to the Castle after her return

from France. Her last visit was in April, 1576, when she came to see her infant son James VI., when she was abducted by Bothwell, while returning to Edinburgh, and carried to Dunbar Castle. Immediately under the Castle, but still on the lofty ground of the Castle-hill, is a level enclosure of about an acre in extent, where in its days of regal splendour, rival knights encountered each other in joust and tournament. The small rocky eminence on the edge of the hill, commanding a view of the valley, is called the Lady's Hill, and is said to be the eminence where the feats of chivalry were viewed by the beauties of the Court and Castle. To the north of the Castle is a mound called the "Heading Hill,"

"The sad and fatal mound
That oft has heard the death-axe sound,"

where Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Duncan, Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and two sons, were beheaded in 1424.

From the Castle we bend our way to the Greyfriar's Church, erected by James IV. In this church the Earl of Arran, regent of the Kingdom, abjured Romanism, and the coronation of the youthful James VI. took place in the choir, July, 1567. On this occasion John Knox preached the coronation sermon.

The Links of the Forth, the name given to the serpentine meanderings of the river, which we have before noticed as forming such a beautiful feature in the carse of Stirling, are so often repeated, that a distance of six miles across country, if travelled by the river, would extend to a journey of twenty miles.

The Wallace monument, of which such a good view is had from the Castle, as well as the field of Bannockburn, stands on a precipitous cluster of rocks called Abbey Craig, at the north of the town. The monument is in the shape



WALLACE MONUMENT.

of a lofty baronial tower, surmounted by an open crown. The top is reached by an open staircase which winds up at one of the angles.

Among the other curiosities of Stirling is its old bridge.

It existed long before there was any bridge upon the Tay, or any other bridge on the Forth, and it thus was absolutely the gate between the north and south of Scotland. Over it marched the armies of the Edwards, and the



GREYFRIARS' CHURCH.

invincible Ironsides of Cromwell. Across the same narrow bridge defiled the English army, under the command of Surrey, to attack the Scottish army under Wallace, encamped at Cambuskenneth, which resulted in the complete

roust of the English and the loss of twenty thousand men. Many are the stirring scenes which have been witnessed by this old bridge. How often have the shrill notes of the pibroch preceded the tramp of Highland warriors across its narrow way! How often have royal pageants passed between its narrow parapets, and how often have belted knights spurred their gallant steeds across it, never to return! Stirling is full of stirring memories. It forms one of the most interesting and romantic chapters in Scottish history, and is one of the fairest towns—if not the fairest—in all the land.

I left Stirling early in the morning for an excursion in the direction of Crieff. Our route was by the same road as yesterday as far as the pass of Leny, through which the train flies regardless of the wild beauty of the scene. Just before reaching Loch Lubnaig, we pass the Chapel of St. Bride, mentioned in "The Lady of the Lake." The railway runs along the western shore of the loch, and during the whole course of the five miles skirts along the base of high mountains. The loch is, in fact, encircled by rugged mountains and bordered by scanty woods of birch, and the banks, where they touch the water, are soft and gentle; but the dark rocks of Benledi form a ruling feature in the general scenery, and impart an effect of sublime grandeur. At one turn of the loch we pass the huge mass of rock known as Craig-na-coheily, and on the opposite side the farm-house of Anie. It was at Ardhullary House, on the borders of the loch, that Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, sought refuge from the sneers of a skeptical world. His remains repose in Larbert churchyard.

After leaving Loch Lubnaig behind, we pass on through Strath-Ire and cross the River Balraig, which connects Loch Voil with Lubnaig, and pause at the village of Strathyre, which has nothing more to present than a single row of peasants' huts. Beyond the village we get a glimpse of Glenbuckie, and still farther on the braes of Balquhiddel tower up towards the left. Near the inn of King's House is an old churchyard, where Rob Roy is buried. At a place called Littu we reach the station for Lochearnhead, where we stop.

The village of Lochearnhead is prettily situated under the shadow of the braes of Balquhiddel, at the western end of Loch Earn. We take coach here for Crieff, over twenty miles distant, and proceed along the northern shore of the loch, which is seven miles in length. It is a beautiful lake, wanting in the bold and rugged scenery which characterizes the other lochs we have visited, but its retiring mountain boundary of fine outline on either side, and rich woodlands, with now and then a gentleman's seat, make up a picture quite as attractive, in our estimation, as the bolder and wilder scenery of its neighbouring lochs. On the other side, Stuck-o-Chroan, overtopped by Benvoirlich, towers majestically. At the base of the latter is Ardvoirlich House, the Darlinvaroch of "The Legend of Montrose."

At St. Fillins we leave Loch Earn behind. The village is pretty, and takes its name from the patron saint of Robert Bruce. In the eastern vicinity of the village rises the conical Hill of Dunfillan. Its crowning rock is called St. Fillins Chair. The small island in the east end of

Loch Earn, near St. Fillins, known as Neish Island, was the retreat of the remnant of the ruffian clan of Neish, who were exterminated in one night by the Macnabs.

Our road now runs along the River Earn, which takes its rise at Loch Earn and empties its waters into the Firth of Tay, near Perth. Between St. Fillins and Comre the Lednock water joins the Earn, upon which is the picturesque fall called "Spout Rollo." It rushes furiously through a deep chasm with such peculiar sound as to be designated "The Humble Bumble," and whirls wildly through a dark, cavernous aperture called "The Devil's Caldron." From Glenartney comes the Ruchill water, fresh from the Uam-var Mountain, to swell the volume of the Earn. Glenartney was anciently a royal forest, and is the starting scene of the chase in "The Lady of the Lake."

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's hill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

The village of Comre stands at the convergence of Strathearn, Glenlednock and Glenartney. Near the village is Comre House, the seat of Sir David Dundas, Bart., and on Dunmore Hill, one and a half miles north, stands the lofty obeliskal monument to the late Lord Melville. After passing Comre, our attention is directed to Tonnachastle,

an eminence on the north side of the Earn, formerly crowned with a castle of the Earls of Strathearn, and now crowned on the castle's site with a monument to the memory of Sir David Baird.

At Crieff we were glad to dismount from the top of the coach, and also glad to find a well-supplied table awaiting us. When the hour for leaving approached, we found our way to the station and were soon on the road again. We cross the Ruthven water, which descends from the Ochils through the glen of Kincardine, covered with underwood. The ruins of Kincardine Castle situated here have a traditionary interest as the seat of the family of Montrose. It was dismantled by Argyle in the great Civil War, in retaliation for the destruction of Castle Campbell. Farther up the glen is Gleneagle's House. On the left, at a short distance, on the brow of a low hill, is the straggling village of Auchterarder, celebrated as the place where the events occurred which ended in the disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843, and the institution of the Free Church of Scotland.

We are brought back to Stirling again, and after a short pause proceed on our way to the Scottish capital. Falkirk is reached in a short time. It is an ancient place surrounded by iron-works, and is noted as being the scene of two severe battles. A mile and a half farther we pass through the remains of Torwood Forest, where Sir William Wallace found shelter after his defeat at Falkirk.

Passing through the beautiful carse of Falkirk, which slopes gradually northward to Grangemouth, on the Firth

of Forth, we reach Polmont. We then pass Callander House on the right, once the seat of the Earls of Linlithgow. In its vicinity may be seen the remains of "Graham's Dyke" or wall of Antoninus. This wonderful work, consisting of huge mounds of earth, was constructed by the Romans as a defence against the attacks of the Picts and Scots.

We next come to the old and interesting burgh of Linlithgow, which takes us back to the twelfth century. It still contains a few old-fashioned houses that belonged to the Knights of St. John. The palace is a massive quadrangular ruin, situated upon an eminence which advances a short distance into the Lake. It was the favourite abode of the Stuart Kings, and is mentioned by Scott in his "Marmion" as

" Of all the palaces so fair
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling."

Some years after the erection of the original edifice by Edward I., it was captured by Bruce in an ingenious way, A yeoman of the name of Binning, who supplied the garrison with fodder, drove a cart of hay to the Castle as desired by its English inmates, and when the wagon was right below the portcullis, a companion cut the traces of the horses, the armed men who had been concealed under the hay sprang forward with their swords in their hands, and being joined by others waiting outside, the Castle was taken, and the garrison killed or made prisoners. James

III. resided here almost constantly during his minority, and it was in a vault of the palace that he once took refuge from the turbulent nobles who threatened his life. It was here that Henry VI. of England found refuge when de-throned by Edward IV. Here James V. was born, and his daughter, Queen Mary. The last historical incident connected with the palace was committed by Hawley's dragoons, who set fire to their quarters in 1746, and left it as it now stands.

Near the palace, on the south side of the street, where it is narrowest, the site of the house is pointed out whence Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh shot the regent Murray.

“The death-shot parts, the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling war!—
And Murray's plumed helmet rings—
Rings on the ground, to rise no more.”

The River Aven, near Linlithgow, is spanned by a viaduct of twenty-five arches, from seventy to eighty feet high, and at the vale of Almond water, there are two long viaducts of about the same height, and an embankment from which there is a fine view. Near Winchburgh, on the north side of the railway, stand the ruins of Niddry Castle, the first resting-place of Queen Mary after her escape from Loch Leven Castle. At the village of Slateford, contiguous to the railway, resided Robert Pollok while writing part of his “Course of Time.” And now we come to the good old city of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDINBURGH.

FINDING my way from the station to the Cockburn Hotel, and having refreshed myself with a substantial meal, I sauntered out on the street. Almost the first person I met was an old Toronto friend, J—— B——, who had under his protection a couple of Scotch lassies. After exchanging greetings, he went his way with the fair demoiselles, but returned again in a short time. As a sort of initiatory ceremony we took a turn up Cockburn Street into High Street, past the Tron Church and St. Giles, at the corner of which is the figure of a heart in the pavement, indicating the site of the old Tolbooth Prison, or "The Heart of Midlothian," upon which we planted ourselves. It was getting rather late for sight-seeing, so after strolling up and down the street and the Lawn Market for awhile, through crowds of people, we returned to the hotel and gossiped until after the "iron tongue of night tolled twelve."

We enter High Street in the morning in front of the Tron Church, so called from the "trone" or weighing-beam which once stood near, and to which in olden times the dispensers of justice were wont to nail the ears of those people who bore false witness, as a warning to

those who were lacking in veneration for the truth. High Street, with Canongate in the east and the Lawn Market in the west, forms the great thoroughfare of the older part of the city, and runs almost in a straight line from the Palace of Holyrood to the Castle. Innumerable closes or narrow alleys open into these streets, and are entered through confined archways, over which their names are generally cut. They are an institution peculiar to Auld Reekie, and during riots, such as that described by Scott, in "Midlothian," when Porteous was forcibly taken from the Tolbooth and hanged to a lamp-post in Grass Market, these closes vomited forth a stream of living beings. They were in those times literally human hives, and how or where the people dwelt in them but few outsiders knew or cared to know. Passing up High Street, our attention is directed to Anchor Close, in which at one time was the printing office of one William Smellie, where Robert Burns corrected the proofs of the Edinburgh edition of his poems. This same printing office sent into the world the first editions of the works of Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertson, Adam Ferguson, Hume, Adam Smith, and the author of "The Man of Feeling"—no mean array that of literary pabulum to issue from one establishment. Through Smellie, Burns was introduced to a convivial club that met at the Douglas Tavern at the foot of the close, called "The Crochallan Fencibles," with whom he was wont to indulge in roaring scenes, to the detriment of his proof-sheets, and where the publisher, in his old cocked hat and grey surtout, used to seek him for more copy.

Passing the Royal Exchange, on the right, we come to the Church of St. Giles, which claims attention more from its age and the incidents linked with its history than from any architectural beauty it possesses. The modern improvers of St. Giles changed it from a venerable monument of antiquity into a congeries of characterless modern Gothic churches. The shell of the building is altogether



ST. GILES CATHEDRAL.

new. Almost all that can now be seen of the ancient structure is the tower, with its magnificent coronal spire or lantern, and the massive columns of the interior. The church was dedicated to a saint supposed to have been born in Greece, and of whom an arm-bone was presented to the city as a precious treasure. What became of it nobody knows, but the cherished image of St. Giles, when the Reformation was in its birth-time, was ignominiously

ducked in the Nor' Loch as an adulterer, and afterwards burnt. After the Reformation, the structure was made to accommodate four places of worship. Part of it was used as a meeting-place for the General Assembly, and it was here that, in 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn and subscribed to by Parliament, the General Assembly and the English Commissioners. Another part was used as a prison. The Town Council used to meet in it; and in it the Town Clerk had chambers. Part of the transept was used as a police office, and, in short, the city corporation appears to have treated the old building very much like a carpet-bag, which could never be crammed so full but that room might be made for something more which could not be put anywhere else. Even the space between the buttresses outside, from 1555 down to 1817, was filled up with small shops, or krames, as they were called, belching forth smoke and soot upon the walls of the sacred edifice.

St. Giles was the parish church of Edinburgh at the time of the Reformation, and here John Knox made those rousing appeals to the piety and patriotism of the metropolis of Scotland, which, more perhaps than any other means, established the Reformation in Scotland. West St. Giles is made up of two old churches, the Tolbooth and Haddo's Hole, the latter so called from the imprisonment of Sir John Gordon of Haddo in an adjacent apartment previous to his execution. It was in the Tolbooth, according to tradition, that John Knox preached his last sermon. The "Old Kirk" is at the south end of the transept. It

was here that the second Reformation (from Prelacy) received a mighty popular impulse, through the rough instrumentality of a choleric "green-wife." Jenny Geddes had brought her stool with her to church, on the memorable day in 1637, when the obnoxious liturgy of Laud was to be introduced into Scotland by authority. The Bishop of Edinburgh had just asked the Dean to read "the collect for the day," when Jenny exclaimed: "Colic, said ye; the De'il colic the wame o' ye; wad ye say mass at my lug," and she lifted her stool and sent it flying at the Dean's head. The famous stool is preserved in the Antiquarian Museum, and, as Dr. McCrie says, it was well for the Dean that he had learned to "jouk," or the consequences might have been serious.

The Cross of Edinburgh, which now stands within the railing of St. Giles, is an interesting old relic of the city. It formerly stood on High Street, opposite the Post-office, marked with a cross on the pavement. When it stood in its old site, we are told by Chambers, it used to be the great centre of gossip, and was surrounded by the principal coffee-houses and booksellers' shops. During certain hours of the day the chief merchants, the leading official persons, the men of learning and talents, the laird, the noble, the clergyman, were constantly clustering hereabouts. During the reigns of the first and second Georges, the magistrates were wont to drink the King's health on his birthday on a stage erected at the cross for that purpose. It was the place where State proclamations were read, and where noted State prisoners were executed. Here took place the

mysterious midnight proclamation, summoning the Flodden lords to the domains of Pluto, as described in "Marmion." Here did King James VI. bring together his barbarous nobles, and make them shake hands over a feast partaken before the eyes of the people. Here did the Covenanting lords read their protest against Charles's public proclamation. Here fell Montrose, Huntly, the Argyles, Warristons and many others of note. Here were fountains a-flowing with the blood-red wine to celebrate the passing of the Kings along the causeway, and here, as a last notable fact, were Prince Charles and his father proclaimed by their devoted Highlanders, amidst scream of pipe and blare of trumpet.

Behind St. Giles are the Parliament House and Square. The buildings are now used by the Court of Session. The Advocates Library, containing 150,000 volumes, and the Signet Library with 50,000, are attached to and form a part of the building. The hall is adorned with statues and pictures. In the middle of the square there is an equestrian statue, in lead, of Charles II. Across from the Signet Library stood the booth of George Heriot, the goldsmith and banker of James VI., and the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name.

We now enter the Lawn Market, which derives its name from the booths of the lawn or linen merchants that used to occupy the street. From it we turn down Melbourne Place and cross George IV.'s Bridge, which spans the Cowgate, and affords a level passage over the deep hollow through which the street runs. The bridge is lined with

fine buildings. As we retrace our steps to the Lawn Market, we observe the Bank of Scotland, which closes the vista of the street. Between the bridge and the back of the county buildings there is a remnant left of Libberton's Wynd, where Johnny Dowie's tavern once stood, interesting because of its being the favourite "howff" of Robert Burns when in Edinburgh. The top of this Wynd was the common place of execution, until the passing of the Act for execution within the jails.

Farther on we come to Baxter's Close, where we again meet with Burns, and the lodging first occupied by him in Edinburgh. Lady Stair's Close, which we next take a look at, derives its name from Elizabeth, dowager Countess of Stair. It is noticeable on account of the singular event which happened to that lady in early life, described in Sir Walter Scott's story of "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror." The last close before reaching the Bow is Riddle's Close, in which Hume lived for a number of years. He began his history of England here, but finished it in Jack's Land, where Boswell received Dr. Johnson before they set out together on their trip for the Hebrides.

On entering Castle-Hill Street we pass the Free Church Assembly Hall and the new College, occupying a part of the site of the old palace of Mary of Guise, queen of James V. and mother of Mary Queen of Scots. The original Ragged School founded by the late Dr. Guthrie is situated in Ramsay Lane. The house which George Whitefield stayed in while in Edinburgh has been absorbed by the reservoir. Near this is the house of Allan Ramsay, the

author of "The Gentle Shepherd." "Honest Allan" was his own architect, and did not obtain much credit for his taste. The last house on our left as we approach the Castle, entering from Blair's Close, is that which was once the town house of the Duke of Gordon. The Arms of the Duke may be seen carved over the Gothic doorway in the close. In part of this mansion, after it was divided into separate dwellings, the gallant Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam, was born and brought up. The boy was father to the man in the case of David Baird. A restless, roving disposition was so characteristic of him that when his mother heard of his captivity in India, and that the prisoners were chained in couples, her first exclamation was, "Eh ! pity the chiel oor Davie's tied to."

We now emerge on the Castle Esplanade, which in former days used to be a favourite promenade with the citizens of the old town, and a somewhat gay place it must have been, judging from the various Acts that were passed with reference to it and one or two other places, for the better observance of the Lord's Day. But we remember that in those times the auld folk were marvellously strict in the observance of the Sabbath Day, whatever their conduct may have been on the other six days of the week. In an old song, "The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy," the laird addresses his sweetheart, on meeting her in High Street :

"Since ye're out o' your mither's sight,
Let's tak' a walk up to the Hill."

Castle Hill was often the scene of public executions—places with which Edinburgh seems to have been well provided. Foret, the Vicar of Dollar, and others of the early Reformers were here burnt at the stake during the persecution raised by Mary of Guise and the Romish hierarchy. There are two monuments on the north side of the Esplanade, one to the memory of Frederick, Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; the other erected by their comrades to the memory of the officers and soldiers of the 78th Highlanders who fell in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

Let us now proceed to the Castle. This ancient “brugh” of Edwin, King of Northumbria, stands on a precipitous rock 383 feet above the sea. Burns thus describes it :

“ There watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold vet’ran, gray in arms,
And mark’d with many a seamy scar ;
The pond’rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o’er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war
And oft repell’d the invader’s shock.”

The most prominent object, as we draw near, is the Half-Moon Battery, from which the time-gun is fired daily at one o’clock p.m. Crossing the moat and proceeding onwards past the guard-house, we come to the Portcullis Gate, over which is the old State Prison, where the Marquis of Argyle and other illustrious captives were confined previous to their execution. Beyond this, on the left, a steep, narrow staircase leads directly to the Crown Room ;

but, following the carriage road, we pass on the right the Argyle Battery, and a little farther on the Armoury, which occupies buildings at the extreme west of the rock. Behind this is the old sally-port, to which Claverhouse



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM PRINCESS STREET.

scrambled in order to hold an interview with the Duke of Gordon on the occasion of his leaving Edinburgh to raise the Highland clans in favour of James II. Passing next the Prison and St. Margaret's Chapel, we reach the

old Palace Yard, and from it enter the Crown Room, which contains the regalia, the insignia of Scottish royalty, consisting of a crown, sceptre, sword of state and Lord Treasurer's rod of office. The sceptre performed its last grand legislative office by ratifying the treaty of union with England, on which occasion the Earl of Seafield, the Chancellor, on returning it to the Clerk, is said to have exclaimed, "There is an end of an auld sang."

The adjoining apartment is known as Queen Mary's Room, in which she gave birth to James VI., in whom the crowns of England and Scotland were united. The event is commemorated by the initials "H" and "M" and the date, 1566, over the doorway. The room is small and of irregular shape. Its antique wainscot panelling has been removed, but the original ceiling remains, and the initials "J. R." and "M. R.," surmounted by the royal crown, are wrought in the alternate compartments of the panels.

The Chapel of Queen Margaret stands on the highest platform of the Castle rock. It is a very small building, and is supposed to have been erected by the pious Queen of Malcolm Canmore. It is certain that she worshipped in it during her residence in the Castle till her death, in 1093. We wondered if the good Queen did not often, ere she entered the little chapel, cast an admiring glance over the grand prospect which lay spread out at her feet.

Close behind the chapel is that curious old piece of artillery which everybody has heard of—Mons Meg. There is a diversity of opinion as to when it was made,

and as the matter does not interest us much, we shall leave it. It is composed of thick iron bars, hooped together, and is about twenty inches diameter in the bore. It was used at the siege of Dumbarton, and at Norham, 1489-97. In 1683 it burst while firing a salute to the Duke of York. It was removed to the Tower of London, but through the influence of Sir Walter Scott was restored to the Castle of Edinburgh.

The fortunes of the Castle of Edinburgh have been varied. It was surrendered to Henry II. in 1174, but soon after restored. Edward I. took it in 1296, and it remained in the possession of the English for twenty years, when it was wrested from their hands by a daring exploit that stands out on the page of history as one of the most desperate and gallant achievements in arms of any age. The perilous expedition which we refer to was undertaken by Randolph, Earl of Moray, with thirty men, guided by Francis, one of his soldiers, who had been in the habit of descending the cliff surreptitiously, to pay court to his mistress. The darkness of the night, the steepness of the precipice, the danger of discovery by the watchmen, and the slender support which they had to trust to in ascending from crag to crag an almost perpendicular face of nearly four hundred feet, rendered the enterprise one that might have appalled the bravest spirit. When they had ascended half way, they found a flat spot large enough to halt upon, and then sat down to recover their breath and prepare for scaling the wall. This they effected by means of a ladder which they had brought with them. Francis,

the guide, ascended first, Sir Andrew Gray was second, and Randolph himself third. Ere they had all mounted, however, the sentinels caught the alarm, raised the cry of "treason," and the constable of the castle and others, rushing to the spot, made a valiant though ineffectual resistance.

The Castle changed hands again and again, until the Union put an end to the contests. There is a grand view from the Esplanade over the southern district of Edinburgh, and reaching away to the Pentland Hills.

Let us now retrace our steps as far as Melbourne Place, where we shall turn down the West Bow. At the corner of the Lawn Market and the Bow is one of those curious old houses, with story projecting over story, and looking as though it might take a fancy at any moment to topple over into the street. But that its foundation is sure is evident from the fact that it has stood as it is for some three hundred years; and to all appearance, if the City Improvement Act, which has carried away so many of these old relics, should leave it alone, it may stand some centuries yet. In the sort of piazza of this house, the founder of the large and well-known printing firm of Nelson & Son commenced business.

The West Bow is thought to be the oldest thoroughfare in the city. It bends down to the Grass Market, and in ancient days, when a few houses hereabouts formed all that there was of Edinburgh, both men and beasts of burden struggled along it, and up the steep ascent to the Castle. Through it Bothwell led Queen Mary a pretended

captive to the Castle, and when her son James VI. brought home his consort, Anne of Denmark, it was by this route that their Majesties entered the city. Charles I., Crom-



CORNER OF THE WEST BOW.

well, Charles II. and James II. also made their entrance to the Castle by this approach.

We emerge into the broad old Grass Market, where there is little to be seen but tall old houses, and less that is agreeable to linger over in its past history. For more than

a century its most familiar sights were those of the stake and the gibbet. Many were there of the "Scots Worthies" who suffered death at the hands of their despotic and prelatie persecutors in the Market, the last of them being the youthful James Renwick, who sealed his testi-



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASS MARKET.

mony with his blood. Here, too, occurred that extraordinary scene which so abruptly terminated the career of Captain Porteous. The place where the gibbet stood is marked by a circle enclosing a cross on the causeway. At the corner of the West Bow and the Cowgate is the house

where Lord Brougham was born. Sir Walter Scott was born in College Wynd, Cowgate.

West Port, at the upper end of the Grass Market, is remarkable as the scene of the operations of the two miscreants, Burke and Hare, who carried on a system of wholesale murder, for the purpose of selling the bodies of their victims for dissection.

The locality is not a pleasant one to tarry in, so we will bend our way back to High Street, from which we pass into the Nether Bow, and proceed down Canongate. The picturesque old houses which used to line this thoroughfare, with their gable fronts to the street, on both sides of the way, have mostly disappeared, and the more modern, bare rectangular tenements have taken their place. There are a few of these ancient dwellers on the street still, however, and with their help and the aid of description we may conjure up a picture of its appearance in former times. Let us look at it in the days of the Stuarts, when every crow-stepped gable, every window, and every hanging stair was brave with flags and streamers, and crowded with spectators as some royal pageant or municipal display defiled along the street. We cease to wonder at the glowing description of the glories of High Street.

But with all these glories there were drawbacks. The capital of Scotland, till within a comparatively recent period, manifested a patriotic pride in illustrating the national proverb, "the clartier the cosier." The cellars below the outside stairs were frequently pigsties, and the unclean beasts were allowed, on ordinary occasions, to

forage among the middens which adorned both sides of the streets. It was only on state occasions, when there was to be a royal procession or something of that sort, that the magistrates interfered to have the middens and the swine kept out of sight. The warning "gardy-loo" indicates that the practice of showering filth out of the windows was one of long standing, and it continued to prevail to the beginning of the present century—the only difference being that it was the passenger who was expected to look out when he came within range of the window, bespeaking the consideration of the housewife by exclaiming, "Haud yer han'."

During Dr. Johnson's visit to Edinburgh, it is amusingly related that Boswell trembled lest his hero should experience what a baronet of distinction had observed, "that walking the streets of Edinburgh at night was pretty perilous, and a good deal odoriferous." A zealous Scotchman would have wished Mr. Johnson to have been without the use of one of his five senses on this occasion, "but as we marched slowly along," says Boswell, "he grumbled in my ear, 'I smell you in the dark.'"

After passing the North Bridge on our way down, we come to an old building in which Allan Ramsay had his book-shop. Over the entrance to Paisley Close there is a portrait sculptured in stone, with a curious inscription below, to which the following history is attached: The old tenement which formerly stood upon this site suddenly fell on a Sabbath morning in 1861, and thirty-five persons perished in the ruins. A few individuals were brought out

in safety, protection having been afforded them by the manner in which they happened to be enclosed by the falling material. The lad whose effigy forms the keystone of the arch of the main building, was one of the few who



ALLAN RAMSAY'S BOOK-SHOP, HIGH STREET.

thus escaped, and when the workmen who were digging to recover the bodies came near to where he was imprisoned, he was heard exclaiming cheerily, "Heave awa', chaps, I'm no deid yet." The words have been inscribed on the scroll over the arch as a memorial.

The queer old structure which pushes itself out into the Nether Bow is the house of John Knox. Over the door is this inscription : "Lufe God abuf all, and ye nychtbour as



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

yiself." The great Reformer occupied this house for twelve years, and died in it, November 24th, 1572.

St. John Street, which is entered through an archway from Canongate, was the residence of several celebrities. Smollett, the historian and novelist, resided with his sister,

Mrs. Telfer, in the first house to the right. The adjoining building was the headquarters of a lodge of Freemasons where Robert Burns was made a Royal Arch Mason, and poet-laureate of the lodge. The poet was also a frequent visitor at the residence of Lord Monboddo and his daughter, the beautiful Miss Burnet, whose death he so touchingly commemorates. Lord Monboddo was the original propounder of the theory that the human family is descended from the monkey tribe. James Ballantine, the printer of the original editions of the Waverley Novels, also resided on this street.

A few steps down the Canongate from St. John Street is the Moray House, now a Free Church Training College for Teachers. It was erected in the early part of the reign of Charles I. Oliver Cromwell took up his quarters in it in 1648, and two years later the mansion was the scene of the marriage festivities of Lord Lorne with Lady Mary Stuart, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Moray. The marriage took place on the day when the Marquis of Montrose was executed, and it is said that as the procession to the scaffold passed, the guests, including the bridegroom and bride, stepped out on the fine stone balcony, which still remains, and feasted their eyes on the degradation of their old enemy. Eleven years later the bridegroom, as Marquis of Argyle, himself perished at the Cross on High Street.

The Canongate Tolbooth and Court-house, with a projecting horologe, is said to be a good specimen of Scotch architecture of the period of James VI. In front of the building, at the east end, there is an old stone pillar, to



THE CANONGATE TOLBOOTH.

which certain offenders, particularly scolds and slanderers, were fastened by the joughs or iron collar. The iron staple to which the joughs were fastened is still to be seen.

Let us pass through the gate into the churchyard of the old Canongate Church. In it are the remains of the poet Robert Ferguson; Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations"; Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy; Dr. Adam Ferguson, the historian of the Roman Republic, and David Allen, the artist. Ferguson died in old Bedlam, in Bristo, 1774, when only twenty-three years of age, and was buried next day. When Burns visited Edinburgh, in November, 1786, one of his first visits was to the grave of his "elder brother in the muses," when he reverently uncovered his head and sat him down and wept. The monument which marks the resting-place of the young poet was erected by the Ayrshire bard, on the front of which he placed this inscription:

"No sculptured marble here ! no pompous lay !
No storied urn or animated bust !
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

On the other side of the monument are the following words :
" By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial-ground is to remain sacred to the memory of Robert Ferguson."

We now pass into the square in front of the Palace of Holyrood, in the centre of which is a fine fountain, elaborately carved, on the model of one which used to stand in the court of Linlithgow Palace, and from this

we pass over and enter this venerable seat of Scottish Royalty. The only portion of the Palace which is of much antiquity is the north-west tower, in which are



HOLYROOD PALACE.

Queen Mary's apartments. This part of the building was erected by James V. The first room we were conducted to was the picture gallery, decorated with pictures of the 106 Scottish sovereigns who lived from the time of Fergus,

330 B.C., to James VI. The merits of these fancy portraits are delicately hinted at in the wonderment of Christopher Croftangrie, that each and all of the Scottish kings should have "a nose like the knocker of a door." There is a wonderful similarity in the whole series, and we did not tarry long to study the physiognomies of the Scotch kings. There are, however, a few interesting pictures in the gallery. In this room Prince Charles held his levees and balls. In Lord Darnley's rooms there are various interesting relics of Queen Mary, and a portrait of Lord Darnley when quite a youth; and if the artist has done him justice, we do not wonder that Mary soon tired of such a "gawky." The private stair by which Rizzio's assassins ascended to Mary's apartments has an entrance from Darnley's rooms.

The Tapestry Room contains two large pieces of ancient tapestry, a portrait of James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, and others. The apartments of Queen Mary are the most interesting in the Palace, and remain pretty much in the same state as when last occupied by the unhappy Princess. Passing through the audience chamber, we enter Queen Mary's bedroom, in which is her bed, work-box, and portraits of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth. The bedroom communicates with the small supper room where Darnley seized and held the Queen while Ruthven, George Douglas and the other conspirators attacked and murdered Rizzio. Mary pleaded, with strong cries and tears, for the life of her favourite; but, on learning that he was dead, dried her tears, and said, "I will now study revenge." The

subsequent murder of Darnley and her marriage with his infamous murderer, Bothwell, showed how terribly she kept her word.

From Queen Mary's rooms we descend to the remains



QUEEN MARY'S BEDROOM, HOLYROOD PALACE.

of the Chapel Royale. The Abbey is said to have been founded by David I., and the legend connected with its foundation is well known. It runs in this wise : The King, in one of his hunting expeditions in the forest of Drums-hench, was attacked by a stag, which had been brought to

bay, and was thrown to the ground. While in danger of perishing a cross was suddenly interposed between him and the enraged animal, at the sight of which the stag fled in dismay. The King, grateful for his miraculous



CHAPEL ROYALE, WEST FRONT.

deliverance, founded the Abbey. The fragment which remains forms the nave of the ancient building. The west front is in the most beautiful style of early English, and its sculptural arcade, boldly cut heads and rich variety of ornament in the doorway are very fine. The chapel

has been the scene of many interesting historical events. Charles I. was here crowned King of Scotland ; James II. and III., Queen Mary and Darnley were married within



CHAPEL ROYALE, EAST FRONT.

its walls ; and it was here that the Papal Legate presented to James IV. from Pope Julius II. the sword of State, which is preserved among the Royal Regalia of Scotland. The last time the Chapel was used for worship was in

the reign of James VI., who had mass there, the effect of which on the populace was to excite them to its destruction at the Revolution. A row of tombs of several members of the Scottish nobility is ranged along the north



BURNS' MONUMENT AND SALISBURY CRAGS.

side. In the south-east corner is the royal vault, in which are deposited the remains of David II., James II., James V. and Magdalen, his Queen, Henry Lord Darnley, and other illustrious persons.

On leaving the palace, we take the North Breck of the Canongate a short distance, and turn to the right to have a look at Burns' monument on Regent Road. It is built in the style of a Greek peripteral temple, and contains a



CALTON HILL.

bust of the poet, several letters and other interesting relics. From this we proceed to Calton Hill, passing in our way several interesting buildings. Nelson's Monument crowns the summit of the hill, and is a ponderous, inelegant

structure, the top of which is 350 feet above the sea. There are, besides, monuments to Dugald Stewart and John Playfair, and the unfinished National Monument. Looking westward from Stewart's Monument, the eye is carried



PRINCESS STREET, LOOKING EAST.

along the long vista of Princess Street to the Corstorphine Hills. To the south are the crowded and dingy buildings of the old town, covering the ridge that slopes from the Castle to Holyrood. Over this grim assemblage of roofs and chimneys broods a cloud of smoke, from which the

town acquired the name of "Auld Reekie." To the north are the regular streets of the New Town and the sea-ports of Leith and Granton. The scene is thus described by the Poet Graham :



PRINCESS STREET, LOOKING WEST.

"Look round, behold a prospect wide and fair,
The Lomond Hills, with Fife's town-skirted shore,
The intervening sea, Inch-Keith's grey rocks,
With beacon turret crowned ; Arthur's proud crest,
And Salisbury abrupt ; the Pentland Range
Now peaked, and now with undulating swell
Heaved to the clouds."

On our way through Waterloo Place to Princess Street we pass the new Post Office and Register Office. In front of the latter is a fine equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. Princess Street is the finest street in the city. It extends in a straight line from east to west for a mile, and is built only on one side, giving it the appearance of a terrace looking over to the old town, from which it is separated by extensive pleasure grounds, called the Princess Street Gardens. The east garden contains the magnificent monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, the general appearance of which almost everyone is familiar with from the numerous engravings of it. The principal niches are filled with figures of Scott's heroes and heroines, and underneath the central canopy is placed a marble statue of Scott, by Stoll. A little west of the monument is a bronze statue of Professor Wilson (Christopher North), and in the west garden there is a white marble statue of Allan Ramsay. The east and west gardens are separated by the Royal Institution and the National Gallery.

Turning up Hope Street we come to St. George's Church, on Charlotte Square, and from it stroll down George Street, a fine broad street running parallel with Princess Street. At the intersection of Frederick Street with George there is a bronze statue of William Pitt, and at the intersection of George and Hanover streets there is another to George IV. in commemoration of his visit to Edinburgh, both by Chantrey. A little beyond this is St. Andrew's Church, where the disruption of the Church of Scotland took place in 1843, and at the foot of the street is St. Andrew's

Square, in the centre of which is the monument to the memory of Lord Melville.

In another of our interesting walks we made our way to



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

the old Greyfriar's Church, which takes its name from the ancient Monastery of Greyfriars, established at the Grass Market at an early period. The original church was built in 1612, and it was here that the first signatures to

the National Covenant were appended in 1638. The building is divided into two places of worship, named Old and New Greyfriars. In the former, Robertson, the historian, officiated for many years. The church is also noticeable as the first Presbyterian establishment in which an organ was introduced in Scotland, and where instrumental music has been regularly maintained. The churchyard was formerly the garden of the monastery. It was converted into a cemetery, and some of the most notable Scotsmen are interred in it, including George Buchanan, the Latin poet and preceptor of James VI.; Allan Ramsay, the poet; Principal Robertson, the historian; Dr. Black, the chemist; Dr. Hugh Blair, Dr. McCrie, the biographer of Knox, and others. The most interesting tomb of all is that

“ Where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant.”

It is situated in the lower part of the cemetery, next the city wall, and bears an inscription relating the fate of the Marquis of Argyle, James Renwick, and about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, “ noble martyrs for Jesus Christ, who were executed in Edinburgh at the time of the Reformation, and interred here.”

On Sunday morning my friend and I went to the Tron Church, where we heard a good sermon. I was a little surprised to fall in again with the American crowd that I had left at Callander, but here they were—not in long linen dusters and other Yankee travelling gear, but in best “hib and tucker,” to see and be seen. The preacher devoted

some special remarks to them at the close of the sermon—by arrangement, we presume. Jonathan likes to be talked at and noticed, as well as some other people we know of.



THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT.

After the service I accompanied B. to the house of a friend in Arniston Place, with whom he was stopping, Bailie P., who proved to be a very sociable old gentleman, with four pretty daughters, cousins of B's. I could not help

thinking that some people were like cats—tumble when or where they will, they are sure to light on their feet. Here was B., snugly domiciled in the very heart of this great city with four accomplished lady cousins. What a luxury these pretty cousins are! Who does not remember them with the fondest affection. But some people have such a lot of them. Well, not to pursue this subject further, after tea we sallied out and directed our steps to Arthur's Seat. The evening was clear and delightful. We entered the Queen's Park, which embraces Arthur's Seat within its limits, east of Davie Dean's cottage, and had the Lion of the North lifting his proud crest nearly nine hundred feet above us. Taking the Queen's drive east of Salisbury Crags, we pursue it leisurely as it winds up above and beyond Sampson's Ribs. After passing these cliffs we strike boldly up the face of the hill to the summit. The young folk, who had often made the ascent, did not seem to mind it, but the older limbs of my friend the bailie, as well as my own, did not stand it so well, and so we found frequent occasion to pause in our ascent to admire the beauties that were constantly unfolding themselves to our vision as we gained higher and still higher outlooks. Now the bailie points out Lochend, the green meadows of Restaleig, with Leith, the Firth, Inch-keith, and the shores of Fife beyond. Again we pause to look down on the many-storied tenements of the old town, crowded together in a dense and almost indistinguishable mass, and between the old Palace and the Calton Hill, with its stately monuments. When we gain the summit of

Sampson's Ribs, and pass the "Windy Gowl," my attention is directed to the delightful prospect that opens up to the south, across the placid surface of Duddingston's Loch, lying like a sheet of silver in the setting sun. Swans of



EDINBURGH (OLD TOWN) AND WAVERLEY BRIDGE.

snowy plumage are sailing with the stately, graceful and almost imperceptible motion peculiar to their tribe, while the more lively water-hens are chasing each other with noisy exclamations, and splashing the water about them like frolicsome school-boy bathers. Beyond the loch there

is one of the loveliest landscapes that can be seen anywhere—a beautiful garden country, sloping gently upward to Carbery Hill on the left, Craigmillar Castle in the foreground, and the Pentland Hills to the right. The bailie



EDINBURGH, FROM CALTON HILL.

points out the locality of the Laird of Dumbiedike's house, and we almost fancy we can see the love-sick laird in the distance, astride his pony, "in night-gowan and slippers and a laced hat," whacking it along the way in pursuit of Jenny Deans, who had set out on her long and weary walk

to London. Then he comes up with her, hands her his purse, and she moves on. He, turning, waves his hand. Poor Dumbiedike !

Now we glance down at the little Loch of Dunsappie, nestling peacefully under the shadow of the hill, and then we turn for the last scramble up the rocky knoll. The ascent now becomes somewhat more difficult, but we struggle on, and panting step upon the topmost stone of Arthur's Seat. We forget all about the labour of the ascent as we look away over the grand prospect that stretches away on every hand. Beneath us lies the city with its long arms reaching out in all directions, and beyond suburban villas dot the landscape. Westward the eye passes over the city and follows the rich plain at the foot of the Pentlands till it reaches Linlithgowshire and Stirlingshire. North-west we see the Corstorphine Hills, and far away the dusky forms of Benledi and Ben Lomond ; northward, Granton Pier, Newham and Leith, with the Firth enclosed by the hills of Fifeshire, and beyond the peaks of the Grampians in Forfarshire ; eastwards we have Portobello, Musselburgh, Aberlady Bay, with the Bass Rock and Berwick Law beyond, the tall tower to the memory of the Earl of Hopetown, and, far as the eye can reach, the Isle of May ; southward, the gentle rising ground to Craigmillar, and the Moorfoot Hills, backed by the Lammermoors on the left, and the Pentlands, the hills of Braid and Blackford, and the old Boroughmuir on the right.

After feasting our eyes for some time over the delightful

prospect, we turned away and began our descent. When we had reached the end of the rocky path, we turned to the left by the path which runs along the crest of "The Dasses," a precipice overlooking the Hunter's Bog. The



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

same footpath ultimately brings us to St. Anthony's Well, with its ponderous covering stone. It is mentioned in an old Scottish song, commencing with the words :

“ Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
Saint Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.”

On an eminence above the well stands the gable of St. Anthony's Chapel. From here the bailie points out the Muschat's Cairn, where Jenny Deans met the ruffian Robertson. The whole locality has been made more deeply interesting by Sir Walter Scott in "The Heart of Midlothian." One almost expects to meet the old witch Meg Murdockson, or hear the voice of Madge Wild-fire singing:

" Good even, good fair morn, good even to thee ;
I prithee, dear morn, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree
Of the man that true love of mine shall be."

Passing St. Margaret's Loch to the right, we enter upon the Queen's drive, and follow it as far as it winds around the base of Salisbury Crags to the park-keeper's lodge, near St. Leonard's Hill, where the cottage of Jenny Deans may still be seen. The elegant, modern, castellated structure, near at hand on the left, is Arthursley, the residence of Thomas Nelson, Esq., the publisher.

And so began and ended the most agreeable ramble I had in Scotland. The pleasant company, the delightfully warm and clear summer's afternoon, the variety and beauty of the place, the charm with which the genius of Scott has enveloped it, the excitement of scrambling up the long ascent and glancing down the sides of frowning cliffs, the exhilarating effects of the superb view from Arthur's Seat, all contributed to crowd into a brief space of time a series of surprises and delights which can never be forgotten. We returned to Bailie P's., and after a pleasant evening, and arranging a trip to Abbotsford on the morrow, I returned to my hotel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE, AND DRYBURGH.

MR. B—— and the ladies were on hand in the morning at the North British Railway Station, and we were soon *en route* for Melrose. On emerging from the tunnel, soon after leaving the station, we get a glimpse of Arthur's Seat on the right, and the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel. Passing Portobello we come to Dalkeith, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. The palace is close to the town, and was, up to the reign of David II., the residence of the Grahams. It then passed into the possession of Sir William Douglas, ancestor of the Earls of Morton. In the reign of Queen Mary it was the headquarters of the ex-Regent Morton, during which time it acquired the expressive name of the Lion's Den. Froissart visited the Earl of Douglas here. In 1642, the estate passed to the Earl of Buccleuch. It has thrice been the temporary residence of royalty, Charles I., George VI. and Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Before reaching Dalhousie Castle we get a beautiful prospect of the Pentland Hills. Passing the grounds of Dalhousie Castle, now the seat of the Earl of Panmure, we next come to the ruins of Gorebridge Castle. A short distance farther on, the battlements of Borthwick Castle with its massive double tower appear in sight. It was

erected in the time of James I. by Sir William Borthwick. Queen Mary retreated to this Castle for a few weeks, after her unfortunate marriage with Bothwell, and from this in the disguise of a page, she fled a few days afterwards, to Dunbar. Cromwell attacked the Castle, and after a gallant defence it yielded to the invincible warrior, whose marks are still visible. Dr. Robertson, the historian, was born in the manse of Borthwick.

The neighbouring Castle of Crichton is soon reached. The ruin is faithfully described in Scott's "Marmion."

" At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank ;
For there the Lion's care assign'd
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne ;
And far beneath, where slow they creep,
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep.
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose :
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands ;
A mighty mass, that could oppose
When deadliest hatred fired its foes.
The vengeful Douglas bands."

" Melrose !" shouts the guard, and we are startled with the suddenness of the announcement: but Melrose it is, and we step out on the platform, and walk away in the direction of the Abbey. This small town is situated at the base of the Eildon Hills, in the valley of the Tweed—

" Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose
And Eildon slopes to the plain."

In passing through the market-place we pause to look at the stone cross. It bears the date 1642, and is surmounted with a unicorn sustaining the royal arms of Scotland: A gabled house is pointed out to me across from the Market



MELROSE ABBEY, FROM THE EAST.

as being the one General Leslie slept in the night before the battle of Philliphaugh.

Now we come to the wooden gate which gives access to the old ruin which I had so often read about, and seen the

picture of upon the walls of Canadian homes. Let us look at the original of these pictures. The nave, the principal part of which is gone, is bordered by two aisles, and intersected by what was formerly an organ loft. In the south aisle are eight small chapels, lighted by richly traceried windows, and supported externally by double flying buttresses. In one of the niches of these buttresses there is a mutilated figure of the Virgin and Child, and in another a statue of St. Andrew, Scotland's patron saint. The roof of the transept is richly groined; the ribs rise from sculptured corbels, and their intersections are marked with beautifully carved groups of flowers.

“ By a steel-clenched postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall ;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small ;
The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle
Was a fleur-de-lis, or quatre-feuille ;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim ;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.”

Underneath the small circular window, in the form of a cross of thorns, a Norman arched doorway admits to the sacristy, containing the tomb of Joanna, queen of Alexander II. and sister of Henry III. of England.

The principal point of attraction is the great east window, thirty-seven feet high and sixteen broad, with its tall, slender shafts, only eight inches thick, and light tracery above.

“ Slender shafts of shapely stone
By foliated tracery combined,
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freaking knot had twined ;
Then framed a spell when the work was done
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.”

In the aisle of St. Mary's is the tomb of the famous wizard, Michael Scott, whose magic books were burned with him, and of whose funeral the monk in “ The Lay of the Last Minstrel ” gives the following weird description :

“ I buried him on St. Michael's night
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright,
And dug his chamber among the dead
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.”

Near to Scott's tomb is that of Sir Ralph Evers, “ the Lord Ewrie,” who, according to the ballad, rode roughshod through Scotland—

“ Burn'd the Merse and Teviotdale
And knocked full loud at Edinburgh gate.”

He was slain at the battle of Ancrum Moor.

Within the Abbey lie the remains of many a gallant warrior and venerable priest. It is said that Alexander II., King of Scotland, lies buried at the high altar. Here also the heart of King Robert the Bruce was deposited, after the unsuccessful attempt made by Lord Douglas to carry it to the Holy Land. Many of the powerful family of Douglas were interred here: among whom was William Douglas, “ the Dark Knight of Liddisdale.”

We pass into the cloisters by a door in the north-east end of the nave, being the same through which the monk in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" led William of Deloraine to the grave of Michael Scott. The outer side of this



EAST WINDOW, MELROSE ABBEY.

doorway is ornamented with flowers and leaves hollowed out from behind, and so delicately chiselled that a straw can penetrate the interstices between the leaves and stalk.

We now pass out of the south doorway to have a look

at the exterior. This doorway is remarkable for its beautiful sculpture. It is encased in a square canopy, and the moulding over the arch encloses a figure of the Scottish lion. The finial consists of a half-length effigy of John the



SOUTH TRANSEPT, MELROSE ABBEY.

Baptist looking up to the image above, and bearing a scroll with the words *Ecce filius Dei*. Above the doorway rises the beautiful southern window, the tracery of which flows in graceful interlacing curves into a culminating circle.

On each side of the east window there are a number of niches with mutilated figures, and on the top may be seen two figures in a sitting posture, supposed to represent King David and his queen.

In passing through the graveyard one cannot help regretting that the Duke of Buccleuch, to whom the property belongs, does not give more attention to its care. It is now but little better than a common. The graves are disfigured by the rude tread of cattle, and the tombstones are thrown down and broken by their rubbing against them.

As we wandered around this noble old ruin, gazing at it from different points, and discovering new beauties from whatever point we looked, emotions akin to those of the poet stirred our thoughts.

"I do love these ancient ruins :
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history :
And questionless, here in these open courts,
Which now lie naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred
Who loved the Church so well, and gave so largely to 't
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday ; but all things have an end.
Churches and cities that have diseases like to men
Must have like death that we have."

A few words respecting the history of the Abbey and we shall pass on. It was founded by David I. The monks were brought from the Abbey of Rievaulx, in Yorkshire, and were the first of the Order called Cistucians, who came to Scotland. It was destroyed by the

English in their retreat under Edward II., 1322, and was restored again by King Robert Bruce. In 1385 it was partially burnt by Richard II. In 1545 it was despoiled by Evers and Latour, and again in the same year by the Earl of Hertford. At the period of the Reformation it suffered severely from the misdirected zeal of the Reformers, and subsequently from the cannon of Oliver Cromwell, whose guns seem to have been pointed at almost every ecclesiastical establishment in the three kingdoms. Neglect, wanton mischief and sordid utilitarianism did the rest.

After leaving the Abbey our first move was to secure a vehicle to take us over to Abbotsford. This done, we set out by the Melrose and Selkirk road, which runs over hills and through valleys, along green hedges and through bits of woods, by green fields and across murmuring brooks. Arriving at the gate by which visitors make their entrance, we pursue the path running between the garden and the grounds, and enter a room below the study, where sight-seers are tempted with views and other objects of interest connected with the place. From this we ascend by a stairway to the entrance hall.

The principal entrance is from the east side of the house, through a porch copied from one in Linlithgow Palace. It is adorned with petrified stags' horns. The walls of the hall are panelled with richly carved oak from Dunfermline Palace, and the arched roof is of the same material. Round the whole cornice there are the armorial bearings of the Douglasses, the Scotts, Kers, Armstrongs and other stout

border clans, who, as an inscription tells us, "Keepit the Marchys of Scotland in the old tyme for the Kynge." On one side of the hall there are stained glass windows, and the spaces between the windows are decorated with pieces



ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE GARDEN.

of armour, crossed swords and stags' horns. On each side of the door at the bottom of the hall there is a figure in complete armour, one with a huge two-handed sword, the other with a spear, standing in a Gothic niche with a

canopy above. The fireplace is a beautiful specimen of carving, designed from a niche in Melrose Abbey, opposite which is a kind of side-table constructed from the boards of the pulpit of the old church of Dunfermline, in



ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

which Ralph Erskine, one of the founders of the Secession Church, had preached. There are also placed here the clothes worn by Scott previous to his decease. The floor is laid with black and white marble from the Hebrides.

We pass out of the hall into the armoury, a long narrow room, extending across the house, with openings right and left into the dining-room and drawing-room. The walls of



DINING-ROOM, ABBOTSFORD.

this apartment are thickly covered with Highland targets, Lochaber axes, broadswords, whingers, daggers, old muskets, bugle horns and other instruments of war—stags'

horns again occupying conspicuous positions in the decorations.

The drawing-room is a lofty and spacious apartment richly furnished. The wood-work is of cedar, and the carved ebony furniture, cabinets, chairs, piano, etc., were the gift of George IV. to the poet. It contains a fine portrait of Scott, and one of Cromwell and Hogarth, the latter painted by himself.

The library is a spacious room, with carved oak ceiling, designed from models taken from Roslin Chapel. The walls are lined with bookcases containing nearly twenty thousand volumes, many of them extremely rare and valuable. In a niche at the upper end of the room there is a marble bust of Sir Walter by Chantrey, and over the fireplace a full-length portrait of his son, Colonel Scott, and two miniature paintings of Sir Walter and Lady Scott when young. There is also a case which contains a collection of curious relics.

The most interesting of all the rooms is the private study, where the great Wizard of the North toiled to free himself from the difficulties brought upon him by the failure of his publishers. The small writing-table and arm-chair covered with black leather stand where he left them. There are books of reference close at hand, and round three sides of the room there is a light gallery, which opens to a private staircase by which he could descend from his bedroom unobserved.

Elihu Burritt, in speaking of Abbotsford, says: "It is the photograph of Sir Walter Scott. It is brimful of him

and his histories. No author's pen ever gave such an individuality to a human home. It is all the coinage of thoughts that have flooded the hemispheres. Pages of living literature raised up all these lofty walls, built these



THE STUDY, ABBOTSFORD.

arches, panelled these ceilings and filled the whole edifice with these mementos of the men and ages gone. Every one of these hewn stones cost a paragraph; that carved and gilded crest, a column's length of thinking done on

paper. It must be true that pure, unaided literary labour never built before a mansion of this magnitude and filled it with such treasures of art and history. This will forever make it and the pictures of it a monument of peculiar interest. I have said that it is brimful of the author. It is equally full of all he wrote about; full of interesting topographs of Scotland's history back to the twilight ages; full inside and out, and in the very garden and stable walls. The studio of an artist was never fuller of models of human or animal heads, or of counterfeit duplicates of Nature's handiwork, than Sir Walter's mansion is of things his pen painted on in the life of its inspirations. The very porchway that leads into the house is hung with petrified stags' horns, doubtless dug up in Scottish bogs, and illustrating a page of the natural history of the country in some prehistoric century. The halls are panelled with Scotland—with carvings in oak from the old palace of Dunfermline. Coats of arms of the celebrated Border Chieftains are arranged in line around the walls. The armoury is a miniature arsenal of all arms ever wielded since the time of the Druids, and a history attaches to nearly every one of the weapons. History hangs its network everywhere. It is built high and low into the face of the outside walls. Quaint old carved stones from abbey and castle ruins, arms, devices and inscriptions are all here presented to the eye like the printed page of an open volume."

The best view to be had of Abbotsford is said to be from the opposite side of the Tweed. This view we did not get,

but satisfied ourselves with a stroll through the grounds which descend to the river and along the river's bank. Then we returned to our carriage and left for Dryburgh, some seven or more miles distant.



DRYBURGH ABBEY, FROM THE REFECTORY.

The road we took proved quite as interesting as the one by which we came. From some of the hill-tops we had very pretty views of the surrounding scenery and

the windings of the Tweed. At the foot of a hill round which the road bends we leave the carriage and cross the river by a suspension bridge. On the brow of an adjoining hill we observe a colossal statue of Sir William Wallace and a Temple of the Muses, erected by the Earl of Buchan. From the bridge we take our way to the Abbey, under the protecting shade of the venerable trees which skirt the road and cover it with their spreading branches. The lodge-keeper opens the gate to us, and we follow a well-beaten path running through a narrow belt of trees. In a few minutes we come upon the ruins. The Abbey walls are overgrown with ivy, and even trees are growing above some of the arches. It seemed to me that one could hardly desire to see the ruin other than it is. The luxuriant foliage, like the cloak of charity, seems wishful to cover with kindly protection the seams and scars time and spoliation have made upon the venerable structure.

St. Mary's Aisle, the most beautiful and interesting part of the ruin, contains the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott, who was interred there September 26th, 1832, in the tomb of his maternal ancestors, the Haliburtons of Newmains, at one time proprietors of the Abbey. On either side are the tombs of his wife and eldest son. His son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, was also buried in the same place, in 1854. The inscription on the tomb of the poet reads :

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Baronet,
Died September 21, A.D. 1832.

The ruins are not nearly so interesting as those of Melrose. Of the monastery nothing is entire but the Chapter-

house, St. Modan's Chapel and the adjoining passages. At the east end of the Chapter-house there are five pointed windows. The western extremity contains a circular-headed central window, with a smaller one on either side.



TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The hall is adorned with a row of intersected arches. A double circle on the floor marks the spot where the founder of the Abbey is buried.

Among the places shown to visitors is a cell or dungeon

appropriated to purposes of punishment or torture. A hole is cut into the stone wall, into which the hand of the victim was thrust and wedged in with wood. The hole is so placed that the prisoner was obliged to remain on his knees; he neither could stand nor lie down.

Opposite the entrance of the Abbey grounds there is an old yew tree, said to have been planted when the original structure was founded. From it we cut a twig to bring away as a memento.

The Abbey was founded by Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland, about 1150. It was too near the border to escape the attentions of Scotland's "auld enemies of England." Edward II., retreating from his unsuccessful invasion of Scotland, 1322, encamped in the grounds of Dryburgh, and burnt the monastery to the ground. The ruins are situated upon a richly wooded haugh, round which the Tweed makes a circuitous sweep. The site is supposed to have been originally a place of Druidical worship.

Those old monks had keen eyes to favourable sites. They knew well how to spy out the fat of the land. Wherever you meet with a monastery or an abbey, it is sure to nestle in a fruitful valley, and beside a well-stocked stream, where fish and game abounded.

Now we hasten back to our carriage, and drive into Melrose. In a few minutes we are on our way back to Edinburgh, all highly pleased with the trip and the enjoyment it had afforded. At the station I parted with my friends, purposing to leave immediately for Glasgow.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VISIT TO AYR.

MY rambles in Scotland had about come to an end. I was booked to sail from Cork by the *Austrian*, and the few days I had left to me were set apart for a run through Ireland. On consulting my time-table I found I could reach the point aimed at early in the forenoon, and so I packed up my traps at once, left Edinburgh by the night train, reached Glasgow at midnight, took the 6 a.m. train, and in a short time was at the good old town of Ayr.

Soon after leaving Glasgow we passed through Paisley, noted for shawls and other manufactures, and for an old abbey founded in 1163 by Walter Stuart, ancestor of the royal family of Scotland. There are but few places of interest on the route. Now and then the ruins of an old castle or a quiet village meet the eye, but no cloud-capped mountains: these we have left behind. We pass the small Loch of Kilbirnie, and strike the Firth of Clyde at Irvine, a considerable town, and then skirt its shore for the rest of the way.

Immediately on my arrival at Ayr, I engaged a cab and proceeded to Burns' old house, about two miles and a half from the town. Fortunately the morning was fine, an

event that does not happen every day in these quarters, I believe. I had reason, therefore, to congratulate myself on the prospect of visiting the scene of the poet's birthplace under the most favourable circumstances. Passing the toll-bar, we enter upon the same road which Tam O'Shanter is supposed to have taken in that eventful night when

"Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet ;
Whyles glow'ring round with prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unwares."

After passing the farm steading of Slaphouse, we cross Slaphouse Bridge, a few yards from which is

"The Ford
Whar in the snaw the Chapman smoor'd,"

a little farther on is the game-keeper's cottage of Rozelle, and behind it the

"Muckle stane
Whar drunken Charlie brack's neck bane."

The fine mansion of Rozelle, with its handsome shrubbery and well-kept grounds was next passed, and before we were done looking at it, our driver had pulled up his nag before the door of a lowly, aged cottage on the road-side. There was no mistaking it: the many pictures we had seen of it, far away in Canada, enabled us to recognize at once the humble cot. I alighted before the door which had been pushed to and fro by the youthful bard, long before his fancy had plumed its wing for an immortal flight. On the

right a solitary window looked on the street, so small that the round face of the boy must have nearly filled it whenever inclination led him to look out. The heavy thatch



COTTAGE WHERE BURNS WAS BORN.

came down to the top of the low door, so that when I raised my hand to press the thumb latch, which had often yielded to the touch of the poet, I had to bow my head in order to pass in—a fitting act in entering the precincts of such a

place. The room is small and low, but its walls are white and clean. There is the bedpress in the wall ; in another corner a plain cupboard contains a few old dishes, and by its side are hung several mugs of different sizes and shapes. A rude fireplace fills nearly one side of the room ; a small table, an old clock, and three or four chairs, occupying different positions on the stone floor, make up the picture of the humble apartment, about as it appeared on the 25th of January, 1759, when a son was born to a poor peasant here, who by the force of his genius was in due course of time to take rank with the proudest sons of Fame ; who was to shed a never-fading lustre on the literary glories of his country, and raise the obscure parish of his birth to a proud equality with the most renowned lands of classical antiquity ; who was to render the scenes of his childhood sacred ground for the worshippers of genius throughout the civilized world, and by his immortal works to render the comparatively unknown *patois* of a remote country district, a classic language, and a study for the learned of Christendom.

The extreme poverty of the family and the dire struggle of the father to gain a subsistence and educate his children are well known to every reader of the poet's life. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to group the first occupants of this rude tenement round the "clean hearthstane." The humble fare, the weary sire's return after a week of toil and moil to keep the wolf from the door, the cheerful and frugal mother, the prattling infant who chases away for a little all "carking cares," all seem

to have traced the painful story of life-long buffetings with the ills of adversity on the very walls, in characters so plain that all who enter here may read. And how a youth so circumstanced, whose days were spent from a very early age in hard and anxious labour, managed to acquire a tolerable education, or had the slightest inclination to seize the scanty chances that were afforded, and turn them to good account, is not the least remarkable feature in the poet's life. Burns, unhappily, was not the first of the sons of genius whose productions were the offspring of a soul in travail; from whom the world withheld its favours when most needed, and, when too late, sought to atone its neglect by scattering flowers on his grave and sounding his praises.

The picture drawn by the bard himself in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," of the condition of the family is a most vivid one. With a few strokes of the pen the whole story is told—

“ But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food ;
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That yont the hallan anugly chows her cood ;
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lud, her wal-hain'd kibbuck, fill
 And aft he's prest, and oft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How, 'twas a townmond auld, sin lint was i' the bell.

“ The cheerfu' supper done, wi serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha Bible, ance his father's pride ;

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffits wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And ' Let us worship God ! ' he says with solemn air."

After purchasing a few mementos of the place, to which a good-looking Scotch lassie called my attention, I entered the hall which had been erected behind the cottage for celebrations in honour of the poet's memory. It is a fine room, tastefully fitted up and adorned with several interesting pictures and relics of the Ayrshire bard.

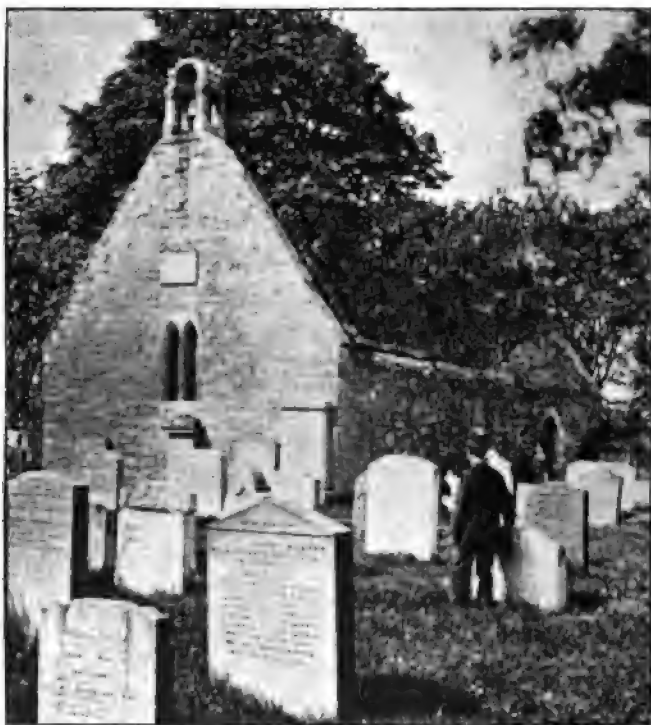
Having followed Tam O'Shanter up to this point, let us go out and finish. At a little distance from the cottage, on the opposite side of the road, there stands a single tree, enclosed by a paling, the last survivor of a group that once covered

" The cairn
 Where hunters faund the murder'd bairn."

Beyond this is " Alloway's auld haunted kirk," to which we take our way, and pass through the gate into the yard which surrounds it. There is but little in the " auld kirk " itself to interest one. It is roofless and its rough stone walls are entirely destitute of architectural adornment. Its only claim to attention is derived from the poet whose genius has immortalized it. Every particle of wood has been stripped away and converted into snuff-boxes and like useful articles, years ago : and though you could not for the last quarter of a century have found a splinter sufficiently large to make a toothpick, in any part of it, yet the snuff-box trade has flourished, and even to-day

the Scotch lass induced me to buy sundry articles, all made from wood got at Alloway Kirk.

The old ruin has a weird appearance, but this may



ALLOWAY KIRK.

proceed from association. We think of "warlocks and witches," but see none. The ivy spreads its rich foliage over the rough walls, and even the graves where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

look green and peaceful. The famous orgies enacted here were only permitted to the eyes of Tam and the poet.

“ Tam saw an unco sight ;
Warlocks and witches in a dance :
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-broken in the east,
There sat old Nick in shape o’ beast ;
A towsie tyke, black, grim and large,
To give them music was his charge ;
He screw’d the pipes and gart them skirl
Till roof and rafters a’ did dirl.”

Near the gate of the churchyard is the grave of Burns’ father. It is marked by a plain monumental stone erected by the poet, and bears this tender and touching epitaph :

“ O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend !
Here lies the loving husband’s dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend.

“ The pitying heart that felt for human woes ;
The dauntless heart that fear’d no human pride,
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
For even his failings leaned to virtue’s side.”

A little farther on is the “ Auld Brig o’ Doon ” at which the story of “ Tam O’Shanter ” terminates.

Tam’s drunken curiosity, so the story goes, turned a troop of demons on his track. The old brig afforded the only chance of escape, and his faithful beast is spurred towards it. The race was fierce and desperate, and the pursuit keen and close. Tam escaped, but it was by a very close

shave—escaped as many another has done, through the intervention of friendly aid. There are many whose evil ways have precipitated on their heels pursuing witches as potent to destroy as those that chased the affrighted Tam, and happy for them if they are so fortunate as to escape from dissolute lives over the “running stream” which flows between it and the paths of rectitude and sobriety; but it is painful to think how often the innocent, who not infrequently become the instrument of their escape, have to suffer.

“So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi’ monie an eldritch screech and hollow.

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi’ furious ettle,
But little wist she Maggie’s mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.”

We have gained the “Keystane” of the “auld brig,” too, but quite free from any apprehension of being disturbed by witches. We linger over its crumbling parapets, and watch the clear waters of the “bonnie Doon” flow by on their way to the sea, and we look along the flowery banks that had so often delighted the eye of the poet—

“Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !”

The bridge has but one arch, is strong and massive, and like most of those old bridges, is barely wide enough for a



"ALTD" AND NEW BRIDGES OF DOON, ALLOWAY.

single cart to pass over. It is evidently of great antiquity and is but little used.

Beyond the picturesque bridge, profusely overgrown with ivy and other parasitical plants, rises the Garrick Hill, from which there is a pleasant view. The spires and towers and flower-fringed villas of Ayr fill the eye and gratify the mind by their pleasing combinations. To the westward, Alloway Kirk and the Cottage of Burns form interesting foreground objects, while the distance is filled in by the wide expanse of the Firth of Clyde. On the extreme west there is a boundless extent of ocean, except only where the abrupt Craig of Ailsa raises his lofty precipices from the great deep. Slightly to the right of this, the peaks of Cantyre meet the eye, which in turn are relieved by the serrated summits of Goatfell and the Hills of Arran.

Descending the hill, and crossing the new bridge, we enter the grounds which contain the monument of Burns. These are tastefully laid out with walks, and adorned with flowers and shrubs. The monument is a circular temple, in the basement of which is a room lighted from the cupola with stained glass. In the chamber is a case containing many relics of the poet. Among these are copies of all the best editions of his works, and the Bible which he presented to "Highland Mary" on the occasion of their last meeting and final separation—

"When by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love."

"YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON."



This small Bible, after years of wandering, was found in Canada by a gentleman who purchased it and sent it here. The walls are adorned with sketches of scenes from his poems, a portrait, and a bust of the poet. From the monu-



BURNS' MONUMENT, ALLOWAY.

ment the river is seen below flowing majestically among its richly wooded banks. We descend to a small cottage on the border of the river. It is a picturesque little cot covered with sea-shells inside and out, and contains the

celebrated statues of "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnny."

Turning away from these scenes with reluctance, we mount our cart and drive back to Ayr, reaching the Queen's Arms in time for dinner, after which we hurry out to have a look at "auld Ayr," which the poet tells us—

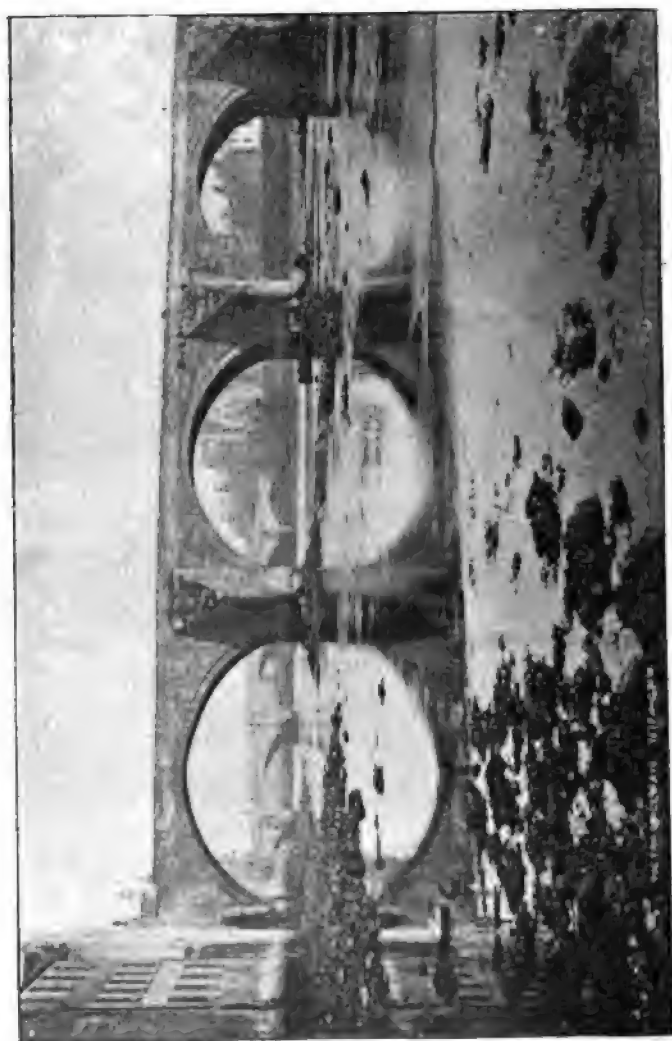
"Ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

Taking the principal street and proceeding past the new bridge, we come to the "auld brig" on the left. It crosses the river between the new bridge and the viaduct of the British Railway. Burns has made the bridges famous by his poem, entitled "The Brigs of Ayr." I walked across the old one and enjoyed the prospect it affords up and down the river, whose current at this point has become deep and strong. Leaning against the parapet and looking towards the new bridge, I recalled the imaginary dialogue between the "Twa Brigs." The "auld brig" addresses the new, which, by the way, is not a very juvenile structure, thus :

"I doubt na' frien, ye'll think ye're nae sheep shank,
Ance ye were struket o'er frae bank to bank !
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Though, faith, that day I doubt ye'll never see ;
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer wigmilaries in your noddle."

To which the new brig replies :

"Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense :



THE "TWA BRIGS O' AYR."

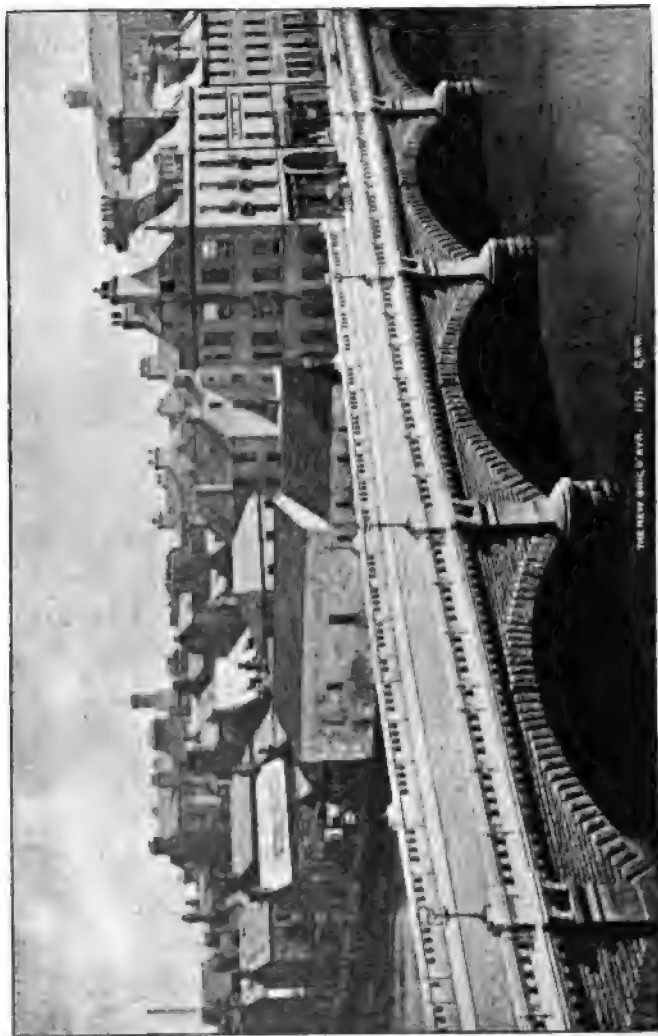
Will your poor narrow footpath of a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruined, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare with bonnie brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste would tak' the Ducal stream,
Though they should caste the very sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you."

The old bridge was built more than six hundred years ago, and near it is the "auld kirk o' Ayr," erected from money contributed by Cromwell. The new bridge is not quite a century old.

From this we proceeded to Wellington Square, in which there is a colossal statue erected to the memory of General Neil, who was a native of Ayr, and was killed at Lucknow. Finding my way back to High Street, I paused to look at the Wallace Tower, a Gothic structure built on the site of an old building in which the hero is said to have been confined. The tower contains a statue of Wallace, and the "Dungeon clock" mentioned in the Brigs of Ayr—

"The drowsy Dungeon clock had numbered one
And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true."

Leaving the tower and proceeding along High Street we come to an antique looking public-house, which we are informed by a conspicuous sign-board over the door is the tavern "where Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny used to meet." We enter the homely hotel, and are shown to the room, which is reached by a cramped winding stairway, where the auld wife assures us Tam and Johnny used to sit and have their crack over John Barleycorn, and where



THE NEW BRIG O' AYE. (17). C. W. W.

THE NEW BRIG O' AYE.

Burns, too, did sometimes come. The veritable chair in which Tam used to sit was presented, and we occupy it.

Under such circumstances we could do no less than drink to Tam's immortal memory. So drawing nigh to the old table we order the good dame to fetch us "a drap o' sperrits." It is produced, and along with it the old cup—bound together by silver bands, on which are engraved quotations from "John Barleycorn"—which used to do duty to Tam, and has done since to many a pilgrim to the "Land of Burns." We pour the inspiring fluid in the cup—not with any desire, however, to draw the same inspiration Tam did—and while sipping our drink we take from our pocket the poem and read—

"Ae market night
Tam had got planted, unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely,
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drowthie crony."

Calling for the landlady I settle my score, and take my departure from the scene of Tam's revels. Walking briskly now to the outskirts of the town in the direction of the once famous "Barns of Ayr," I reach a spot whence a good view is had of the abrupt cliff at the foot of the Garrick Hill, upon which are the remains of Greenan Castle and Dunoon Castle, a tall and empty tower, the remains of an old stronghold of the Kennedies, where Allan Stuart was roasted before a slow fire by Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassiles, to extort the surrender of certain lands.



LAMLASH AND BAY, ARRAN.

Close by the quay is the old Fort of Ayr, built by Cromwell. A few fragments of the ramparts still remain, together with the old tower which formed a part of St. John's Church. Cromwell enclosed the church within the walls of the citadel and converted it into an armoury.

Steaming out of the harbour and leaving the auld tower o' Ayr and Ayr Heads behind, we run across to the Island



BRODICK CASTLE.

of Arran and enter Lamlash Bay, around the south end of Holy Island. The isle is an irregular cone nine hundred feet high, and was once the site of an ancient church, founded by a disciple of St. Columba. The cave where the saint resided is still to be seen on the sea-shore, with the shelf of rock which formed his bed. On the left as we enter the bay is the King's Cross Point, whence Bruce and his followers embarked for the coast of Carrick. A

plain monolith marks the site. From Lamash we pass on to Brodick, the principal port of the island. On entering the bay we get a splendid view of Goatfell, which lifts its proud crest three thousand feet above the sea, and at its base the battlements of Brodick Castle are seen rising from among the trees. The Castle is the principal residence on the island of the Duke of Hamilton, to whom it belongs. From this we steer across the Firth to Millport, and as we leave Arran behind, its rugged mountain scenery stands out in bold relief against the sky. From Largs a good view is had of Cumbrae Island and the rugged peaks of Arran. Recrossing the Firth we come to Rothesay, the capital of Bute. In the centre of the town are the ruins of Rothesay Castle, once a royal residence. The Castle was burned by the Earl of Argyle in 1685, and has since been a ruin. Our next port is Dunoon, another of the fashionable watering-places on the Clyde. On a conical hill close by the pier stand the fragments of Dunoon Castle, the hereditary keepership of which was conferred by Robert Bruce on the family of Sir Colin Campbell, of Loch Awe.

And now we steam up alongside the pier at Greenock. The delightful and most interesting sail up the Clyde had come to an end, as all pleasures must. The clouds which had been lowering above and around us for some time began to drop their moisture. They say it always rains at Greenock. Be this as it may, it did so while I was there, and vigorously, too. But notwithstanding this, there was one spot in it I felt a strong desire to visit,



ORENOCK.

and set off in the drenching rain to find it. After many turns and twists, and by dint of inquiry, I succeeded in finding the old West Kirk, but alas! the gate was locked. I could not think of departing now with the object of my



ROTHESAY PIER.

desire so near at hand. I accosted a couple of sailors who were passing, and asked them if they could tell me where I might find the keeper of the Kirk. One of them fortunately knew the man, he said, and would bring him to me.



BRODICK BAY AND GOATFELL.

He did not succeed in finding the man, but brought his wife. The woman opened the gate, and led me through



HIGHLAND MARY'S GRAVE, GREENOCK.

the old churchyard, between rows of silent graves, and at last brought me to the tomb of Highland Mary. Bending over the quiet grave, I repeated the verses :

“ And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

“ O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed so fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me so kindly ;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly,
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.”

The grave is marked by a large monumental slab, and is adorned with a well-executed carved group in low relief representing the parting of the lovers, surmounted by a figure of Grief. The monument bears the name of “ Mary,” and under the figures are the two lines :

“ Oh, Mary, dear, departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?”

Gathering a few flowers from the well-kept grave, and rewarding the woman, who had been standing uncovered in the pouring rain, I hurried back to the dock and went on board the steamer that was to carry me across the Channel.

CHAPTER XX.

A RUN THROUGH IRELAND.

I WAS so weary after my day's exercise at Ayr that almost immediately after going on board the steamer at Greenock I sought my berth and was soon wrapped in the arms of profound sleep. I rose and went on deck just as the sun was showing his face in the east. We were running into the harbour of Belfast. I was told that we had had a very rough night and a heavy sea, the rain-storm which we had an introduction to in Greenock continuing with us until near daylight. Of these discomforts I was happily unconscious. But the condition of the men, women and children, crowded into the forepart of the steamer, like a herd of cattle, unprotected by any covering, did not present a pleasing sight. There they had been pelted all the night by the relentless storm, and drenched with the sea, which swept over them at every plunge of the vessel. Many of them were sick, and all presented a spectacle of discomfort and distress. The storm was over, however, the sun was coming up, and land was close at hand, so that both Paddy and Canuck could congratulate themselves on a speedy deliverance from a confined and crowded steamer.

We pass the old Castle of Carrickfergus on the right, with its ivy-clad walls, and the sullen waves dashing their

foam at its feet. Just one month earlier, two hundred and five years ago, William III. landed with his army at the Castle, and pushed on to Belfast through an excited throng who pressed round his carriage with shouts of "God



HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

save the Protestant King!" The boom of cannon from the Castle reverberated among the hills, and wherever the peal was heard the people knew that King William was come. In the night the hills of Antrim and Down were ablaze with bonfires, and told the outposts of the enemy beyond

the bays of Carlingford and Dundalk that the decisive hour was close at hand.

We reach the pier and from thence take a car to the Imperial Hotel in Donegal Place. After breakfast we



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BELFAST.

engage a carman and proceed to look at the city. It is a clean, thrifty business-place, with some of the trade and manufactures of Manchester and Glasgow, but without the smoke and dirt of either. The streets are generally

regular and wide, well kept, and lined with good substantial buildings. Its public structures are not behind those of its sister cities in any particular. There are several handsome churches and three colleges.



CONSERVATORY IN BOTANIC GARDEN, BELFAST.

The Botanic Garden is tastefully laid out and adorned with beautiful trees, rare plants and shrubs. There is also a splendid collection of the roses and heaths found in Irish bogs. The conservatory is large and is well stocked with tropical plants.

Belfast is the most important manufacturing city in Ireland. It is the centre of the great linen manufacturing interests of the country, and is also a large ship-building port.



ULSTER HALL, BELFAST.

Early on the following morning I proceeded to the Ulster Railway and shipped for Dublin. The first town of any importance after our departure is Lisburn, and after this Dundalk, situated upon a low expanse of marshy

ground, at the head of the beautiful bay of the same name, and consisting of a long street intersected by several smaller ones. It is an ancient town and has been fortified, though now dismantled and its walls in ruins. It is a place of some historical interest, and was the last town in Ireland where a monarch was crowned and resided in royal splendour.

Crossing branches of the rivers Fane and Glyde, we next come to the Castle of Bellingham with its grand yew trees, and then the famous old town of Drogheda. But before we reach it our attention is arrested by the ecclesiastical remains of Monasterboice. These ruins consist of two chapels, an ancient round tower 110 feet high, and two stone crosses, one of which is called St. Boyne's Cross, and is thought to be the oldest religious relic in Ireland. It has a rude inscription in Irish characters, in which may still be traced the name of Muredach, one of the kings of Ireland, who died in 535, about one hundred years after the arrival of St. Patrick.

Drogheda is an old and interesting town situated at the mouth of the River Boyne. It was formerly encircled by strong walls, but these are now in ruins, remaining only to tell the beholder of the ravages of war and of time. Cromwell with his invincible Ironsides marched upon the place from Dublin, and attacked it. He was twice repulsed by its brave defenders under Sir Arthur Ashton, but on the third attack, led by himself in person, Drogheda fell, and its inhabitants were indiscriminately slaughtered. This cruelty on the part of Cromwell rendered his name forever execrable to the Irish people.

The next scene which Drogheda presents to us is the memorable one which terminated in the triumph of Protestantism at the battle of the Boyne. The place as it then appeared is thus described by Macaulay: "The traces of art and industry were few. Scarcely a vessel was on the river, except those rude coracles of wicker-work covered with skins of horses, in which the Celtic peasantry fished for trout and salmon. Drogheda, now peopled by twenty thousand industrious inhabitants, was a small knot of narrow, crooked and filthy lanes, encircled by ditch and mound. The houses were built of wood, with high gables and projecting upper stories. Without the walls of the town scarcely a dwelling was to be seen, except at a place called Oldbridge. At Oldbridge the river was fordable, and on the south of the ford were a few mud cabins and a single house built of more solid material.

"When William caught sight of the valley of the Boyne he could not suppress an exclamation and a gesture of delight. He had been apprehensive that the enemy would avoid a decisive action, and would protract the war till the autumnal rains should return with pestilence in their train. He was now at his ease. It was plain that the contest would be sharp and short. The pavilion of James was pitched on the eminence of Donore. The flags of the house of Stewart and of the house of Bourbon waved together in defiance on the walls of Drogheda. All the southern bank of the river was lined by the camp and batteries of the hostile army. Thousands of armed men were moving about among the tents, and everyone, horse

soldier or foot soldier, French or Irish, had a white badge in his hat. That colour had been chosen in compliment to the house of Bourbon. 'I am glad to see you, gentlemen,' said the King, as his keen eye surveyed the Irish lines. 'If you escape me now the fault will be mine.'"

The scene of the battle is on the north side of the river, about a mile from Drogheda, and is marked by an obelisk 150 feet high. It stands on a rocky foundation, where William directed the battle and where the brave Schomberg fell.

The railway crosses the Boyne here by a splendid viaduct with twelve arches, one of which has a span of 250 feet, to accommodate the traffic on the river. Morrington, a village near at hand on the Boyne, is the place whence the Duke of Wellington took his title, and Calpe, a small village on the bay, is where St. Patrick is said to have landed, and proceeded thence to Tara.

Our way now lies along the coast. We pass Ballygarth Castle, once the residence of Colonel Pepper, whose life furnished Lover with the incidents which he wove into his clever story, "The White Horse of the Peppers." We pause at Balbriggan, noted for its stocking manufactures, and then rush on to Skerries, from which we can see the islands of the same name. Here tradition says that venerable old gentleman, St. Patrick, whom we shall meet so often, and who seems to have visited every nook and corner of the island, found shelter when pursued by the Druids.

As we draw near to Dublin, the residences of nobles and

gentry become more and more frequent. On the left we see Lambay Island and the broad expanse of the Irish Sea. Now the small island that bears the name of Ireland's Eye is seen, and the bold headlands of Houth. Then we catch



ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

the glimmer of the waters of Dublin Bay, and soon after alight at the station in "Dublin town." A car is at once secured and we drive away to the Shelbourne, on St. Stephen's Green.

I could not have selected a better point whence to take my walks about the city than this hotel. The location is in the southern part of the town, but within a few minutes' walk of the principal places of interest. In the front of the hotel is the large and pretty Square of St. Stephen's Green, with its cluster of trees and beautiful greensward. In the centre is the fine equestrian statue of George II., and on the north side is a bronze statue of the late Earl of Eglinton. The Square is surrounded by many of the finest buildings in the city.

Leaving the hotel and proceeding to Merrion Street, we come to the office of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland. The only interest we have in the place is that it was here that the great Duke of Wellington was born. Passing from this into Merrion Square, and pursuing its winding paths under the shade of beautiful ornamental trees, we emerge at the south side, and pass the former residence of Daniel O'Connell. From this we find our way into Leinster Street, which skirts College Park, and reach Trinity College, an imposing structure built of Portland stone, in the Corinthian style. In the museum we find a large collection of native birds and Irish antiquities, among which is an old horn of King O'Kavanagh, and an Irish harp, once the property of Brian Boromhe. At the entrance there are two fine bronze statues of Goldsmith and Burke.

The Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland, is in College Green, just across from the College. There is an equestrian statue of William III. in the green, erected 1701. Proceeding along Dame Street we come to the Royal

Exchange and the Castle of Dublin, anything but imposing in its appearance. The Vice-Regal Chapel possesses some external beauties and decorations, but does not by any means equal one's expectations. It is used, for the time



VICE-REGAL CHAPEL, DUBLIN.

being, by the Lord Lieutenant and his household. Leaving the Chapel we reach the Cathedral of St. Patrick by a circuitous but not very long route. On the site of the present venerable pile a place of worship was erected by

St. Patrick, and four centuries and a half after (890), Gregory of Scotland, with his followers, attended worship in it. The present building was begun in 1190, and has recently been restored by the late Sir B. L. Guinness at a



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

very large outlay. In the chancel there is a tablet to the memory of Schomberg, a monument to the Earl of Cork, and the remains of Dean Swift and Mrs. Hester Johnson (the "Stella" of his poetry) are covered by two marble slabs.

Sackville Street, the Cheapside of Dublin, is a fine and spacious street. The Nelson Monument, surmounted by a statue of the hero of Trafalgar, standing at the intersection of Mory and Earl streets, is a very prominent feature in it.



INTERIOR, ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

Looking in the opposite direction we have a sweep either of Westmoreland or D'Olive streets, the latter giving a view of Trinity College and the old Parliament House. Glancing up the stream we have the four courts, and beyond the

Wellington Obelisk in Phoenix Park, and downwards the Custom House and shipping. There is a statue of Tom Moore on Westmoreland Street.

Passing along the quays of the River Liffey (which runs



TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

through the centre of the city from west to east), and through various streets, we come to Aungin Street, in which will be found a queer-looking old house, sure to arrest attention by its oddity, but rejoicing in more than

its peculiarity of style. In this house the Bard of Erin, Thomas Moore, was born May 28th, 1780. At that time his father kept a grocery store.

Securing a carman for the afternoon we drove through



CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN.

the city in all directions, viewing churches and public buildings, and then entered Phoenix Park, the Hyde Park of Dublin. This has an area of 1,750 acres, and is well planted with trees. Carriage drives and walks run

through it and around it. Deer are plentiful, but the chief point of interest is the Wellington Testimonial.

Thus ends my visit to Ireland's regal city. Dublin lacks the thrift and enterprise of its northern sister city, Belfast.



THE FOUR COURTS.

It possesses a fine harbour in its noble bay, guarded on one side by the hills of Houth, and on the other by Killiney hill. There are many fine buildings, a noble university, public schools, and courts of law. It is well supplied with

places of worship of every denomination, and has several beautiful parks and squares for the recreation of its citizens, as well as museums, art galleries, theatres, botanic gardens, and other places of instruction and amusement. It is favourably situated for trade and commerce, and yet Dublin is not a prosperous city. Its commerce has declined, and its manufactures have decreased. What has produced this turn in the tide of its progress? An Irishman will tell us that the removal of the Parliament to London did it, because from that date its declension has been apparent, thus linking the two events together as cause and effect. An Englishman assigns another and more potent reason, but with these we have nothing to do. The fact is patent, Dublin has declined.

I left Dublin by the first morning train for Killarney. Near the Dublin terminus of the road is the Royal Hospital of Kilmalsham, built on the site of a priory of the Knights Hospitallors. In this village it is said the renowned Brian Boromhe spent the last years of his life. A little farther on to the right is the village, where William III. encamped after the battle of the Boyne. Then we come to Clondalkin, from which we can see one of those ancient round towers that are scattered through the country.

Our steam horse snorts and speeds away again, dashing past Killaloon, the seat of the Earl of Listem; and Lyons, the handsome seat of Lord Cloncurry, nestling in front of Lyons' hill; and Palmerston, the seat of the Earl of Mayo. Now we cross the Grand Canal at Sallins, rush through the hill of Oberstown, emerge, and speed across the Liffey.

Two miles distant is Naas, the place of "the elders," where the kings of Leinster resided, long before the period of Strongbow. Away to the right we see the hill of Allen, lifting up its head out of the great bog of Allen, crowned by an old tower. It is supposed to be the scene of one of Ossian's poems, and the residence of Fin-Mac, Coul, or Fingal.

We come to a pause at the military station of New-bridge. On our right is an extensive common, well known to Irish sporting gentlemen as "The Curragh," once noted in the annals of the turf. We again cross the Liffey and reach Kildare Station, from which we can see the old town once famous for saints, and the Chapel of St. Bridget with its perennial fire, which the nuns maintained day and night during a thousand years for the benefit of poor strangers. We can see also another of those round towers, with its battlements rising high in the air.

Onward we sweep again, past castles and villages. Now the Devil's Bit Mountains are conspicuous, and at Limerick Junction we have a fine view of the Galtee Mountains. At the pretty town of Mallow, situated on the River Black-water, we change cars. After leaving Kanturk, the country, which has been fine for a long distance, becomes rugged and barren. At Millstreet the Killarney Mountains begin to show themselves—the Paps, then the Torc, and in the distance the Reeks.

Of the town of Killarney, in which I now find myself for the first time, whatever else may be said, no one would ever think of doing it the injustice of calling it a pretty

town. It is made up of a long winding street, with numerous lesser ones striking off to the right and left, crowded mostly with low, grim, old-looking tenements, and swarming with squalid children. Neither would anyone, after seeing its dirty and wretched abodes, with its streets kept in almost a perpetual state of mudiness by the rain-clouds that hang around the mountains, be so rash as to call it a clean town. There is a smack of poetry in its name, but none whatever in the town of Killarney. Bless me, no! You must rush away to the lakes, and climb the mountains, if you wish to dream.

I made my *entrée* on a market-day—a day on which it is presumed the people for miles around gather into the town to trade and traffic, but it seemed to me they were there for anything else but that. Such a heterogeneous crowd of men, women and children and donkey-carts never before came under my notice. There were men in long-tailed coats and knee-breeches striding through the crowd, swinging their heavy sticks as if in pursuit of the chap who would “shtep on the tail o’ me coat.” There were other men whose coats did not glory in a tail at all, and whose breeches might furnish a study for a tailor of an antiquarian turn of mind. Others there were who had not much of either. Scores of them were sucking their black cutties, and others had pipes stuck in their hat-bands—that is, if the hat happened to have one. Here and there groups were drinking potteen, and others were reeling and boisterous under the influence of the “cratur.” Of the fair sex (save the mark!) there were women with

the everlasting blue cloak drawn over their heads, from under which the borders of caps struggled for freedom. Others were bearing about huge baskets, or panniers as they call them, on their backs, over which their cloaks draped and gave them a singular appearance. An Irish wife thus equipped might furnish an interesting study for those who are ever on the lookout for something new and novel in dress. To me it was not at all picturesque, but reminded me of a dromedary. There were girls whose feet had never known the confinement of a shoe, and the skirts of whose dresses did not trail in the mud or require cords to hold them up; indeed, the extreme, we thought, was too great in the opposite direction. There were beggars without number—ragged, repulsive wretches—clamouring for pence: touters, idlers, standing with their backs against the door-posts—such a crowd, I dare say, as could not be got together in any part of the world outside of Ireland.

Leaving the motley, crowded streets of Killarney, we proceed to the Victoria Hotel, pleasantly situated on the border of the lower lake, about a mile and a half from the town. The day being well-nigh spent, we could not attempt much of a ramble. We improved what time we had, however, by a short stroll through the demesne of Kinmare, the property of Lord Kinmare, and as we wandered through the well-wooded plantation we were amply repaid by several beautiful glimpses of Lough Leane, caught through the vista of trees at different points, and the mountains to the south. Returning to the hotel, and making the necessary

arrangements for the next day, we had nothing to do but await the hour of rest.

When we came down in the morning our breakfast was



VICTORIA HOTEL, SHOWING LOWER LAKE.

ready, and before it was despatched, the car that was to take us to the Gap of Dunloe, six miles distant, was at the door. The jaunting-car is an institution peculiar to Ireland, and with a good trotting-horse and a smooth road it is not

an unpleasant vehicle to ride in. It is light, convenient, and easy to mount or get down from. The "low-back'd car" which Lover makes such a pretty song about, and which Canadians might from the song be led to think a charming vehicle, is another thing altogether.

" When first I saw sweet Peggy
'Twas on a market-day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay.
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her low-back'd car—
The man at the turnpike bar
Never ask'd for the toll, but just rubb'd his old poll
And look'd after the low-back'd car."

A nice picture, and it is a pity to strip it of its poetry, but the real thing is nothing more nor less than a donkey-cart, or two-wheeled dray in miniature, with a board across the axle to sit on—or it may be, as in Peggy's case, a "truss of hay" on that to make the seat softer, but with no back visible. We saw a great many Pats and Judies riding in low-backed cars, but failed to catch the poetic sentiment.

We mounted our car and set off, but before we had reached the ruins of Aghador, perched on a piece of rising ground, it began to rain in torrents, and looked as though it would continue for the rest of the day. We suggested to Jerry the propriety of turning back, but he shrugged his shoulders at our simplicity, and said, with as much coolness as though the sun were shining on him. "It's only

a drap o' a shower, yer honour," at the same time giving his beast a whack. The rain pelted my legs under the umbrella in a furious manner, and I felt all the enthusiasm of anticipated pleasures rapidly subsiding. Again I said to



ON THE KINMARE ROAD IN A JAUNTING-CAR.

Jerry I would rather go back, and again he assured me it was only "a drap o' a shower," and pushed on. He was right in one sense, though the drop had saturated my clothes and made me uncomfortable. Before we reached Beaufort

Bridge, which spans the Lanne, the outlet of the lakes, the storm had spent itself, and welcome breaks in the dark clouds were visible. We had passed the old ruins of Pallis Castle and Killalu Church, which no one knows anything about, and we now pass Dunloe Castle, once the seat of the powerful O'Sullivan Mor, and soon after Kate Kearney's cottage, where, Jerry assured me, the charming Kate, the original of the song, once lived.

"O did you not hear of Kate Kearney ?
She lives on the banks of Killarney ;
From the glance of her eye
Shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney."

Our dreams of the beautiful Kate were of brief duration, for we had scarcely got abreast of the cottage when there streamed out of it a dozen or more squalid wretches, who gave chase with shouts and swooped down upon us like so many starved eagles. "A penny, Masther—a penny, for the love o' God!" Not being posted in this feature of the Gap, the rush startled me, and I told Jerry to drive on; but either Jerry or the horse, or both, did the very reverse, and these beggars pounced upon me with their clamour and Irish jargon—"God bless yer honour, have pity on a poor cratur that hasn't had a taste o' a morsel past her mouth this blissed morn'n:" "God's blisen on yer, it's me that's a poor man intirely, wid me arrum done up wid de runatics;" "Buy an Iorish dimon, Masther, and take it wid ye to yer honour's lady, God bless her, and help a poor mon;" and thus we go on for a mile with these persistless torments

hanging on the car and pelting us with a continual volley of appeals for aid. The rascal Jerry was no doubt in league with the crew, for although we ordered him repeatedly to drive on faster, he professed that something was wrong with his horse, and he "wouldn't budge aff a walk." This is the place for persons to come who are fond of distinctive titles—they can get be-honored and be-lorded to their heart's content by a judicious outlay of sixpences.

We now reach the entrance to the Gap of Dunloe, and can proceed no farther in the car, so we step down and take the pony that is in waiting to carry us through the rugged pass. It occurred to me, as I vaulted into the saddle, that I might now escape these importunate beggars who huddled and howled like a pack of wolves round me, and, acting upon the happy thought, I whacked the pony, but do my best I could only get a lazy shamble out of him. It was evident that the pony and guide understood the whole thing and that I was to be victimized. On came the hungry pack howling and shrieking after me for a short distance farther, and then one after another dropped behind until I was left alone with my guide. I had hardly time to congratulate myself on the freedom when I discovered that I had only escaped "Scylla to fall into Charybdis." The pass is lined with beggars from one end to the other. Then there are men at different points who have small guns which they will fire for you on the receipt of sixpence. These enterprising individuals will meet you a mile ahead and trot along at your side, boring you with their incessant appeals for a sixpence. "Sure yer honour

wouldn't lave the Gap o' Dunloe widout hearin' the surprisin' echoes." Now the strains of a fiddle fall on my ear, and I ask the guide what other affliction is in store for me, for it seemed that every rock and crevice ahead concealed



ENTRANCE TO THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

some new torment. The guide tells me, "It's a poor blind man, yer honour, depindin on charity for a livin'." I thought there was a good many "depindin" on the same thing. Well, we reach the fiddler, seated under the shadow

of abutting rock, sawing away at an amazing rate, and making the pass ring with the squeak of his instrument and voice. The pony stopped as if enchanted with the strains that floated from rock to rock. Again our pocket is assailed. "A poor blind man, yer honour." But we cut the appeal short by tossing him a shilling, more in down-right vexation than from any motive of charity. On we go again with the "God bless ye's" rattling in our ears as we ascend the winding path. Hardly have the blessings of the blind man ceased (who, by the way, walked off in a surprising manner after he had pocketed the money), than we are assailed by a new species of torment altogether, and much more difficult to refuse. Out from behind rocks and bushes start Irish girls, who step lightly into the path and tempt you with "goat's milk and mountain dew"—not bad-looking girls, some of them—and with all the arts and wiles of their sex they besiege you at one of your most vulnerable points. To a man who must confess a weakness for the feminine portion of creation the situation was desperate. A single taste from each would have upset us, so there was no other way but to decline with thanks. "An' sure yer honour must be fatagued intirely affther climin' the Gap an' 'ud like a drap o' mountain dew to moisten yer mouth wid." "Give the gintlemin a drap wid a taste o' goat's milk, Peggy; sure an' he'll niver begrudge a sixpence for a taste in the Gap o' Dunloe." "Oh, thin, an' sure yer honour 'ud niver have a poor lone Irish girl come runin' down the mountain wid me, goat's milk fresh from the goats up yonder, an' the rale

mountain dew longin' to pass yer lips. Didn't we see the gentlemin a-comin', Biddy." "An' sure yer honour would niver have it to say to yer beautiful lady, that's longin' for yer comin', God bless her, that he wint thro' the Gap o' Dunloe widout one sup, or widout drinkin' her health, an' me holdin' it in me hand all this while, all for the sake o' sixpence." And thus are you plagued until the end of the four miles are reached, when you inwardly thank the fates that your land travel has come to an end.

Now that we have disposed of the beggars, what about the Gap? Well, the Gap of Dunloe is a wild, narrow pass between the range of hills known as Macgillicuddy's Reeks and the Purple Mountain which is a shoulder of the Tomies. One of the striking features of the pass is the height of the rocks which bound it, compared with the narrow road which winds through the defile, and the small stream which runs through it. All along the track on either hand, craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rocks, are suspended above you, and look as though they might at any moment come crashing down. In the crevices of these great fragments, shrubs and stunted trees shoot out, dark mats of ivy hang over jagged rocks, and the luxuriant heather contributes to beautify the scene. The small stream we have mentioned, called the Lor, goes dancing and leaping through the glen, and expands itself at different points into five small ponds, or lakes, as they are called. The road, which is a mere foot-path, along which a pony can scramble, follows the course of the stream, and in two places crosses it by bridges—one of

these at the head of a pretty rapid, where the water rushes in whitening foam over the rocky bed of the torrent. Skirting the base of Tomies mountain, along the brink of precipices, we reach the Pike rock, considered the most



TURNPIKE IN THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

interesting part of the Glen. At this point the defile becomes so contracted as scarcely to leave room between the precipitous sides for the scanty pathway. At this point, too, the lofty peak of the Purple Mountain looks

down on the little stream that bounds from rock to rock at its feet. We now reach the Black Lough, first, or rather last, of the chain. Here my guide assures me "St. Patrick, God rest his sowl, banished the last shnake in Ireland." This was a bit of information that rendered the dark little pond of water before us doubly interesting. As if startled by the announcement, we turned to the guide and said, "Is that a fact?" "Sure thin, yer honour, it's God's truth I'm tellin' ye." "But how did he do it?" "Well you see, sur, there was a time in Ireland whin the shnakes were afther bein' mighty troublesom', and they displazed the Howly Saint Patrick, and he set about extarminatin' thim, but there was one old baste that give him a moighty dale o' throuble. Well, sur, afther a great many davices he succaded in seducin' the cratur' into an iron box, and thin he locked him in, and tumbled him in here, in the deepest place he could foind." You are not bound to believe this interesting fragment of history unless you choose. The guide did, and stood with his arms crossed while he told me the story on the margin of the lough.

We now reach the head of the Gap and pause to look around before we descend into the valley. To the left we catch the shimmer of the waters of the upper lake through the trees which border it. On the right boldly rise the Macgillicuddy Reeks, whose forked peaks pierce the clouds and seem to have pinned them in dark folds around their shoulders. The highest of these rise to the height of 3,141 feet, and at their base the Cummern-duff or Black Valley stretches away, until it seems lost in

its own profundity. The valley is thus described: "On our right lies the deep, broad, desolate glen of Coom Dhur, an amphitheatre buried at the base, and hemmed in by vast masses of mountain, whose rugged sides are marked



VIEW IN THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

by the course of descending streams. At the western extremity of the valley gloomily reposes, amid silence and shadows, one of the lakes, or rather circular basins of dark still water, Loch-an-bric-dearg, the lake of the char or red

trout. Other lesser lakes dot the surface of the moor, and uniting, form at the side opposite the termination of the gap a waterfall of considerable height." The whole valley is a black scarcely defined prison, and the water throws back the light which it receives by reflection from the clouds, giving the idea of being lighted below. The River Gearhamun flows from these loughs through the glen at our feet and empties into the upper lake. Descending into the valley by a road which winds down the hill, we proceed past Lord Brandon's cottage at the head of the lake, and embark in the boat which we find waiting to take us down through the lakes.

We were glad to dismount and hand the pony over to the guide. We had run the gauntlet, and as we stepped into the skiff we felt that the hour of triumph had come at last, and that beggars and touters could no longer dog our track, but might return to torment other unfortunate wights who were following in the same path. When I had taken my seat, one of the boatmen handed me a basket in which was a lunch sent from the hotel. It was a seasonable attention, which the morning's exercise had prepared us to enjoy exceedingly, and now with a sandwich in one hand and a glass of milk in the other, we push from shore and commence our voyage down the lakes. We float noiselessly away over the smooth water of the first and most picturesque of the loughs. Our eye runs along the wild rocky shores that hem it in on every side. Now we look on the peaceful water embosomed amidst majestic mountains whose fantastic summits seem to pierce the sky.

On the south lie the Derrycunihy mountain ranges, and on the left the lofty Reeks

“ Lift to the clouds their craggy heads on high.
Crowned with tiaras fashioned in the sky.
In vesture clad of soft ethereal hue,
The Purple mountains rise to distant view
With Dunloe's Gap.”

In the distance the lofty peak of Carrautus Hill (the highest mountain in Ireland) towers up behind the Reeks, and on the right is the rugged brow of Cromaglan. Now we glide past Eagle Island, and the Arbutus Island, covered with this beautiful plant. There are several islands in the lake, all very small—but as the lake covers only an area of 430 acres, one is prepared to see miniature islets. They contribute, however, with their trees and bushes and flower-fringed borders, to beautify the scene.

Towards the eastern end the lake becomes nothing more than a narrow strip of water, rather more than a mile and a half in length, and bears the inappropriate name of Newfoundland Bay. To the north of this bay is the Long Range, through which we pass. It is the connecting link between the upper and middle lakes, and is a little over two miles in length. On entering Long Range we pass Colman's Eye, the Man-of-war (which somebody fancied resembled the hulk of a vessel) and the Four Friends. Every little rock or islet has its peculiar name or legend, which the boatmen give us as we go on. Now they rest on their oars beside the Round of Beef, off which a giant, whose name I forget, dined, and then tossed

it in the river, where it turned into this rock. Of course the ox must have been of corresponding size. Again they pause to show the footprints the giant and his wife left in the rock when they stepped across the river, and



M'CARTHY'S ISLAND, KILLARNEY.

they point out to us the gash made in the rock with his carving-knife, which weighed I cannot tell how many pounds. They were evidently a hale couple, and must have required a good bit of country for their dining-room.

After this manner are we entertained as we glide down the stream.

We now float round the base of the Eagle's Nest, a lofty rock that rises almost perpendicularly from the water, in



EAGLE'S NEST MOUNTAIN, KILLARNEY.

whose rugged interstices the eagle builds its eyry, and then we drift away to a little islet, where there is a man waiting with his horn to charm us with the echoes, and certainly the sounds which he awakened among the sur-

rounding rocks were remarkable. The notes were repeated nearly a dozen times, and answered from mountain to mountain, sometimes loud and without interval, and then fainter and fainter, and after a sudden pause again arising



GLENA BAY, KILLARNEY.

as if from some distant glen, then insensibly dying away. Moore, in his melodies, refers to it thus :

“ The wild notes we heard o’er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin’s dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o’er
From Dinis’ green isle to Glена’s wooded shore.

“ We listen'd while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest ;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire
As if loath to let song so enchanting expire.



TORR MOUNTAIN, FROM DINISH ISLE.

“ It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note that died here,
Now again brought to life in some airier sphere ;
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again ! ”

Passing on farther we gain the fairy scene known as the
“ Meeting of Waters,” where the Long Branch, the outlet

of the upper lake, and Lake Muckcross empty their waters around Dinish Island into Lough Leen, or the lower lake.

Our boat now skims the current of O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl, and we shoot the rapid under old Weir Bridge. The



OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

bridge is an antiquated structure, consisting of two arches through which the waters rush with considerable force. The boatmen do nothing but guide the boat as it dashes through to enter the middle lake.

“Shoot not the old Weir, for the river is deep,
The stream it is rapid, the rocks they are steep;
The sky tho’ unclouded, the landscape tho’ fair,
Trust not to the current, for death may be there.”



TORC MOUNTAIN, FROM RONAYE'S ISLE, KILLARNEY.

We did not heed the warning of the song, nor did we discover very much danger in the passage. The bridge connects Dinish Island with the mainland.

Muckross, or Torc Lake, over whose smooth surface we are now gliding, is about one-third larger than the upper

lake, and much less interesting. On the right we have the rugged sides of the Torc Mountain, and on the left the wooden demesne of Muckross, the property of Mr. Herbert,



BRICKERN BRIDGE (GLENA MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE), KILLARNEY.

M.P. My voyage for this time terminates at Brickern Island, where a car is waiting to take me on.

The road runs through Muckross wood, a point of land which separates the middle and lower lakes and strikes the main road at Clogherarn. We pass Muckross Abbey

mansion, the seat of Mr. Herbert, and alight at the terminus of the first road, for the purpose of seeing the Abbey.

Following the walk that runs in the direction of the lake for a few minutes, we come to the ruins of Muckcross Abbey, situated on a knoll, surrounded by trees, a short distance to the right of the principal path. The ruins consist of an abbey and church, and are quite destitute of any architectural beauties. About the most interesting thing to be seen is a magnificent old yew tree growing in the centre of the court. In the church are tombs bearing the names of O'Sullivan, McCarthy and O'Donaghue Mor. We return to our car and are soon put down at the door of the hotel.

The lower lake is four miles long and three in width; it is dotted with islands. The chief beauty of the lake consists in its wide placid surface, and the mountains which form its barriers on the south and west. Its margin is indented with bays and inlets, some of which are very pretty. Innisfallen is the gem of all the islands; it is covered with fine trees and evergreens, and is made still more attractive from the remains of an old abbey whose ruins are scattered about the island. Moore sings of it:

“ Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well!
May calm and sunshine long be thine,
How fair thou art let others tell
While but to feel how fair be mine.

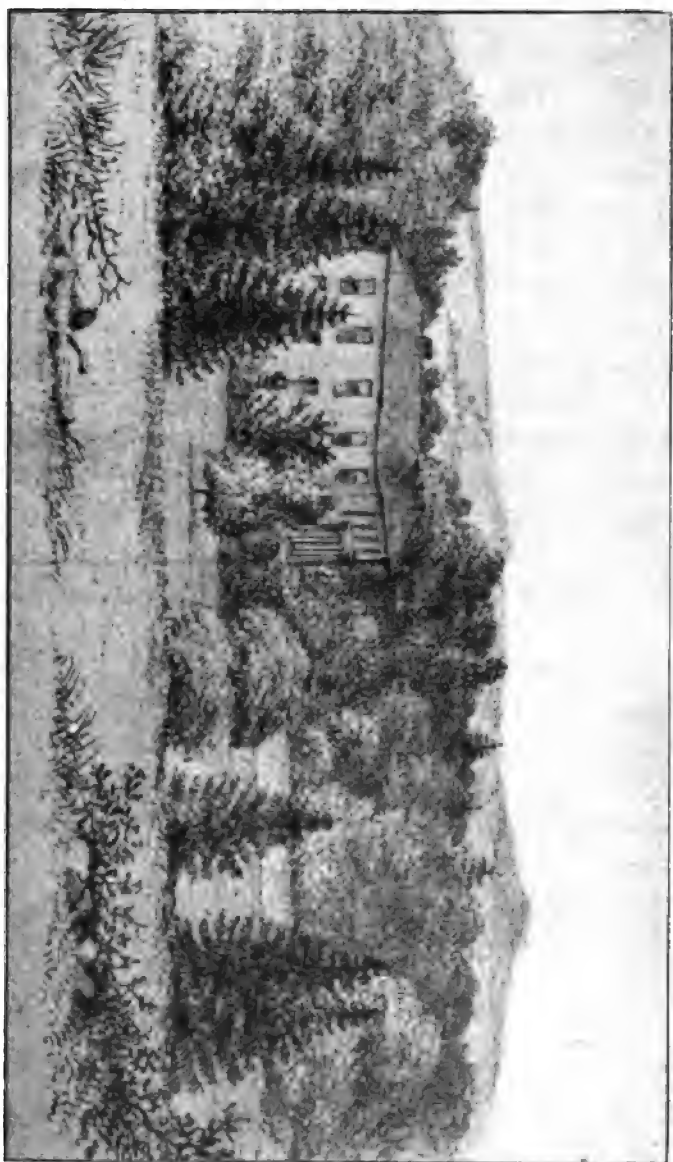
“ Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dreams that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee in that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle.”

Ross Island, an ancient seat of the O'Donaghues, contains the ruins of an old castle of the same name, built by them. Its ivy-clad walls look very pretty from the lake.

There is no denying the fact that the Lakes of Killarney are very pretty, and if it were not for the beggars and other annoyances that infest every nook and corner, they would furnish a charming resort. The pleasure anticipated by the visitor in wandering through its silent glens, or along the margin of its indented shores, under the shadow of venerable trees or overhanging cliffs, or even of scaling the rugged mountains, is entirely dissipated by the persistent beggars who dog you in every path, and so torment and weary you that you are glad to fly. It is true one may skim over the lakes in a boat, and revel in the beauties of wood-fringed and rock-bound shores, or in cloud-capped mountain peaks and yawning gorges in the distance, but should you touch the strand, you are almost sure to find some watchful wretch who has been on the lookout to give you a greeting. I saw enough of Killarney to make me wish to loiter in its beautiful scenes, but wherever there is a pretty spot, wherever there is a place around which old legends cluster, wherever a brook dances down the mountain side, wherever I went, there was the miserable beggar "bobbing up serenely." I had looked forward to my visit at Killarney with pleasure, and I left it disappointed, not with the natural beauties of the place, but because of the perpetual annoyances that entirely unfit one either to see or enjoy what he has seen.

From Killarney I retraced my steps as far as Knocklong

Station, near Galbally, where I engaged a carman to take me to Gleniffy, the residence of George B——, Esq. I was quite anxious to reach there before dark, and tried to impress this fact on the man who was to send me out. "Indade and sure thin, sur, I'll send ye wid a baste that'll whisk yez over to the squire's in a jiffy." Pretty soon the rig drove round. The appearance of the horse aroused my suspicion, and I expressed my doubts as to his fleetness, whereupon Pat squared himself and pointing to the animal said: "Wull yer honour be afther lookin' at that baste. Sure thin hasn't he the right appearance: don't you see, sur, he's the right build for spade. As sure's yer honour's alive there a'nt a baste in the three counties that can hold a candle till him." I looked again at the large, raw-boned animal, whose dull sulky eye led me to expect anything else but speed, and seeing there was no use arguing with Pat, I jumped on the car and we set off on a gallop. I must add that a galloping horse in a jaunting-car is simply execrable. After enduring the thing for a little while, I told the driver to bring his "baste" to a trot, whereupon he set to jerking and threshing him, which was needless, for he had been whacking "spade" into him at every few bounds all along: but trot the "cratur" wouldn't and trot he didn't. The driver discovered at last that he had put the wrong bit on him, and that was the "rason" why he would not trot, and so we skurried along the highway, Paddy pounding the "baste" while I clung to the car with both hands, inwardly blessing (?) both horse and owner. The six miles were pounded out after a while,



OLENIFTY, GALBALLY, RESIDENCE OF THE LATE GEORGE BENNETT, ESQ., TIPPERARY.

and I am sure I was never more pleased to reach the end of a ride. The next day I was so sore from the effects of the shaking that I could hardly move.

Gleniffy is a beautiful country seat, in the centre of a fine agricultural or grazing district, having the Tipperary Hills rising a few miles away to the north, and the Galtee Mountains on the south. By climbing a high hill at the back of the mansion a fine view is had of the beautiful glen of Aherlow. There are a number of fine drives in the neighbourhood, one of which brought us to the old town of Tipperary, situated in a fine undulating country at the base of the Tipperary Hills. The place itself, however, is very much after the style of Killarney. It consists of a long crooked street, lined with low and anything but attractive tenements, interspersed with an occasional building with some pretension to the modern style of architecture. Donkey-carts and country people thronged the street, many of them presenting the reverse of a thrifty or clean appearance. I should fancy that sanitary commissions were a thing unknown to some of these towns. Many of them are dirty, dingy, disagreeable places, with the usual complement of beggars.

Our road back from this place took us through a beautiful rolling country, dotted here and there with the residences of the nobility and gentry. One cannot help wondering how it comes to pass that in Ireland, with its deep rich soil, and with grazing tracts certainly not surpassed by any in the world, there still should be so much poverty and misery. The abodes of the peasants in southern Ire-

land, as a rule, are miserable mud huts, the abiding place of squalor and wretchedness, and as free to the pigs and poultry as to the family. They are surrounded with mud and filth, and are no less repulsive on the inside. "Oh," says Mrs. Hall, "that the sons and daughters of the fairest island that ever heaved its green bosom above the surface of the ocean, would arise and be doing what is to be done."

At the termination of my pleasant visit to Gleniff, Mr. B— drove me down to Knocklong, and I set out for Cork. Blarney station is the only intervening place which possesses any interest, and as it would never do to pass the old Castle and its famous Blarney-stone, we must needs go out of our way the mile and a half, and have not only a smack at the "stone," but a look at the old ruin itself—and, I may say here, there is but little to see. The remains are nothing but a single massive donjon tower 120 feet in height, standing on a limestone rock close to the small River Murtun. It was built in the sixteenth century by Cormac McCarty, who was created Baron of Blarney by Queen Elizabeth. The Castle was held for James II., and was besieged by the forces of the Prince of Orange, who compelled the garrison to give it up. Such is its brief history, and had it not been for its marvellous stone, it is more than probable the old Castle would never have been heard of beyond the bounds of the neighbourhood. How the stone gained its wide repute is a matter of conjecture. It is thought that Millikin's well-known song of "The Groves of Blarney" not only established but spread the

fame of its talismanic power. Be this as it may, the "Blarney-stone," by some means or other, has come to be known all over the world, though in reality only a myth. It is said that the "real stone," which bore the inscription,



BLARNEY CASTLE.

"Cormach MacCarthy, *Fortis mi fieri fecit*, A.D. 1446," now illegible, was placed on the highest part of the wall, so that all who sought to be endowed by it with the sweet, persuasive, wheedling eloquence, had to hold on

by the bars and project the body over the wall in order to kiss it—a feat which only the most daring candidate would presume to perform. It is gratifying, however, to all those who are in quest of Blarney honours to find



GRAND PARADE AND CITY CLUB-HOUSE, CORK.

that another “real stone,” having the date 1703, and clasped by two iron bars, has been placed on the lawn. This modern stone anyone who wishes may kiss to his heart's content.

“ There is a stone there, whoever kisses,
Oh ! he never misses to grow eloquent ;
'Tis he may climb to a lady's chamber,
Or become a mumber of sweet Parliament ;
A clever spouter he'll shure turn out, or
An out and outer to be let alone ;
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney-stone.”



THE QUAYS, CORK.

Leaving the Castle we soon reach Cork, where I remain but a few hours. The city is pleasantly situated on the banks of the River Lee, and contains a number of benevolent and scientific institutions. It is by no means a

flourishing city. Its trade and commerce have not only declined, but its population has considerably decreased. Those familiar with the life of William Penn will remember that it was in Cork that he became a convert to



ST. PATRICK'S BRIDGE, CORK.

Quakerism. He visited the city to look after some of his father's property, and changed his religion under the preaching of Thomas Loe.

Desiring to see the magnificent harbour of Cork, I proceeded to the Merchant's Quay, at St. Patrick's Bridge,

and there took a small steamer for Queenstown. The evening proved fine, and the sail a real delight. The first object to arrest attention is the picturesque promontory of Black Rock. When first seen it presents the appear-



QUEENSTOWN.

ance of a formidable old castle, standing out in the Lee, but as we approach it changes into a mansion of modern structure. Black Rock is the place from which William Penn embarked for America. After leaving this point the river becomes wider, and is known as Loch Mahon. We

pass Forty Island, and come to the pretty little town of Passage, and then Glenbrook, both watering-places. At Monkstown the remains of an old castle are seen. Beyond this the river widens out into a lake, across which we steer



HAULBOWLIN ISLAND, COVE OF CORK.

to the pretty town of Queenstown, built on the face of a hill and situated on the southern side of Great Island. From the heights above the town an extensive and interesting view is had of the harbour and the surrounding islands.

CHAPTER XXI.

*LAST TRIP TO SCOTLAND.**

MY last trip to the old land was made from New York to Glasgow. We moved away from the dock at 8 a.m. Owing to a thick fog which had spread itself over the harbour, our progress was very slow, but we felt our way on as far as Fort Hamilton, where we were compelled to stop for several hours. At 4 p.m. we were off Sandy Hook, the fog having disappeared. Sailors, if asked, would have pronounced it a smooth sea, but there was enough of it to give the ship considerable motion. We had 120 cabin passengers, rather more than a full complement, and in consequence there was some crowding, which, as a rule, is not satisfactory. During the day acquaintances were made. It is interesting to watch a crowd of people

* NOTE.—My London visit over, I went to Paris *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, and after spending a week there returned to London *via* Calais and Dover, and then went north. It was my original intention to insert my experiences in the French Capital, but on further consideration it seemed to me that it would be out of place, and have therefore substituted my last trip to Scotland, including the passage over. Ocean voyages are of very common occurrence nowadays, and I am not vain enough to imagine that I shall add anything new. Still in this, as in all other things, experiences differ. We see things through our pince-nez in different lights, and if I have nothing new to say, I, hope at least it will not be uninteresting. The run I made through Scotland embraces places not visited by me before.

who for the first time meet on shipboard, and note how soon little knots are drawn together, and a friendly interchange of good feeling inaugurated which is maintained throughout the voyage, and often long after. In chemistry there are certain bodies which have an affinity for each other, and if the conditions are favourable will come together, and so with humanity, there are certain characteristics which attract or repel. The congenial elements assimilate, so to speak, and friendships are made which form the links that knit people together in friendly intercourse and make life tolerable.

The set with which I foregathered mostly was composed of about a dozen persons, and we hung together all the way. There was a Mr. S— and his wife, and Mr. P—, brother of S—'s wife. They were originally from the north of Scotland—Dingwall, I think—and after an absence of more than thirty years were returning to visit their old home. They first emigrated to Australia, but not succeeding there, left it for California, where, too, fortune frowned upon them. Not long after their arrival in the latter country, the excitement about the Cariboo gold mines in British Columbia drew many adventurers in that direction, and they went there. "When we landed in Victoria," said Mr. S—, "our combined cash capital amounted to one English shilling. If it had not been for a couple of brother Scots who came to our aid, we should have been in a bad fix. Through their help and advice we bought a strong cart and two yoke of oxen. We loaded our cart with flour, bacon and other provisions, and set out for

the mines. The road through the mountains was rather a hard one to travel in those days, but we reached the 'diggings' after a time, and our load was turned into gold as fast as we could deliver it from the cart. The venture was a decided success, and we continued the business until we found ourselves with sufficient funds to embark in other enterprises. We bought a tract of land and went into cattle raising. This, with other ventures, succeeded with us, and we have now what many would consider more than a competence. I have sold out my interest," continued Mr. S—, "to my brother-in-law, and am worth over \$150,000. I am returning to Scotland with the intention of remaining. My brother-in-law, who will return, is worth rather more than I am. He is going home to marry the girl who has been waiting for him all these years." There is a whole volume of adventure in this brief outline, and a pathetic love-story, too. More than thirty years of waiting! Think of it. The poet Coleridge says, "Constancy lives in realms above," but here is proof that it sometimes may be found amid "the common walks of virtuous life" on earth.

Another Scot whose company I enjoyed very much was a Mr. C—, from Brandon, Manitoba, where he had been settled some years, and who spoke very highly of the country. He with his wife and child were on their way to their former home in Elgin, Scotland. Unfortunately, Mrs. C— was ill all the way over; indeed, toward the end of the voyage the doctors—there were three or four on board—became quite alarmed about her, and were afraid

she might not live to get ashore. To make it worse for Mr. C—, the nurse-maid was also sick, so that he had to fill her place and wait on his wife besides. The ladies, however, were very kind, and relieved him as much as they could. I learned subsequently that he had to remain over several days in Greenock before he could proceed on his journey north.

There was also a young Englishman, a captain in the regular service, whom I found interesting company. While stationed in India, he engaged in a hunting expedition and got lost in a jungle, where he spent a night and a day before he was found. The result of the exposure and fatigue was an attack of jungle fever, which clung to him with such pertinacity that he was totally unfit for duty and was ordered home. The change was beneficial, but not sufficient to enable him to resume his duties. He was recommended to go out to the North-West, and had spent a year and a half there and in the mountains of British Columbia. He was enthusiastic over the future of that great country, and believed he had quite recovered. "I am on my way home now," he said, "to rejoin my regiment."

Friday, 31st.—Slept well and was out this morning at 4.30. Morning clear but more wind. Nearly all the ladies are sick, and more than half the gentlemen. Met one of the Inman steamers inward bound and a ship in full sail, a pretty sight. There are a number of Canadians on board from Toronto, London, Sarnia, Winnipeg, British Columbia, etc., but the majority are from the Western States, most

of whom are on one of those tourist excursions. Rougher in the afternoon and more sick people. The attendance at the table for lunch and dinner was a very thin one.

Saturday, June 1st.—Rested well, out early, clear and calm—*i.e.*, from a sailor's point of view. Prospect of a fine day with a fresh breeze ahead. Some of the sick ones are crawling out, not many. They look very limp and despondent. I think I never saw so many sick with such weather, but most of them will come round in a day or two.

Sunday, 2nd.—Slept well, very little change in the sea. Fog whistle on the rampage after 2 a.m. until daylight. Service at 10.30: Rev. Mr. Oliver, from near Toronto, preached. We are now, 11 a.m., seven hundred miles from New York. About 4 p.m. the wind freshened up and it became much colder; the night was dirty and foggy. Had service in the evening.

Monday, 3rd.—Had a good night's rest; out early, morning unpleasant, misty and cold. Porridge at seven o'clock. When one turns out about four o'clock this is a palatable dish before breakfast, which is not ready until nine o'clock. Ship has a good deal of motion, and as the day wears on it becomes more and more disagreeable. We are drawing on to the Banks, where fogs are bred and nurtured. Whistle blew every few minutes, and finally the fog became so thick that the engine was stopped, and we drifted half the night. There was another difficulty, the engine got out of order and had to be repaired. If it had been very rough we should have had a nice time of it. Crept into my bunk soon after ten o'clock.

Tuesday, 4th.—My birthday. This is the third I have spent on the broad Atlantic. Was out at 4.30. A nasty morning—rain, fog, cold, and a fresh wind. We were drifting until after one o'clock, and lost seventy-five miles. The whistle was on the "toot" all night, and was not by any means of melodious sound, nor was it to be recommended as a soporific for sleep. Unfortunately, my cabin is on the upper deck, forward, and very near this bellowing instrument; so it may be taken for granted that my repose was not just what one would desire. We are on the Banks, and in the course of icebergs. We saw several through the day, but were not close to any of them. To many of the passengers they were a curiosity, not having seen any before. Much cooler, which we owe to the proximity of the bergs. At dinner, 6 p.m., the ship was rolling a good deal. We have got beyond the track of the icebergs. Rained all day. Played a game of whist after dinner.

Wednesday, 5th.—Rested well and was out before five o'clock. Morning clear and not so cold, but still disagreeable. There is sea enough to give unpleasant motion to our ship, and a large number still remain on the sick-list. We have made, according to the log at noon, 1,495 miles—mid-ocean.

Thursday, 6th.—If I were at home and had to climb into a narrow upper berth like the one I occupy, I am quite sure I should grumble, and I am just as sure I would not rest very well. Whatever the reason may be I am not now disposed to discuss, but the fact with me is certain, that

when I stretch myself on my narrow bed it does not matter much how the ship is behaving, I soon go to sleep, and, as they say, "sleep like a top." The day has been disagreeable beyond description—colder, and a regular downpour all day.

Friday, 7th.—Did not turn out this morning until six. Day like yesterday, wretched; everyone has the blues. Wind stronger and sea higher. Sails up to-day for the first, because of head-winds. About eight hundred miles from Greenock, and wish we were there. Nearly eight days at sea, and during that time have not had one really nice day. Wet, dirty weather most of the time, and for the first two or three days the larger portion of our passengers were sick; but since then the most of these have got their sea-legs, as they say, and though the weather has not been all that could be desired, we have reason to feel glad that it has been no worse. From my notes so far you may imagine that we had rather a miserable time of it altogether. Not so. It is true we have been shut up most of the time, yet there has been something going on every day. There is one gentleman on board, Mr. McF—, from London, Ont., who has been the life of the ship, and has contributed more towards the enlivenment of the passing hours than all the rest put together. He was a first-class *raconteur*, and his fund of anecdote seemed to be limitless—like Horatio's description of Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and who, during the voyage, was ever and anon setting "the table in a roar." He was unremitting in his attentions to those of

our lady passengers who were sick, and naturally was a general favourite with them. There was a concert this evening, and it was a success in every respect—the singing, readings and recitations all good. Mr. McF— recited two pieces in capital style. The amount collected for the Sailors' Orphans' Institute, Liverpool, was £20.

Saturday, 8th.—Did not get out this morning until six. The rain continues, with more fog. Wind ahead again. Sea smoother than yesterday. The sick people are getting around. Did not see a ship to-day. The smoking-room was well attended all day, and, indeed, has been so every day. Here the gentlemen congregate to smoke and chat. I have mentioned that we had a party of American tourists, among them the usual complement of generals, colonels, captains, etc. Very often the eagle flapped his wings and shrieked. There was a white-headed old man from Indiana whom his compatriots addressed as General K—, who, judging from his talk, had a strong hankering to “kick up a dust” with England. There was also a Mr. H—, American consul in London, who was returning from a visit home. He was a very intelligent, gentlemanly person, had been through the American war and lost a leg. The General seemed to make a point of getting hold of him and expressing his contempt for everything English, and on one occasion he said, “Nothing would please me better than a war with England, and, sir, we would wipe it out of existence in about a month.” “General,” replied Mr. H—, “with all due respect I must say that I do not think you know very well what you are talking about. No man

loves his country better than I do. I have fought and bled for it, and would do it again if occasion required. I have been living in England for many years, and the more I see of the English people the more I respect them. I am proud to have come of such a race. A war between the two countries would be the greatest calamity the world has ever seen ; and, let me tell you, General, since you talk so glibly of wiping the country out of existence in a month, you would find it about the tallest job you ever undertook. No, sir, England can't be wiped out, and God forbid that there ever should be a war between the two countries."

Sunday, 9th.—Slept well, up at six. Engine out of order again. Service at 10.30. Clouds drifted away in the forenoon and it was bright most of the day. Quite a relief to everyone to get out on the deck. At noon we were within 191 miles of land. Met the *Pennsylvanian* and another steamship, and several sailers. The wind increased toward night and got up a fair sea, so much so that before dark the waves frequently tumbled over the deck.

"Twelve o'clock, *and all is well.*" What comforting words these are that reach our ears through the howling storm at the midnight hour. Our cabin, I have stated, was forward on the upper deck, and there were four of us in possession, one Cockney, two Yankee Irishmen from New York, and a Canuck. The position was just where the full force of a storm best could be felt, as well as the motion of the ship. All through the long hours of the

night we could hear the wind whistling and shrieking through the shrouds, the storm beating with angry fury on the thin board partition which covered and protected us, and the thud of the sullen waves against the sides of the ship, while ever and anon the crest of a loftier one would topple over on the deck with a crash that would make the vessel shiver from end to end. Sometimes we would have a look out into the black night, and by the aid of the ship's lights get a glimpse of the turbulent sea raging around us and scattering its spume in wild whirls over the deck, then climb into our berth again to be rocked by the storm, but not to sleep. There was no apprehension of danger, no fear that our good ship would not bring us through all right; still sleep would not come, and as we lay a curious panorama of thoughts unröiled themselves to our mental vision—scenes long forgotten, others of recent date, the loved ones at home in peaceful repose. Now the words of Isaiah stand out: "He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" Hark! what voice is that reaches our ear through the bellowing storm? Clear as the sound of a trumpet it comes from the watchman's lookout, "All is well." We turn over reassured. We know that sharp eyes are on the constant watch, that our ship is ploughing her way bravely onward, and with the welcome call ringing in our ears we fall asleep.

Monday, 10th.—Had a rough night; out at four o'clock. The first thing I saw was Tory Island; glad to see land again. Very soon quite a large number of passengers

made their appearance. The morning was wet, but as land was in sight, and it was so good to get a glimpse of it, very little notice was taken of the weather. Passed Inishtrahull light. The latter is a small island north-east of Malin Head, the most northern point of Ireland. It cleared up before ten o'clock and turned out a charming day. We steamed on past Rathlin Island, whose lichen-covered



AILSA CRAIG.

rocks did not wear a very attractive appearance. We tried to locate with our glasses the remains of the old castle once inhabited by Bruce, who, in his war with Baliol, was compelled to fly, and made his escape with three hundred men to this place in 1306. It is a little over twelve miles from the island to the Mull of Kintyre. Soon after passing the island we round Kintyre, pass Sandu Island on the left and enter the Firth of Clyde. The day could not

have been finer. The Clyde was like glass, but the atmosphere was slightly hazy, which prevented our seeing distant objects clearly. The first thing that arrests the attention after entering the Firth is Ailsa Craig, rising in lonely grandeur from its bed in the deep. It appears like an enormous granite dome to some submerged gigantic temple lifting its hoary head over 1,100 feet above the sea. It is about two miles in circumference and inaccessible save on the north-east side. Far up the Craig are the remains of a tower, and on the north-east side there is a cave which is the haunt of myriads of sea-fowl. There is a lighthouse here.

Soon after we have the island of Arran on our left and are sweeping its "sharp peaks" with our glass. Now we are off Holy Island, an irregular cone one thousand feet in height. Tradition says that at one time it was the home of St. Molios, a disciple of St. Columba. Lamlash is seen behind the north end of the island. Next we get a glimpse of Brodick and Goatfell rising nearly three thousand feet. This with Brodick Castle, the seat of the Hamiltons, makes it a favourite resort. We steam on and pass little Cumbrae on the right, and Garrock Head, the south extremity of the island of Bute, on the left. Then we come to great Cumbrae with the fashionable watering-place, Millport, at the south end of the island. We are reminded here of an anecdote told of an old minister who, in his opening prayer, always besought the Lord "to bestow His richest blessings on the greater and lesser Cumbrae, with the adjacent islands of Great Britain



ARRAN, FROM CUMBRAE.

and Ireland." After passing great Cumbræ we get a sight of the old historic town of Largs. Many centuries ago—1263—a great event was enacted in the little bay. Haco, the King of the Danes, came hither with a large armada to enforce his claims to the sovereignty of the islands of the Clyde. During the night before the battle a severe hurricane sprang up which scattered and dispirited the Norsemen, but a landing was effected in the morning. They were met by the Scotch forces and defeated. Permission was granted Haco to bury his dead, and then he withdrew with his battered galleys, and soon after died, it is said, of a broken heart. After passing Largs we come to Wemyss Bay. It is a pretty place, and for some distance above and below is lined with beautiful villas. It is a favourite summer resort. Soon after we had entered the Firth it became known, through some occult channel, that I had been around here before, and so I was converted into a sort of walking guide-book to a number of people. My binocular as well as my individual person were in constant demand. "Mr. H—, what place is that? What is the name of that island, and the mountains over there?" and so on. To most of the passengers this was the first glimpse of the heathery hills of Scotland, and with note-books in hand they were jotting down particulars. There was a maiden lady from New York who shadowed me about the deck throughout the day with her book, and I grew so weary of it that I was almost driven to the point of jumping overboard. Greenock is at last reached, and the long and tedious voyage has come to an end. The only compensation was

that we had a most agreeable lot of passengers, and many of them went in for all the amusement that could be got out of the miserable weather we had nearly all the way. We dropped anchor about 5.30, but by the time the luggage was on shore and examined by the customs officials it was nearly 8 p.m. Very soon we were off for Glasgow. Arriving there, it was after ten o'clock before we could get our traps together and secure a carriage. We drove first to a hotel on Sauchiehall Street, but could not be accommodated. Then we went to the Langham on Buchanan Street, with the same result. From this we turned to the Waverley, farther on, where we were more fortunate and glad to get located. We were all weary and hungry, and by the time we got something to appease the cravings of our appetites it was past midnight, the outcome of which was that none of us put in an early appearance the next day. There are thirteen Canadians stopping at the house. Walked about the city some in the forenoon and after dinner, but did not feel equal to much exercise, and there was nothing that I particularly cared about seeing.

Went out to West Park after breakfast with some friends, and after dinner bade them good-bye. All were leaving that afternoon and going in different directions. We had come together on shipboard, and now, after a few days' pleasant intercourse, were separating, in all probability never to meet again. My way took me to Bathgate, a small place in the shire of Linlithgow, not far from Glasgow. On my arrival I engaged a cart and



MILLPORT, CUMBRIA.

was driven out four miles in the country. The turnout was a good one, and we rattled along the smooth road at a good pace. The drive was very enjoyable; hedges on both sides the way, with fine old trees and green fields. It is not a level country by any means. There are goodly-sized hills, some of which we scaled and others the road skirted. They are all tillable. Cattle and sheep were browsing here and there on their green sides. After accomplishing my errand we returned to the inn, intending to go on to Edinburgh to-night; but I was tired, and the place looked so clean and inviting that I decided to remain over until morning, so ordered supper. In due time it was served, and would have pleased a more fastidious epicure than I claim to be. The drive and exercise had sharpened my appetite, so that under the circumstances I was in a proper condition to enjoy it. The landlord was the most remarkable man I ever saw. When he came out, on my arrival, the sight of him almost took my breath away. He was not tall—about five feet ten, I should think—but his girth was enormous. I am quite sure he could not pass through an ordinary door without some pressure on both sides. I have seen a good many men whose circumference was very respectable, indeed; but this man “takes the cake” by a long way. As a specimen of obeseness, I am safe in saying he has no rival in Scotland. The town is in the heart of a coal-mining district, and is not by any means picturesque. The houses are low and mean-looking, inhabited mostly by miners, who make up the principal population of the place. Had an early breakfast and left for Aberdeen.



WEMYSS BAY, FROM THE RAILWAY, 1899.

WEMYSS BAY, FROM THE RAILWAY.

After leaving Edinburgh, on our route north the first place of any note we stop at is the old town of Dunfermline, chiefly noted now for its linen manufactures; but it is an ancient place, and was for a long time a favourite residence of the Scottish kings. Malcolm III. resided in the Castle in 1057, and it continued as a royal residence until the accession of James VI. to the crown of England. The ruins of the palace still remain. The old monastery founded by Malcolm is interesting. This with the priory, subsequently raised to the rank of an abbey by David I., formed a range of buildings of great splendour and extent. They were almost entirely destroyed by the English in the fourteenth century. Several of the Scottish sovereigns are buried here, among them Malcolm and his queen, St. Margaret, and King Robert Bruce, who was the last. On the shore of the Firth of Forth, a short distance south of the town, is Broomhall, the seat of the Earl of Elgin. There are several other interesting old places in the neighbourhood.

Our next halt is at Cupar, the county town of Fifeshire. It is a small place, and was once the home of the Macduffs. There are many fine mansions in the country round about it. The name will recall to the reader the familiar saying, "He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar." I am unable to give its origin.

We now come to the famous Tay Bridge. Few persons will have forgotten the great calamity that happened here on Sunday, December 28th, 1879, when a fierce hurricane of wind swept away about three thousand feet of the bridge, and with it the North British mail-train and its passengers



NEW TAY BRIDGE, FROM NORTH. 8377. 8378.

NEW TAY BRIDGE, FROM THE NORTH.

—about ninety persons, it is supposed—all of whom perished. The new bridge is a much more substantial structure than the former one, and is about sixty feet higher up the river. It contains eighty-five piers, and though its height above high-water mark is seventy-seven feet—*i.e.*, under the four spans over the navigable channel—it is considerably lower than the old bridge. It is about two miles in length.

After leaving Dundee, about which I shall have something to say on my return, the next place of any importance we come to is Arbroath. Its chief point of interest is the remains of the old Abbey founded by William the Lion in 1178. Dr. Johnston, who visited the town when he was in Scotland, says, "I should scarcely have regretted my journey had it afforded nothing more than the sight of Aberbrothock."

I was sorry not to get a sight of Montrose, which follows after Arbroath. It is off the main line and is reached by a branch road. This is said to be one of the neatest and most respectable towns in Scotland, and was the birthplace of Joseph Hume, 1777. It was from Montrose that Sir James Douglas embarked in 1330 for the Holy Land with the heart of King Robert Bruce, and it was here, long afterwards, in 1715, that the Chevalier de St. George, son of the expatriated James II., disembarked when on his way from France to head the adherents of his house. He returned a fugitive on the 15th of February in the following year, and the next morning bade a final adieu to the land of his fathers.



GOUROCK, FROM S.E. (GLASGOW SIDE)

The last place to be noticed before reaching Aberdeen is Stonehaven, the county town of Kincardine. It is a favourite bathing resort, and does a considerable trade in cured herrings. Its principal attractions are the ruins of Dunnottar Castle, near at hand, and anciently the seat of the Keiths. This ruin stands upon a lofty and almost inaccessible rock, and is of great extent. The country from this place to Aberdeen is bleak and sterile, presenting, for the most part, barren eminences and cold swampy moorland.

Arrived at Aberdeen about 1.30 p.m., and after locating and refreshing myself I stepped out on Union Street to have a look around. It did not take me long to come to the conclusion that Aberdeen was a fine, substantially-built city. The principal streets are broad and lined with imposing buildings. The chief business portion of the town is situated on a cluster of eminences about one hundred feet above the sea-level, which rise along the north bank of the River Dee, the mouth of which forms the harbour. The Granite City, as it is called, from the superior quality of this stone found in its vicinity, and which forms one of its principal exports, is the third city in commercial importance in Scotland. The public buildings are numerous and handsome. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more imposing structure than the municipal and county buildings on Castle Street. They are built of granite, as are most of the important buildings in the city, and are of the Scotch baronial style of architecture. Several fine bridges cross the Dee. There are extensive manufactures in the city

and neighbourhood, representing paper, woollen and cotton goods, linens, jute, iron, combs, etc.

Old Aberdeen is a mile north, situated on the River Don. It is a place of great antiquity. King's College and the Cathedral of St. Machar are the two features of interest it has to offer. Those familiar with the history of Lord Byron will remember that he lived here with his mother in his boyhood. The auld Brig o' Don, or Brig o' Balgownie, as it is frequently called, is about a mile from Old Aberdeen, and is thus referred to in the tenth canto of "Don Juan":

"The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's Brig's black wall
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mind;
I cannot—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

In a note Byron adds: "The Brig o' Don, near the 'auld toun' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its deep black salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday." The Dee and the Don almost unite here to pour their affluent waters into the German Ocean. They are two beautiful rivers of about the same volume, but their claims for admiration are quite different. The Dee flows with considerable rapidity, and goes dancing along between beautiful wooded banks to the sea. This, with its clear cold water, makes it a favourite resort for salmon, and large numbers of them are taken from it every season. The Don, whose waters are quite as clear, is more staid in its movements, and during the most of its course winds its way more quietly through rich valleys.



ABERDEEN, FROM DOCK OATES.

Went out this afternoon to see Pirie's paper mills, a distance of eight miles by rail. The premises are very extensive and well worth seeing. This firm has won a world-wide reputation for the excellence of their paper, and certain lines are in demand wherever paper is used. The mills are on the Don, and in the centre of a very pretty tract of country. There are other mills in the same neighbourhood.

The Aberdeen people have the reputation of being remarkably keen business men; indeed, it is said they are so sharp that Jews, who have the credit of being more than a match in this particular for anyone, cannot live here. How true this is, or whether there are any Jews in Aberdeen or not, is more than I can say. I give the story for what it is worth.

I left this morning after breakfast for "Bonnie Dundee." Soon after leaving Stonehaven we strike a fine agricultural country which extends to Dundee. It is probably unsurpassed in Scotland, and so far as I could see it seemed to be under a high state of cultivation. The crops of all kinds looked most promising.

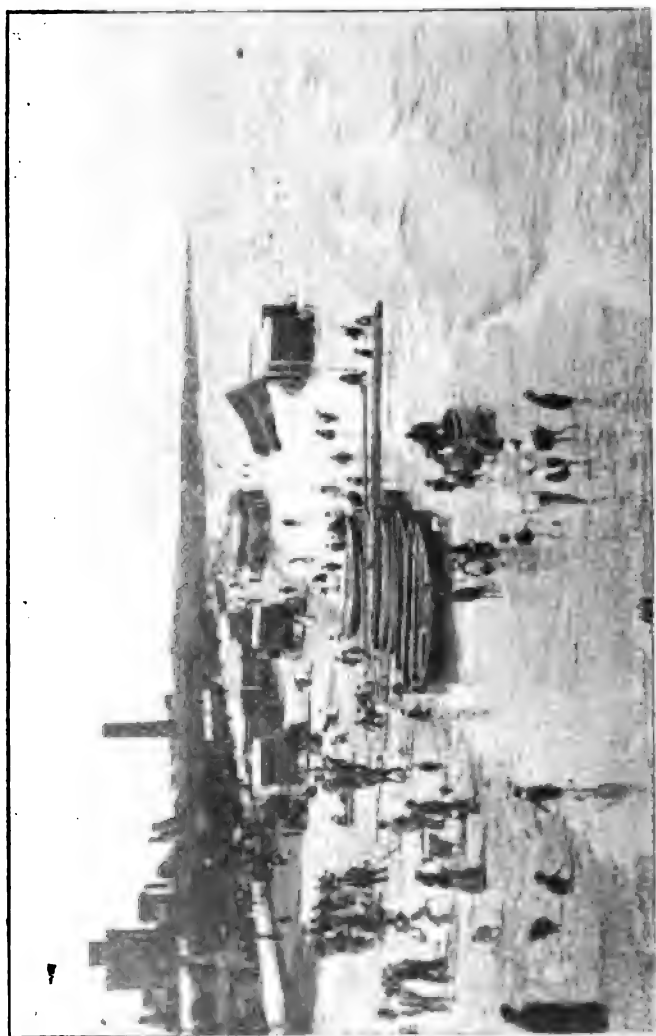
Dundee is the third town in Scotland in population. It is an important seaport, and is famed for its manufacture of linen, hemp and jute. There is more of the latter article converted here into the various fabrics in use than in all the kingdom. It is stated that over three hundred thousand tons are imported direct from Calcutta to Dundee annually. As a city it will compare favourably with any of the larger cities of Britain. It is built on a slope and has a capacious

harbour and docks. The modern streets are broad and handsome. There are a large number of churches, and its public buildings are of commanding appearance. Among them the Albert Institute is worthy of special mention. It contains a fine Reference Library as well as a Free Library, also a Museum and Picture Gallery. But when all this is said, Dundee is not much sought after by the tourist Bedouin. The principal object of interest is the old tower of Dundee. It is square in form and rises to the height of 156 feet, and is all that remains of the old St. Mary's Church which first occupied this site. It is thought to be one of the greatest architectural curiosities in Scotland. At the period of the Reformation, Dundee was one of the first towns in Scotland which publicly renounced the Roman Catholic faith. Among its celebrated men we may mention Viscount Dundee, Sir George Mackenzie and Admiral Duncan. I had a very enjoyable drive outside the city, and saw many beautiful residences and large and well-kept grounds.

I left in the evening for Alloa, a town on the River Forth, in the small County of Clackmannan, and put up at the Victoria Hotel, a very orderly and nicely-kept place. I had been on the rush from early in the morning, and it was most satisfactory to come to anchor. The supper ordered quite equalled our expectations and we did it ample justice; afterwards we took a turn outside, and in our wandering met with the following incident: A working-man, a good-looking, well-built fellow, in company with two strong, coarse-appearing women passed me. It was

evident from their conversation and conduct that they had been imbibing too freely. One of the viragoes was insisting that he should go and get a fresh supply of whiskey, which he did not appear inclined to do, and finally flatly refused —no sooner said than one of them struck out from the shoulder and delivered a blow in the face which made him reel. "Will ye no gang and get it," she said; "if ye dun na I'll gie ye a right good batin." He went away muttering. It was evident in this case that "the white mare was the better horse." From my bedroom window I can see the Ochil Hills. Close by are the modern mansion-house and the remains of the ancient mansion of the Earls of Mar, with the pleasure-grounds decorated with ancient trees. Two miles from the town on the summit of a windy hill stands the square grim mass of old masonry called Clackmannan Tower. It claims association with King Robert Bruce, and it is quite certain that it was an abode at one time of the Bruces. A little to the westward of Alloa is Tullibody House, the birthplace of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie. At Alloa commences the windings known as the "Links of Forth." They extend to Stirling, six miles distant, and in their windings form a great number of peninsulas of a very fertile soil.

From Alloa I proceed to Edinburgh, and while there take a run out to Portobello. It is three miles from the city, and is a favourite summer resort and sea-bathing place. The beach is a beautiful esplanade of pure sand, has a gentle slope, and is admirably adapted for bathing. Three miles farther on is the ancient town of Musselburgh,



BATHING BEACH, PORTOBELLO.

at the efflux of the Esk, which divides it into two portions, one of which is known as the Fisherrow. The sheltered situation of the town at the bottom of the valley of the Esk, and the ornamental character of the environs, give it a very agreeable appearance. Pinkie House, the seat of Sir Archibald Hope, Bart., is here, and behind the shrubberies of this house is where the battle of Pinkie was fought in 1547. Fisherrow is altogether inhabited by fishermen, and here the celebrated Scotch fish-wife may be seen on her "native heath." She is, as a rule, a coarse, muscular woman, and in domestic matters "wears the breeches," and is the bread-winner. A fish-wife would be considered of small account in her circle if she could not gain enough money to maintain her household independent of her husband. If a girl is incapable of this, a thorough-paced fish-wife would exclaim: "Hu! what wad she do wi' a man, that canna win a man's bread?" The dress of the fish-wives is peculiar; they wear no head-dress excepting a napkin, on account of carrying their fish-baskets on their heads. They wear a voluminous and truly Flemish quantity of petticoats, with a jerkin of blue cloth and several fine napkins enclosing their neck and bosom. Their numerous petticoats are of different colours, and it is customary, while two or three hang down, to have as many more bundled up over their haunches so as to give a bulky and sturdy appearance to their figure. They are keen in a bargain, but are very honourable in their dealings with one another. Oliver Cromwell quartered his infantry on Musselburgh Links in 1650, while his cavalry were lodged in the town.

Came back to the city and had dinner, after which I went out for a walk. Took my way along Princess Street, through the Waverley Gardens, past Scott's Monument, and over the top of Waverley Market. This has been converted into a roof garden, and is a very pretty and attractive place. It occupies a much larger space than one would imagine, and is tastefully arranged with flower-beds, which are filled with a great variety of beautiful flowers. It is a great resort, and overlooks Waverley station and the gardens. From this I turned down by the mound which divides East from West Princess Street Gardens, and leads to the Lawn Market and to George IV.'s Bridge, which I cross, and then return to High Street, and proceed down it past St. Giles Cathedral to Nether Bow, where Canongate Street begins. This is a most interesting street, and abounds in historic incident. I was sorry to note its neglected condition. There are numbers of low drinking-places on it, and I saw a good many drunken men and women and ragged children hanging about. It is to be hoped the authorities will root out the low classes which are in possession, and renovate and restore this ancient street. It should be dear to the heart of every Scotchman. All down the street are old houses which were once the abode of great Scotch nobles: along it have passed kings and princes on their way to Holyrood or the Castle, and on both sides of it are the numerous closes and wynds with their narrow entrances to places behind, many of which are most interesting to the student of Scotch history. At the foot of the Canongate we

come to Holyrood Palace, with Arthur's Seat for a back-ground. From this I turn to the left and proceed in the direction of Calton Hill. Burns' Monument is on Regent Street, and to the right, Regent Terrace, a long row of fine cut-stone residences, with tastefully arranged gardens in front. The ascent to Waterloo Place is quite long and steep. I take the road, which winds up the hill, past the Observatory on the one hand, and the monument to Dugald Stewart on the other. When the top is reached I am glad to find a seat, and rest by the national monument. In front of me is the Nelson Monument, a tall shaft, reminding one of a factory chimney: it is used at present as a time signal. The outlook from the top of Calton Hill is very fine and extensive. The views to be seen from various points have been well described by "Delta":

" Traced like a map the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide ;
There Pentland's green acclivities ;
There ocean with its azure tide ;
There Arthur's Seat ; and gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue !
While in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range, are seen,
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters."

I now descend to Waterloo Place, past the Post Office, to Princess Street, cross Waverley Bridge, and arrive at my hotel—the Cockburn—about 4.30. That I was more than a little weary may be taken for granted. It was my intention to remain here until Monday, but on thinking it

over I found that it would cost me a day, and besides the house was full and the room assigned to me was away up somewhere in its loftiest region, and was reached through long crooked passages and up innumerable flights of stairs. the very thought of ascending which made my legs ache, and they grumbled enough without this additional tax upon them. I had made the discovery that too much climbing of hills and stairs was not conducive to comfort. This settled the matter and I asked for my bill, and in little more than an hour and a half afterwards was quietly seated in my room at the Waverley, Glasgow. I spent a quiet Sunday and left early on Monday morning for the south.

My passage home was somewhat noteworthy. I returned by the *Parisian*, and from the time we left Liverpool until within the vicinity of Belle Isle, hardly a ripple disturbed the face of the ocean. At this point—the captain thought we were within fifty miles of the island—we ran into an almost impenetrable fog, and for nearly four days were compelled to lay-to. The sea during all this time was like a sheet of glass, and in the meantime the fog-horn every few minutes gave out its horrible—for it really became so before we were done with it—unmelodious sound. Through the dense cloud that enveloped us we could hear from different directions similar sounds, sometimes one, sometimes two and three separate toots. These we learned were signals. One meant standing still, two moving ahead, three backing, and so on. As we were in

the Gulf Stream we must have drifted quite a distance, and but for this should have made a quick passage. Each day the delay became more tiresome and monotonous. Many of the passengers urged the captain again and again to feel his way on, but he refused to budge until he knew where he was. Said he: "There are icebergs around us, and I have a large number of people on board—over 1,000. These and my vessel I am bound to bring safely into port if I can. I shall run no unnecessary risk, and until I know where I am, and what is before me, I shall not move if I have to stay here a month." We subsequently discovered what a wise determination this was. On Sunday morning the fog lifted sufficiently to permit us to move cautiously forward, and by noon we had passed the rugged shores of Belle Isle, but soon after the fog wrapped itself around us again and we stopped. About 2 p.m. it became sufficiently transparent to allow us to go ahead again, which we did, but very slowly. Meantime lunch had been partaken of, and numbers of the passengers were lounging about the saloon. I think I was nearly asleep, when I was aroused in an instant by a sharp vibration of the ship—occasioned by the reversal of the screw—which sent me to my feet, and with others I rushed to the deck. It seemed to us that we had run into something. Fortunately this was not so, but we were so near doing it that what we saw almost made our "hair to stand on end." Not the ship's length ahead of us loomed up through the haze the black form of an immense iceberg which we were going straight into. The dark outline of this cold monster lying across

our path gave us a shock we did not get over for the rest of the day. You may be assured we did not care to try conclusions with the berg, and backed out of its way with all the celerity possible. After we had got well away from it, the captain came down to the deck and said, "Gentlemen, that is the closest shave I ever had." Soon after the fog disappeared, and we went on our way without further trouble. The passage, notwithstanding these drawbacks, was a very enjoyable one. There was not a day, nor indeed an hour of any day during the voyage, to prevent the usual deck amusements, unless, perhaps, it was rather too hot sometimes. The evenings were devoted to entertainments of various kinds—concerts, readings, theatricals, etc., and as we had a large number of cabin passengers, the most of whom were people of refinement, there was little difficulty in getting up something both to amuse and pass away the time. There were several persons of note on board—Lord and Lady Cecil, Hon. M. Waldegrave, Rev. Canon Hughes, Captain Rutherford, the late William H. Howland, and D. McMichael, Q.C. (in one of our evening entertainments the old gentleman admirably filled the place of Justice Stareleigh in a rendering of that very amusing trial, "*Bardell vs. Pickwick*"), besides several Canadian M.P.'s and Government officials, etc.

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